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The Saturday Evening
POST
December 22, 1956 — 15¢

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IN THIS ISSUE

- I Was a Bride of the Arctic
- Disney: Birth of Snow White
- The Last Days of a Good Cop
- We Took the Kids to Europe

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Floor is Armstrong Imperial* Custom Corlon Tile, Style No. 1403, with insets of No. 1460.

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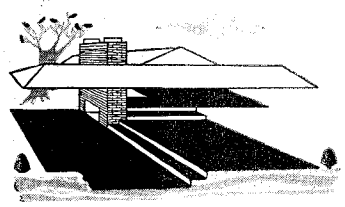

Here, probably for the first time, you see a remarkable new vinyl plastic floor called Armstrong Imperial Custom Corlon Tile. It runs from room to room of this lovely multi-level home, carrying the elegant decorative scheme right through the house—even down to the sunken living area. Until quite recently, only a few floors could be used below ground level. And they were economy floors, not luxury floors. But Imperial Custom Corlon Tile—as most people who've seen it say—is the most luxurious floor of all, and it goes *everywhere!* A soft, subtle chip-grain design, with a new satin-matte finish, gives Imperial Custom Corlon Tile an unusual, mellow richness. Available in the most fashionable decorating colors, Imperial Custom Corlon Tile, by Armstrong, brings real luxury to every area of today's homes.

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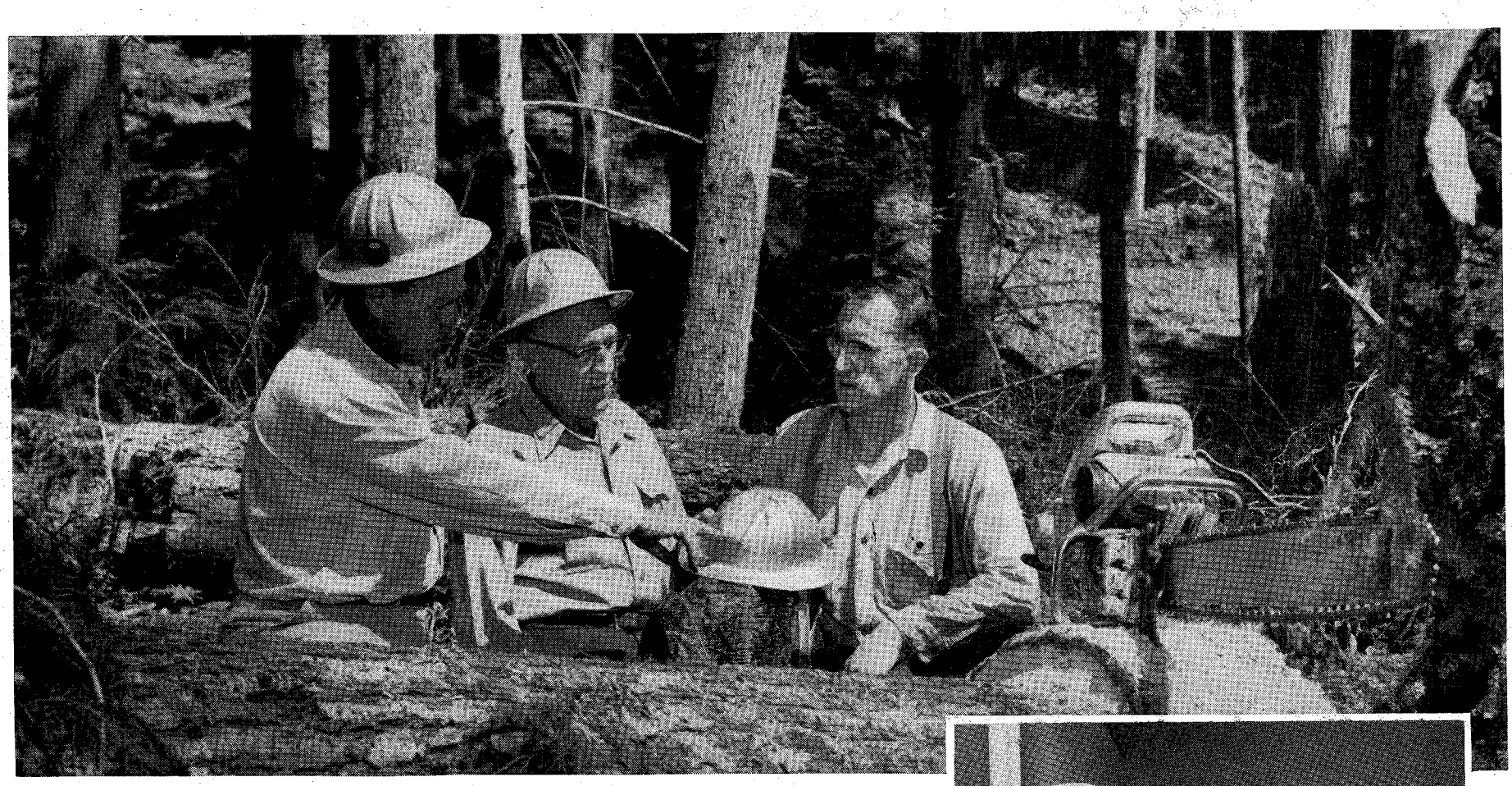


"Widow maker" foiled. If it hadn't been for the constant reminder to wear his hard hat in the woods, Gary Meece might have been killed. Gary (at right) shows dent made in his hat by a falling hemlock branch to his friend George Babich, Employers Mutuals safety engineer (left) and Ed Seabloom, logging manager for E. K. Wood Lumber Company.

Wausau Story

IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

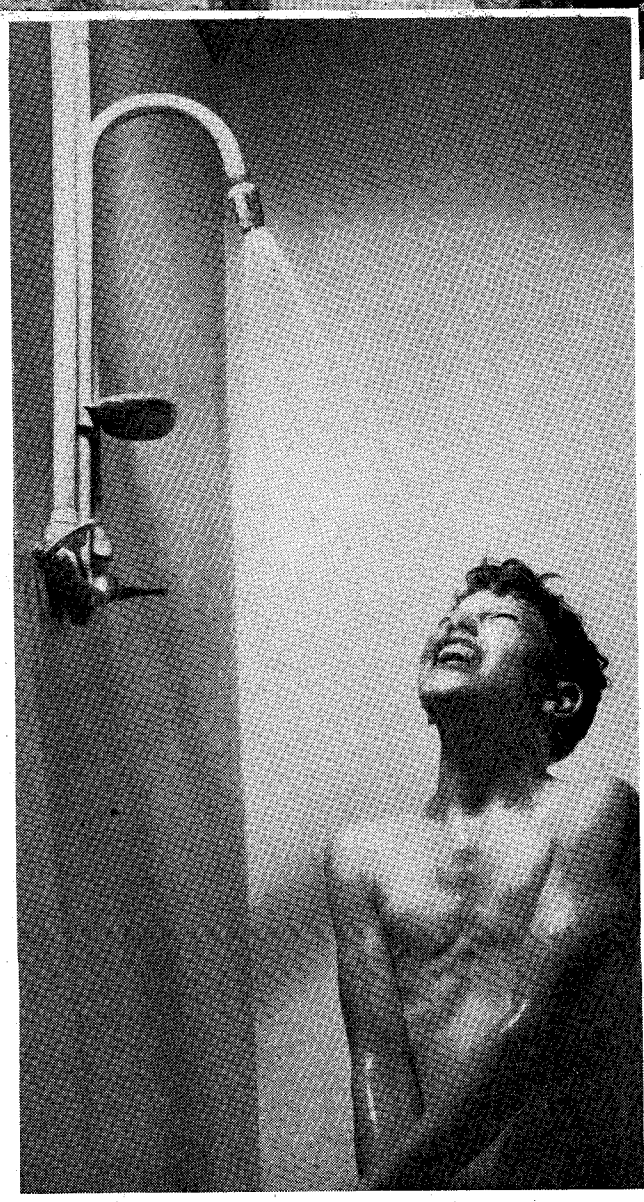
by LAMAR NEWKIRK, business page editor, Oregon Journal

"They tell me Wausau, Wisconsin was once lumbering country pretty much like Oregon. So I knew what to look for in my search for the 'Wausau way' as practiced by Employers Mutuals in our Pacific Northwest.

"These folks talk the loggers' language. Their men, like safety engineer George Babich, are close personal friends of the 'fallers' and 'buckers' in the woods. When Employers Mutuals talks safety practices like wearing hard hats, putting in short wave radio hookups on trucks, it's thinking of good friends—not just names on a payroll. That's why companies like the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, who work with Employers Mutuals on safety, have been able to get out over 300 million board feet of logs during the past 12 years with only one major accident.

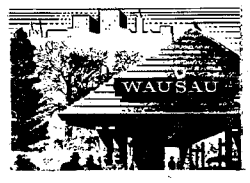
"But the Wausau story out here isn't all lumber. Employers Mutuals has a lot of policyholders in the Oregon pear industry. Employers Mutuals believes that people are safer workers if they are happy both on the job and after hours. So one of their nurses, Maryon Smith, has spent much time working with the pear industry to provide better housing and sanitation for migrant pear pickers and their families. You should see her with the kids at the Rogue River Orchard's new housing units. You'd get some idea of what's meant when business men out here say Employers Mutuals are 'good people to do business with.'"

We talk your language, too. Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Singin' in the shower. Young son of migrant pear orchard worker enjoys one of the modern conveniences at housing unit—just as his dad does after work. Better housing makes for better, safer work—a new slant on safety work by Employers Mutuals.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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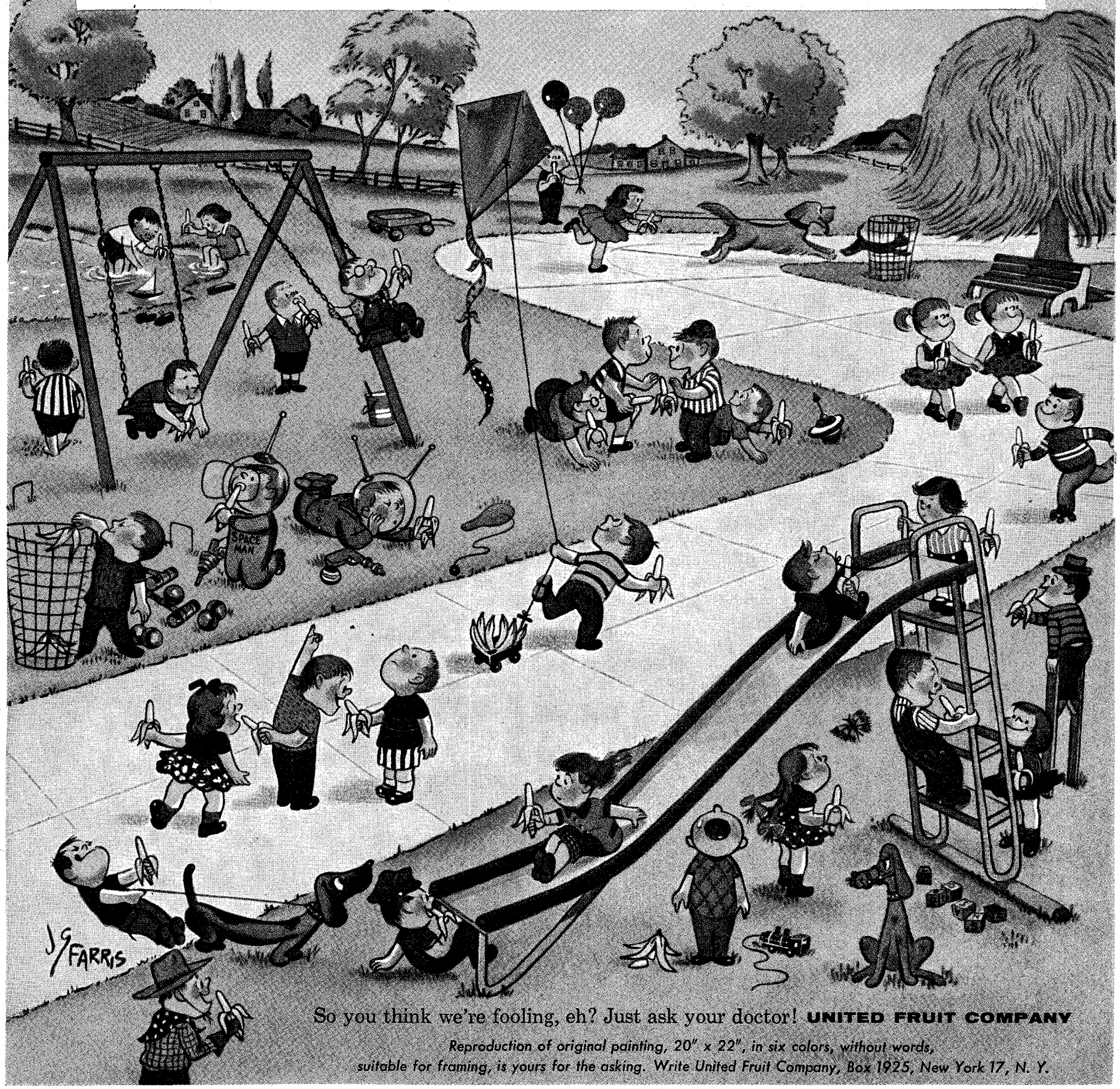
The road to health is paved with banana peels!



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IN THIS ISSUE

December 22, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 25*

4 Short Stories

Christmas at Piety Corner . . . . . *Edmund Gilligan* 18
The Pilot's Baby . . . . . *George Morse* 22
The Widow Was Willing . . . . . *Merle Constiner* 25
Playoff Game . . . . . *William R. Cox* 28

8 Articles

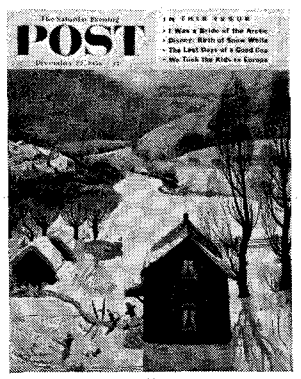
I Was a Bride of the Arctic . . . . . *Klondy Nelson, as told to Corey Ford* 11
The Face of America: Mellow Mission . . . . . *Photograph by Sid Avery* 16
The Last Days of a Cop . . . . . *Ken W. Purdy* 19
So You Don't Ride the Trains Any More? . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 20
My Dad, Walt Disney, Part VI: "Disney's Folly" *Diane Disney Miller, as told to Pete Martin* 24
We Took the Kids to Europe . . . . . *Bob Eddy* 26
Loudest Music Ever Heard . . . . . *Neil M. Clark* 30
Our Weakest Spot . . . . . *Daniel E. Barbey, Vice-Admiral, USN (Ret.)* 35

2 Serials

Treachery at Rock Point (First of six parts) . . . . . *Peter Dawson* 14
Rendezvous in Tokyo (Fifth of eight parts) . . . . . *John P. Marquand* 36

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 6
Post Scripts 32
Verse 40, 48, 69, 74
Keeping Posted 84


POST
IN THIS ISSUE
I Was a Bride of the Arctic
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We Took the Kids to Europe

THE COVER

So winter has drawn her white robe over America's mountainlands, not to mention a number of her valleylands. Wintertime, as also goes for spring, summer and fall, is fun time for children, dogs and cats, especially those whose back yards are equipped with sublime ski runs like this scenery. One does not mean to imply that dogs and cats ski, but they do relish gamboling in the fluffy flakes on account of their being equipped with fur coats. Adults exhibit varying emotions about snow months; some adore the exhilarating, unmuggy air and abhor July, others mope beside a heating apparatus and ponder the chance of getting a job (or a husband) on a Caribbean isle. John Clymer, as you sense from the affectionate way he paints, loves Nature whether she's hot, cold or lukewarm.

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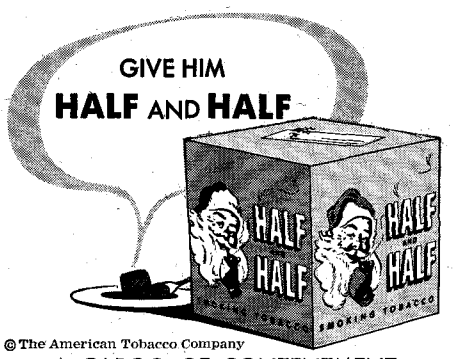

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A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

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Letters

The Weaker Sex?

Dear Sirs:

The warnings in Richard Thruelsen's article, THE LADY IS NOT DEFENSELESS [Nov. 10], are not strong enough. My first attempt to practice throwing an assailant resulted in my now ex-friend (male, 180 lbs) contracting a cracked rib and various bruises and abrasions.

I was glad I hadn't used my husband as a partner and decided further practice was unnecessary.

MRS. FRANK FLEIGER
New Brunswick, Canada

Dear Sirs:

I'm not familiar with Bill Underwood's Defendo system . . . but I can testify that his Combato system worked like a charm the one and only time I used it. I learned Combato from a book Mr. Underwood wrote called Self Defense for Women.

Two years ago I used Combato tactics to subdue an unruly teen-ager who almost started a riot at a party my sister

was holding in the basement playroom. . . . When I told him I was about to call the police, he suddenly lunged at me, his fist heading for my chin.

Almost without thinking, I clamped a Combato hold on his arm, locked my leg behind his, and threw him heavily to the floor. This despite his weighing about 160 pounds to my 125. . . .

In short order I had him on the flat of his back and was on my knees beside him, an unbreakable "Combato" hold clamped tight to his wrist. I exerted my full strength on the grip, bending his wrist back savagely until he writhed in agony. . . . He gave up fast then and I let him up. He got out fast.

REGINA F. BERNACKI
Philadelphia, Pa.

Help for Alcoholics

Dear Sirs:

FIRST AID FOR ALCOHOLICS [by Milton Silverman, Nov. 17] is about the best coverage of alcoholism brought to my attention. It is clear, factual and human. A problem that might have been previously misunderstood now bears sympathy and insight.

The Post has rendered a valuable public service.

ARTHUR M. AIBINDER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I feel sorry for any alcoholic who has to depend on *pills* to stay sober.

I am an alcoholic (I use the present tense because a person, once an alcoholic, will be an alcoholic the rest of his life, whether he takes a drink or not) and 7½ years ago was a skid-road bum. . . .

Being strapped to a hospital bed with the DT's on two different occasions, scared me into quitting. . . .

Though I keep a well-stocked bar at home, it has been 7½ years since I have touched a drop. It will be 177 before I ever do again! . . .

I have no sympathy for those who *won't* stay sober after a "treatment," whether it be by A.A., a sanitarium or drugs. "The man returned to drinking because he ran out of pills. . . ." Good God!

The most effective treatment or pills ever discovered are the pills known as G.U.T.S.!

ROBERT J. ALLEN
Pratt, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

"The only real 'cure' for an alcoholic," a Yale Plan Clinic expert said, "is to see that he never touches another drop of alcohol for the rest of his life."

The corollary is true, the only way to be sure that one will never become an alcoholic is to refrain from drinking a drop of alcohol from youth to old age. When the medical profession can get this axiom through the heads of our educators, there will be less juvenile delinquency and less parental delinquency and divorce.

DAN PATCH
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The article, while wholly factual, will, I feel sure, do vastly more harm than good. The over-all picture it presents is that a simple, easy and inexpensive "cure" has been found for alcoholism. . . .

I'm well along in years and I am an alcoholic. I was a drinking alcoholic for about a quarter of a century and I tried all "cures"; very definitely including jail. . . .

The only answer—the only method, or plan, or program—that works for the alcoholic (I speak for myself and tens of thousands of other alcoholics all over the world) is Alcoholics Anonymous—and A.A. never prescribed a pill or an injection in its existence.

L. M. S.
Denver, Colo.

Medical Checkup

Dear Sirs:

The cartoon [by Frank Ridgeway, Nov. 17] which shows a group of doctors at a medical meeting examining each other is not only ridiculous but about as far from the truth as could possibly be. The truth of the matter is that doctors very rarely examine each other and, as a matter of fact, the average doctor receives the poorest medical care. Doctors seem extremely loath either to have themselves examined by other doctors or to examine and treat their colleagues. In my opinion, your cartoon is not only pointless but not even funny.

LEONARD J. SCHIFF, M.D.
Plattsburg, N.Y.

Walt Disney

Dear Sirs:

Walt Disney!!! That's the mugg that has made every worth-while father in the world envious, because he can do so much to make youngsters (and oldsters) happy. I am glad you are doing his story [MY DAD, WALT DISNEY, by Diane Disney Miller, as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 17—Jan. 5]. It won't make us like him any better, but perhaps we'll learn why we like him so much.

CHARLES COULTER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

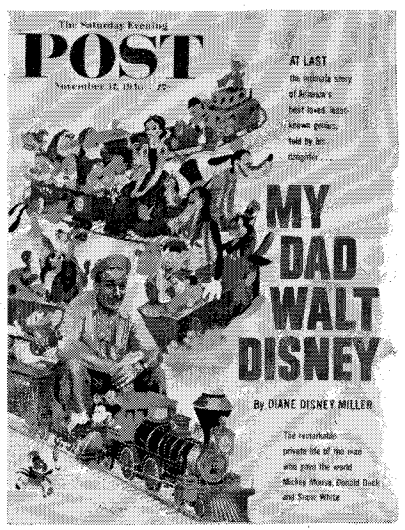
I don't think Donald Duck is "terrible-tempered," as your caption suggests. I think of him as an amiable person (or animal), with a bad case of frustration. When you're frustrated, things sort of seethe around inside you until finally, at

rare intervals, you blow your top. Believe me, I know. I take it that Donald's creator is *not* frustrated, but he does understand human nature, and his own nature is deeply sympathetic. Perhaps that is the real reason for his well-deserved success.

CHARLES F. DOW
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Like millions of other parents, my husband and I are unable to read the November 17th issue of The Saturday



Evening Post because our kindergarten-aged youngsters are so busy "reading" the Walt Disney cover.

MRS. L. P. JOHNSON, JR.
Portsmouth, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I am here in this country under The International Teacher Education Exchange Program. Yesterday I saw S.E.P.'s November 17 issue. . . . Diane Disney Miller rightly pointed out that her "Dad is even more celebrated abroad than he is at home." When, in 1955, Disney opened his famous Disneyland, children in my country, which is ten thousand miles far away, enjoyed themselves by reading so many articles in India's periodicals. There are 2500 boys in my school, in Poona, and to speak the truth they go "mad" over Disney's Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Snow White, the Living Desert.

DR. P. N. JOSHI
Columbus, Ohio

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The constellation Orion, the mighty hunter.
Photograph by Herbert Matter.
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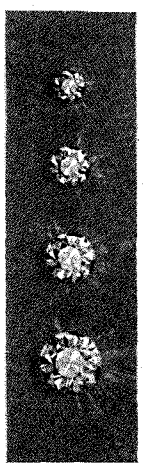
Bright star, light of love

Arrayed in stars, Orion, the mighty hunter, strides across the great, wide sky. And now, as through the ages, lovers muse upon his magic, endless chase. Eons ago, earth formed one star, fire-bright and lovely, to adorn one special, cherished girl, to shine forever to mark your love and its long course. This most personal star is your engagement diamond. Its valiant lights tell, always — for you and those who come after you — how one man and one woman sought and found and served their special destiny.



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Editorials

The Reds Have More Cause Than the West to Dread War!

There has been a noticeable diminuendo in the groaning and griping among our globally minded columnists to the effect that the United States has no foreign policy, lacks "bold imagination" and was caught flat-footed because President Eisenhower did not immediately support the ill-considered Anglo-French foray into Egypt. Sympathy for Great Britain in her sore straits and disapproval of Colonel Nasser's grab of the Suez Canal did not convince many Americans that their interest required endorsement of a preventive war, indifference to the United Nations charter and the destruction of what was left of American prestige among the oil-producing Arab nations.

The consequences of that unfortunate episode, which include a temporarily ruined Suez Canal, oil rationing in Western Europe, open Soviet penetration of the Near East, with the butchery of Hungary as at least a side effect, underscore the wisdom of the President and Mr. Dulles in disassociating this country from that blooper. Surely the Western alliance can survive United States insistence upon freedom of action in a fracas where our national interest was far from clear. Whether we should have so energetically discouraged the Anglo-French move, and later pressed for Anglo-French departure from Egypt with no apparent assurances from Nasser, is another question.

American foreign policy can be fairly criticized on another ground—namely that, since the Summit Conference at Geneva last year, we have given other nations to understand that the use of force could be virtually eliminated from the American diplomatic program. Taken literally, President Eisenhower's Geneva statement that "there is no alternative to peace" could be interpreted by aggressive communist nations as a green light to push on toward world conquest without fear of America.

As Professor Strausz-Hupé, of the University of Pennsylvania, has pointed out in the United States News and World Report, the idea that the most powerful anticommunist nation has excluded force from its diplomatic resources would free Soviet policy makers from the one possibility that might deter them from aggression. And if other nations, including our friends, Britain and France, imagine that we are more worried than the Russians are over an atomic hydrogen war, resistance by these nations to Soviet threats will tend to weaken.

Nuclear war would indeed be a hideous disaster, but nuclear war will become more likely, and the likelihood of our defeat greater, if the Soviet leaders convince themselves that our fear of war has become so basic to our foreign policy that they can safely count us out as an effective factor in the equation. Actually that would be a fatal miscalculation, as other aggressors have learned before. General Gruenther, retiring NATO commander, spoke recently of the ability of the West to retaliate "very destructively" throughout the Soviet Union, and the State Department has made it clear that the arrival of communist "volunteers" in the Suez Canal area could be the occasion for such retaliation.

Surely there is no present reason for the noncommunist West to make all the concessions. The Soviet Union and its colonial empire are in an increasingly sad state. The author of one of the best editorials yet written on the crisis in the Soviet Union was tossed into one of Tito's jails for writing it. He is Milovan Djilas, formerly right-hand man to Tito in Yugoslavia. In the New Leader, New York right-wing Socialist weekly, Mr. Djilas wrote: "In no case can the mass movement be halted; whether it follows the Yugoslav-Polish pattern, that of Hungary, or some new pattern which combines the two. . . . Just as Yugoslav Communism, separating itself from Moscow, initiated the crisis of Soviet imperialism, that is, the inevitable birth of national Communism, in the same way the revolution in Hungary means the beginning of the end of Communism generally."

In Hungary, some officers of the Soviet Army urged their soldiers to join the rebels. No leadership on earth has better reason to dread war than the dictators in the Kremlin.

Nevertheless, the collapse of communism will not occur without pressure. A brutalizing, Genghis Khan-type dictatorship could endure for a long time by virtue of such measures as the Russians employed in Hungary. The pressing need is to make it plain to the Soviet aggressors that they cannot count on the continued willingness of this country and its allies to confine themselves to appeals to moral judgment or debates in the United Nations.

We are now committed to resist Soviet aggression in many areas in the world. Perhaps new emphasis on these commitments—and fewer apostrophes on the evils of "force"—would clear the air and make the war peril less fearsome than it is today.

Americans Wander, But They Get Home for Christmas!

There are many grand common Christmas phrases, but perhaps the most heart-warming of all is simply: "Home for Christmas." Of course, it's a far cry from the old times when holiday travel was mostly "over the fields and through the snow, to grandfather's house we go." Many of us today think nothing of flying from one end of the country to the other to "spend Christmas at home."

Just the same, if Mr. Samuel Pickwick himself—on his way to Christmas dinner with Mr. Wardle—could stick his face out of his coach window, he would immediately recognize that his holiday sentiments are deeply shared by millions of American Christmas travelers: service men and women, salesmen on the road, college boys and girls, and a multitude of young families still heading for "grandfather's house," which often turns out to be an apartment on a big-city street.

However forms of Christmas transportation and distances to be covered may have changed, the heart of the matter beats in the same old way. From far away, we already have all our senses tuned for "Christmas at home": our hands stretched out to clasp old friends' hands, our ears strained to hear beloved voices, and our eyes fixed on the star at the top of the Christmas tree. Christmas travel these days—with millions on the roads and trains, and trains and buses crowded—isn't always easy, but at the end of it all is one of the nicest things in the world: "Home for Christmas."

Regulation Looms for the Growing Ranks of Yachtsmen

The House of Representatives Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee has on its agenda various proposals to regulate the 25,000,000 American operators of pleasure craft and their boats.

An expert on blue-sky matters, Vice Admiral Alfred C. Richmond, Coast Guard Commandant, has already expressed himself on the subject. "As it stands now," he says, "someone who doesn't know the first thing about boat operation can take one out on the Potomac." He deplores the fact that there is no law. The admiral also says that he was disturbed by the fact that "many people were operating boats with only the sketchiest of information concerning the proper operation of a motorboat, the rules of the road, overloading, lights, safety equipment, effects of weather, and so on."

The admiral warns that operators' licenses may someday become necessary, though he is not sure they are now needed. But he does recommend a registration law for craft and more "education" for operators.

Under Federal regulation, only power craft over sixteen feet long have what the United States Coast Guard calls a "numbering" system that must be carried on the bow, like an automobile registration plate. The probability is that few owners of the thousands of small craft now exempt would complain if they were required to register their boats any more than they object to registering their motorcars.

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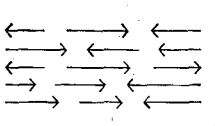
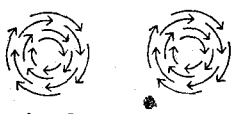
Only *Norelco* gives the wonderful shaving comfort of Rotary Blades!

Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action. The blades changed direction thousands of times a minute. This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.





Only *Rotary Blades* can shave closely without skin irritation, and only Norelco has Rotary Blades. Norelco's blades never stop, never change direction, shave with the smooth, *continuous* stroke of a barber's razor.

This Christmas, there's a *better* way to shave . . . without soap and water fuss, without skin irritation, without razor burn, without a break-in period. Rotary Blades, exclusive with Norelco, are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years. Rotating beneath stationary skinguards, they *stroke* off whiskers.

Any man on your gift list, no matter what shaving method he uses now, will welcome with enthusiasm this great forward step in shaving. He'll discover with his first Rotary Blade shave why Norelco is the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in the U.S. today.

More reasons why he'll love a Norelco: 1. He can shave as close as he likes without hurting his face; blades are self-adjusting to shaving touch. 2. Blades sharpen themselves every time he shaves. 3. Genuine brush motor doesn't heat up. 4. Lubricated for life. 5. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. 6. Designed to fit the hand. 7. Easiest shaver to clean. 8. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends whiskers for skin-close shaves no matter which way they grow.

Norelco® **$24.95** AC/DC
Model SC7759 with leather travel case

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For outdoorsmen . . . Norelco Sportsman runs on flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter (6-volt or 12-volt). #SC7750.....**29.95**

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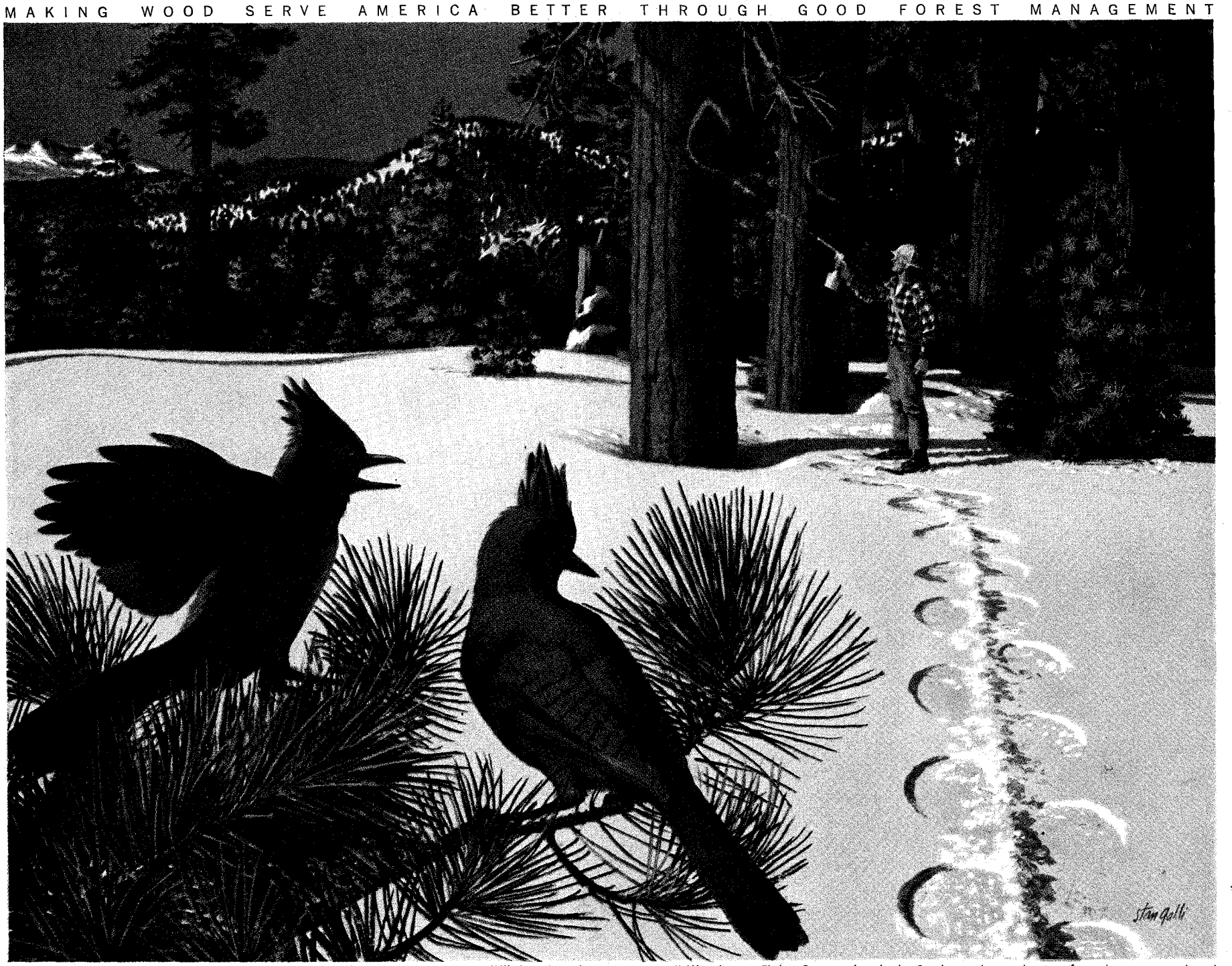
MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH GOOD FOREST MANAGEMENT



Skilled graduate foresters manage all Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands. On the ponderosa pine tree farm above, an experienced forester is selecting mature individual trees to be harvested. He will leave younger trees to continue to grow and serve as a natural seed source for future tree crops. By applying good forestry practices, he and the trained men who follow will keep this forest *perpetually* productive.

men work with nature to keep tree-growing lands productive...

One of the major benefits resulting from scientific forestry is growing assurance that tree farms can always produce wood for use in lumber, plywood, paper, rayon and about 5,000 other products.

The key to a perpetual supply of wood for America lies in man's ability to manage commercial forestlands for maximum productivity. To achieve this end, industrial foresters skilled in the art of silviculture are working to grow crop after crop of new trees in endless cycles. Applying the principles of good forestry, they also provide for wise use and perpetuation of other forest resources.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are scientifically managed by trained graduate foresters who supervise harvesting, growing, protecting and reforesting activities. They are supported by others who are engaged in a continuing program of applied forestry research and long-range planning. Together, these men form the nucleus of a forest management team dedicated to keeping *all* of our timberlands productive...supplying wood and other forest benefits, forever.

Today, the private forest industry in the United States employs about sixty per cent of all graduate foresters...many of whom are supervising the 41 million acres of tax-paying timberlands operated as certified tree farms. *Write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet on tree farming,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

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CANADA DRY

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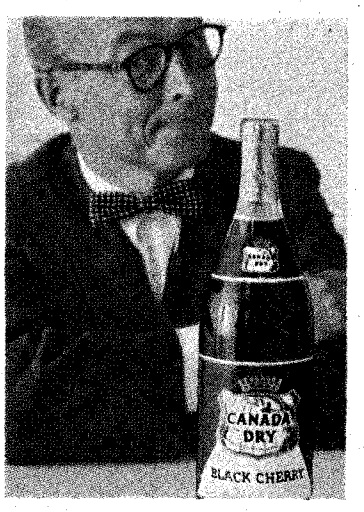
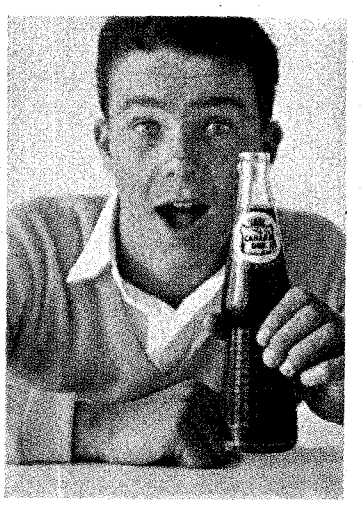
Mother likes Hi-Spot Lemon in the family-size bottle

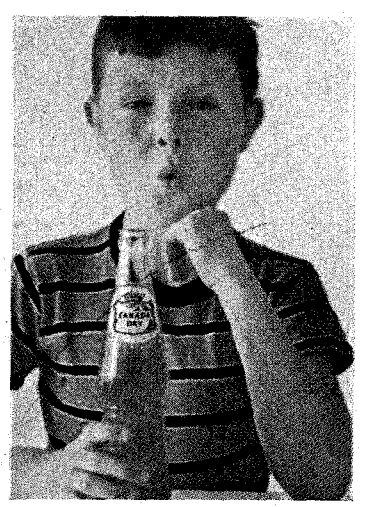


Dad goes for luscious True Fruit Black Cherry



Tony picks Root Beer in the new king-size bottle

Sally thinks fresh-tasting Grape is the greatest



Perky little Pete insists on True Fruit Orange

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

I Was a BRIDE of the ARCTIC

Klondy and Frank Dufresne today. Their home overlooks Puget Sound, in Olympia, Washington.

She began her honeymoon alone in an Alaska shack, and she brought up her children with Eskimos: Here are the young-married adventures of this daughter of the gold rush.

Klondy the frontier bride, costumed for her dog-sled honeymoon excursions with Frank.

By KLONDY NELSON *as told to COREY FORD*

I was a bride when I went back to Alaska. Three days after our wedding, I sailed north from Seattle with my new husband, bound for the land where my mother's efforts to create a home had ended in tragedy, the land I had sworn would never see me again.

It was hard to explain why I had changed my mind. I'd been happy in Seattle, making a professional name for myself with my violin, until Frank Dufresne came along and upset everything by proposing to me. He'd been offered a job in Fairbanks with the Alaska Game Commission, he told me, patrolling by dog team over the trackless white wilderness I remembered so well.

As I listened to him, my musical career seemed less and less important. I wanted to share in his adventure. If you've ever lived in Alaska—if you've heard the malamutes howl in Nome or the cry of wild geese over the Bering Sea in the spring—you have to go back, that's all. So here I was, just as mother had been twenty years earlier, setting out for Alaska to create a home of my own.

It was midafternoon when we arrived in Fairbanks, but it was already dark and gloomy, because we were almost at the Arctic Circle, where the November sun shines only a couple of hours. The cold made my ears sting as we hurried down the dark street, carrying our luggage. Frank had arranged by wire from Seattle to rent a house in town—the only one available. We were lucky to get it, because in winter all the miners crowded into Fairbanks from the creeks. It even had electric lights, he said, a luxury unknown to my

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Klondy (white cap, center) and some of her Alaskan friends: They piloted dog teams in a ladies' race at Nome, on the Bering Sea, back in the early twenties.

Ginny, Klondy's daughter, was born in Alaska. She once mistook a 200-pound black bear for a "doggie." Her mother felled the beast with one shot when it turned on the child.

mother when she arrived at dad's mining shack on Ophir Creek in 1902.

A powdery snow was falling and the street lights were dim. It was hard to make out the house numbers as we stumbled along the wooden sidewalk, but we finally spotted a "4" daubed in black paint on a tiny log cabin. Frank kicked the snow away and opened the front door.

It was even colder inside than out. Frank groped for the string of the ceiling light and yanked it. It didn't work. He struck a match and lit a miner's candle which was stuck on an oilcloth-covered table, climbed onto a chair, unscrewed the bulb and shook it. "Bulb's all right," he muttered. "Must be the fuse."

"You get the fire started, Frank," I said, shivering in the light coat which I'd bought in Seattle. "I'll run next door and borrow a fuse."

As I hurried out I discovered one of the modern conveniences Frank had promised me. It was fifty feet to the rear of the cabin, full of heaped snow, with an open front facing the street. I made a mental note: *Buy burlap tomorrow*, as I tramped a path to the house next door.

At my knock, someone called, "Who's there, darling?" The door was opened by a buxom woman in a kimono, with dyed henna hair and brightly rouged cheeks. She stared at me in surprise. The house smelled of whisky and stale cigar smoke and perfume. When I explained what I needed, she asked me to wait outside. In a moment she was back with a fuse.

The Dufresnes lived on the houseboat Beaver during their Yukon River expeditions. It was sheer luxury compared to the filthy hovel in Fairbanks where Klondy spent the first days of her marriage—often without Frank.

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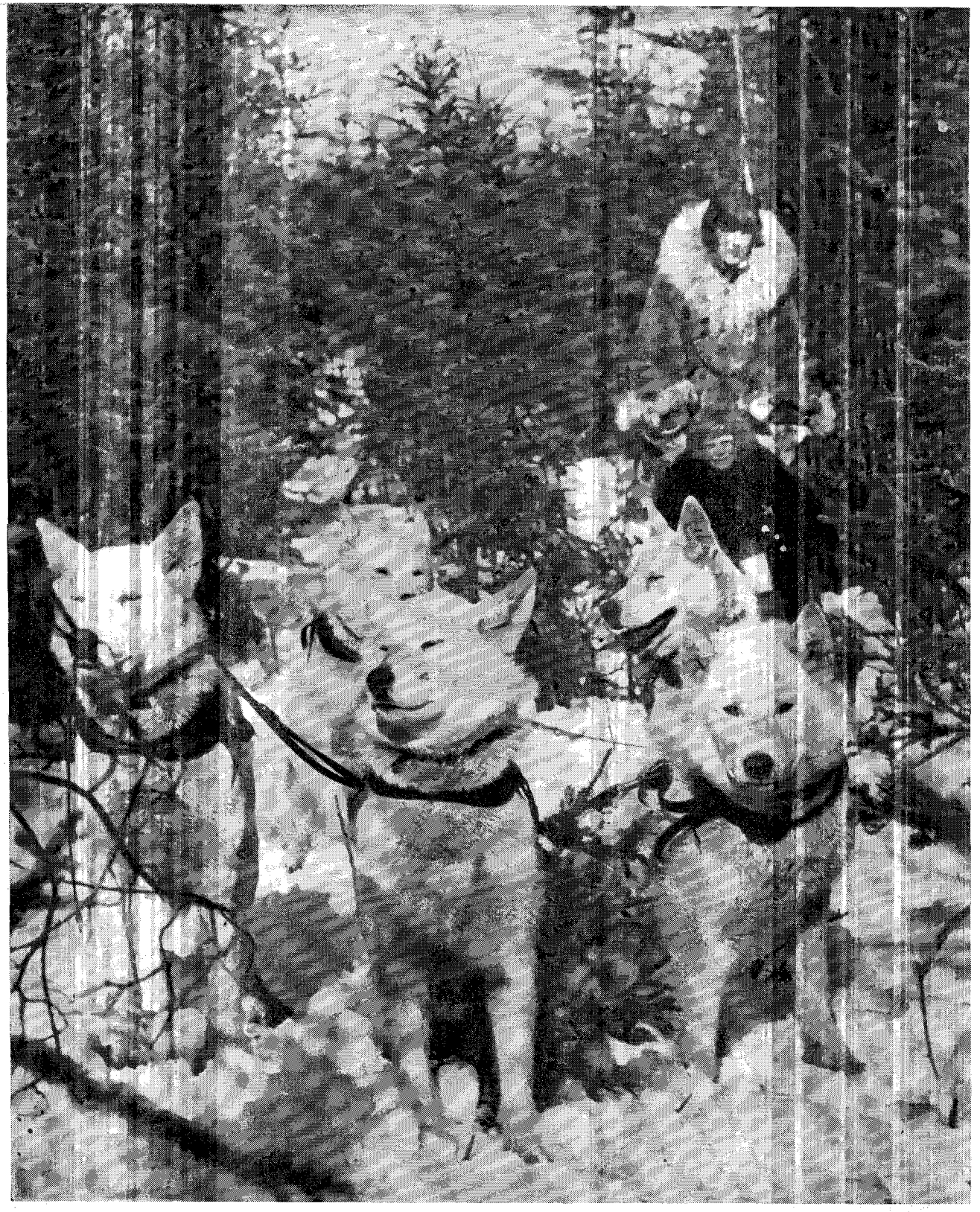
The Lady Known as Klondy

Post readers will remember that it was just a year ago that Klondy Nelson—named for the Klondike Gold Strike—made her first appearance in these pages. In I Was a Daughter of the Gold Rush she revealed her childhood adventures among characters like Dangerous Dan McGrew and The Lady Known as Lou. When childhood ended, she left Alaska, intending never to return. But the North was in her blood, and back she went to bring up her own children there. . . .



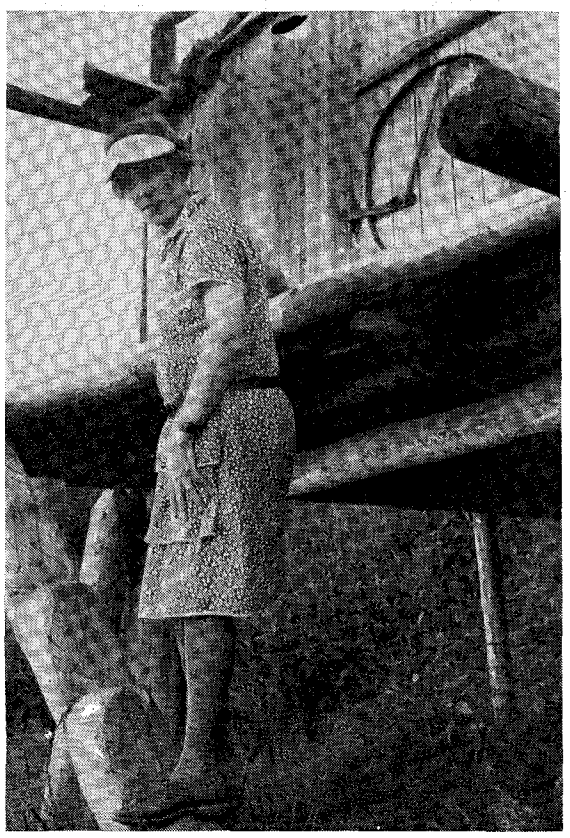
A dog team was to Klondy what a station wagon is to a suburban matron. Here she drives Ginny into the forest near Fairbanks to pick out a Christmas tree. On long trips in the wilds, she and Frank shared the driving chores.

"Nice to have you living next door, darling," she said, pinching my arm affectionately. "Hope to meet your husband someday."

Frank had a couple of birch logs burning in the stove when I got back. He screwed the fuse into place and suddenly the ceiling bulb illuminated the cabin. I'd seen rough-looking hovels as a child in Council and Nome, but this one was the worst. There was just one room. The log walls had been covered with wallpaper, which now hung down in strips. There was a sagging bed, a rocking chair, a straight-backed chair with the top knocked off, and the plank table. The rusty pipe from the stove zigzagged up through the roof, leaking smoke at every joint. There was a coffeepot black with soot, and a frying pan thick with hardened grease. I took a deep breath.

"It's cozy, Frank," I said. I could remember mother saying the same thing to dad, back in 1902. "I can't wait to start fixing it up."

Frank kissed me. "You're a real sourdough, Klondy," he said happily. "We ought to have coal to make this fire last. I'll run next door and borrow some."



On the Yukon, Klondy inspects an Indian cache of food locked safely out of reach of marauding wolves.

"No, you won't," I said quickly. "You'll stay right here."

While Frank was shoveling the last tenant's empty tin cans and worn-out socks and rubber boots into a corner, I unpacked the suitcases and hung our clothes on spikes in the wall.

"First thing tomorrow we'll scrub this place," I said, "and then we'll make some flour paste and stick that wallpaper back on. We'll paint all the woodwork and ——"

Frank was looking at me in a funny kind of way. He said, "Klondy, I've got to leave early in the morning on a two weeks' trip down the Yukon. The Game Commission has reports of beaver poaching at Tanana." He avoided my eyes. "You start getting settled, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

I sat down suddenly on the broken-backed chair. I knew the life my mother had led in Alaska, waiting for a husband who was always running off and leaving her alone. Was my own life going to follow the same lonely pattern?

I was a daughter of the gold rush. My father had named me Klondy after his first big strike in the Klondike. In 1902, when I was going on five, mother had brought me all the way from South Dakota to join dad at his placer claim near Council, Alaska. She wanted to make a home for him, and persuade him to settle down. Unable to succeed, finally deserted in Nome with two small children, she died broken-hearted. Like thousands of others in those days, dad was a born stampeder, always running off at news of a big gold strike. Home ties could not hold him. I've always wondered whether his friend, Bob Service, had my father in mind when he penned the famous lines,

It isn't the gold that I'm wanting,
So much as just finding the gold.

But I put these memories aside when Frank took off the next (Continued on Page 54)

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Treachery at Rock Point

The story of a man who came back from the dead, to a town where he wasn't wanted alive . . .

Beginning a new Western by PETER DAWSON

"Carrie, I'm back," he murmured gently. She trembled as she came into his arms.

The roustabouts were ashore at the first hint of false dawn, casting loose the lines that had held the Belle moored against the pull of the Missouri's sluggish current throughout the night. And shortly the ring of a bell below, the swish of the big paddle wheel astern and the gentle chuffing of the boilers roused a tall, lean-hipped man who had slept out the night close to the rail on the riverward side of the main deck.

He tossed his blankets aside, came lazily erect and stretched his buckskin-clad frame. Yawning prodigiously, he ran a hand over his short and curly red beard, afterward stepping over to climb the ladder to the hurricane, moving lithely and with complete ease. Above, he sauntered across the unlighted deck to stand alongside the wheelhouse platform and scan the surrounding darkness, feeling the bite in the chill air of this mid-September morning.

To watch and listen to the coming of each new day invariably brought its strong pleasure to this erect, wide-shouldered man. Yet this particular morning was doubly satisfying. For it lacked but one month of being two years since he had last set eyes upon this night-shrouded sweep of range he called home. So strong was his eagerness to glimpse it that, for the first time in the five days since he had come aboard the Belle, he could push to the back of his mind a myriad of frustrating and unwanted memories—the lingering feel of utter exhaustion, the nightmare images of scalped and mutilated bodies, the haunting drumfire crackle of hot carbines fired in anger and desperation.

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

This was Will Speer, five weeks out of a Fort Lapwai infirmary bed, his left shoulder still faintly tender from the punishment given it by a Nez Percé bullet.

Disgust had been strong in him that day when, on drawing his final pay as a civilian scout for General Howard, he had bought a horse, left the reservation behind him and headed down the Clearwater along the line of the distant Bitter Root peaks.

His disgust had been bred by the ineptness of command that had caused the loss of an entire troop of the 1st Cavalry to the ambushing guns of Joseph, the wily Nez Percé chief. That troop had comprised half the force he had been serving with, back in June when the bullet brought him down—along with dozens of blue-clad troopers—in the depths of W'ite

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Danbo had his boys give Will a going over. They did a good job.

Bird Canyon, hard above the Salmon River.

By now that disgust had become resignation. All that lay behind him; he had closed the book on it. He was back home, and this was the morning he had been yearning for over these many interminable weeks.

He stepped onto the platform now and across to the open window of the wheelhouse, the deep gloom barely letting him make out the shape of the man at the head-high wheel. The packet was little more than drifting with the current, her stern wheel churning slowly, barely giving her steerageway.

And Will Speer, not understanding this as he thought back and remembered where they had tied up for the night, remarked, "You've got three, four miles of deep water ahead, Hargutt."

The wheelman hawked, clearing his throat before dryly stating, "And snags too. Freshet up Mule Ear washed out a jag o' timber back in April. So we wait'll the light's better before we try and make time."

"What'll it be, eight o'clock before we make the Point?"

"Be a safer bet to call it nine."

Will Speer turned away, hunkering down with his back to the wheelhouse's front corner and taking out pipe and tobacco. The pipe alight, he stared ahead between the two pairs of towering spars beyond the forward edge of the deck, watching the strengthening light heighten the paleness of the river's gray surface.

Presently, the sudden screeching of a jay from a willow brake along the near bank shattered the stillness and caught his attention. His glance had barely swung in that direction before he was seeing the shadowy forms of a band of antelope bounding away into the obscurity. *Loafer wolf*, he thought idly as he once again eyed the broad ribbon of the river up ahead.

In forty more minutes he was hungrily watching the sun's brassy disk edge over the far, familiar horizon. The hazed and jagged ramparts of the Arrowheads lay in the northward distance, their higher crests already wearing pale caps of white to signal the approach of winter. To the east, ahead, low rims flanked the river basin, while off to the south rolled timbered hills pocketed with open parks. That vast sweep of rising grassland just below the southeastern horizon would be Crow Track's home meadow.

He was acutely aware of his glance having been irresistibly drawn to the meadow, and sight of it brought him a restless feeling of unease. He had been unconsciously bracing himself for this (Continued on Page 69)

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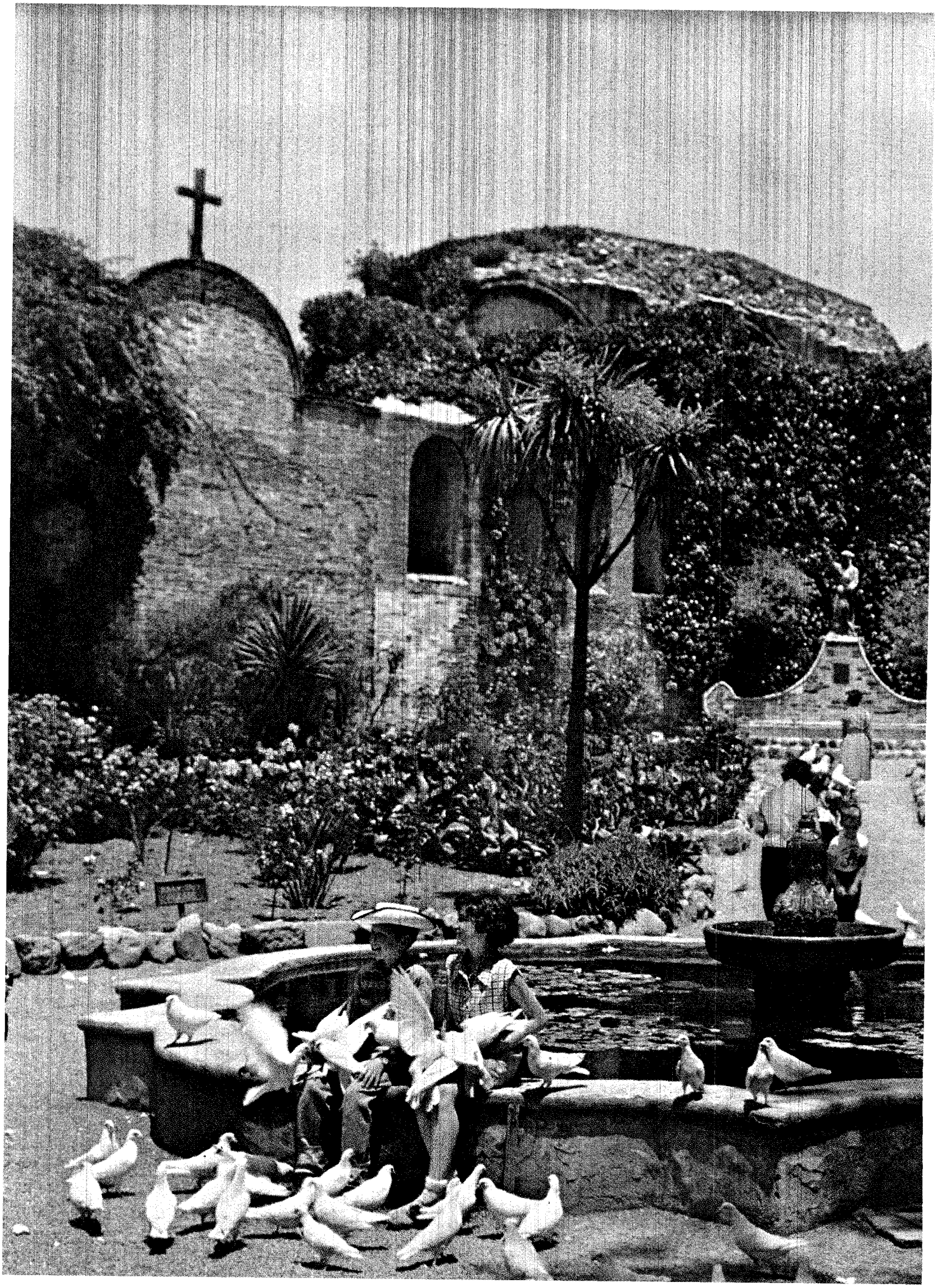

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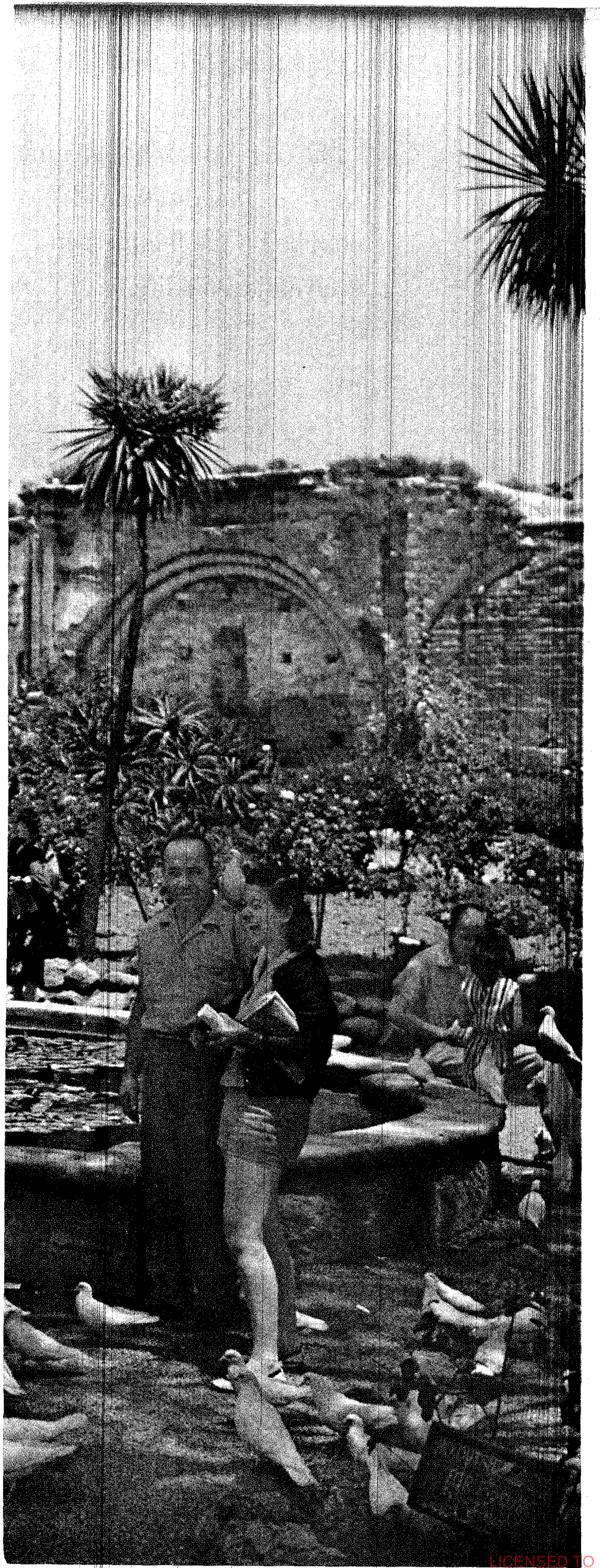

The Face of AMERICA

Mellow Mission

For generations, the doves of San Juan Capistrano have played second fiddle to the well-publicized swallows that return here each year on the nineteenth of March. The peregrinating swallows are regular visitors, but the more loyal doves never leave. Here, at the Fountain of the Doves, friendly white waddlers welcome tourists and flutter prettily in hope of handouts. Behind the fountain stands a statue of Father Junipero Serra, who founded this mission 180 years ago. By 1812, Capistrano was one of the loveliest and strongest links in a chain of Franciscan establishments along the coast of old California. That year, however, a violent earthquake destroyed the mission's magnificent church (entombing twoscore Indian converts at worship). Rebuilding progresses today, slowly, patiently and at great expense. It may be another century before the restoration is complete. But the doves and swallows couldn't care less. They love Capistrano just the way it is. ● Photograph by Sid Avery

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CHRISTMAS AT PIETY CORNER

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

The day, which had begun with a tragedy, turned out to be the happiest in the children's life.

Even now, when Patrick had celebrated his ninth birthday and was all grown up and had left childish things behind him, the halfway mark between his home and the Piety Corner School seemed just as hard to pass. There, at the edge of the quiet cedars, he always had his last glance backward to his mother, looking out of the kitchen door, framed with her roses, white and red over the arched trellis.

Everything would be all right, once he had passed the cedar grove, because Miss Elder would be at the door of the schoolhouse watching for him. Thus the safe transfer had been made, morning after morning since his kindergarten days.

While he approached the halfway mark, he sang out his newest composition, all safe in the notebook under his arm, the last of the year's work:

"*Down the tippy mountainside*
All the mountains crying with joy
Rainbow trout laffs in Ram Horn Creek
Who sees him, Mama? Who sees him,
Miss Elder?
Soon Patrick will go fishing all alone
Because he is nine years old."

Just the same, at the very last step around the cedars, he turned and looked back at his mother. When she waved her hand, he did the same thing. Not because he was very young and needed her signal. Oh, no. Just because.

Now his hope for Miss Elder's smile, and a red A and a golden star for his composition, changed his trudge suddenly to a run. He jumped along until he was far around the cedars. There, in sudden fright, he stopped and stared at the silent ones under the maples of the schoolhouse. Miss Elder stood there, gazing up the path at him, and close to her, like the chicks of a Catskill grouse in a summer lane, the four little boys and the four little girls stood. One of the girls had her head bowed, which meant to Patrick that she was crying.

"What's the matter?"

The wind blew his words away. The red-winged blackbird, which always waited for Patrick to pass the (Continued on Page 75)

"Hurray!" cried Greta. "Hurray for Patrick!" And all the others joined in.

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Eddie Palmer before his promotion to captain. He died pursuing a gunman at the scene of a holdup.

The Last Days of a Cop

By KEN W. PURDY

The story of a remarkable New York police officer who traded twenty years of his life for a few more months of doing the job he loved.

Eddie Palmer was a sergeant on the New York City police force when I first met him, thirteen years ago. He was a man of medium height, well-muscled, with a quick, easy way of moving. He had a flat nose and lumpy hands and he might have been, instead of a policeman, a fighter not long retired. His voice was soft and husky.

Eddie was a gentle, generous, emotional man, yet at the same time, and in some things, hard and even callous. But the mild side of his nature was uppermost.

When I met Eddie I had a problem that needed police help, and in six months of trying I hadn't got anywhere. I was in despair. Eddie listened to the story, went to a phone booth and made a couple of calls, and that was the end of it. I tried very hard to thank him, to find something I could do for him.

He laughed at me. "Thanks for what?" he said. "A couple of phone calls. As long as you feel so strongly about it, you can pay my expenses on the deal. Two phone calls at a nickel apiece, that'll be ten cents, please."

One night two years ago—he had risen to captain's rank by then—Palmer was driving two friends through Central Park just before dawn. He was wearing civilian clothes. At one of the park entrances he mildly rebuked a young patrolman in a squad car for blocking traffic. New York City cops don't take kindly to being called down by civilians, and the young fellow showed signs of losing his temper.

"Now, before you say something that will make us both unhappy," Eddie said, and he moved his left hand out the window, holding the gold captain's badge.

The young cop looked at it, pulled himself back behind the wheel of his car without another word. Palmer drove away, but before he had gone a block the officer had cut him off and was standing beside the car.

"May I see your badge again, captain?"

"Surely," Palmer said, and gave it to him. The officer looked at it and turned bright red. Convinced now, he was miserably apologetic. "I'm very sorry, captain," he said. "If I had known ——"

"No harm done," Eddie told him. "I'm just glad you came after us. For a minute there, I was afraid you weren't going to. Have a nice night, now."

"That'll be a good cop," he said to his friends as he drove away. "He didn't have to come after us. He (Continued on Page 65)

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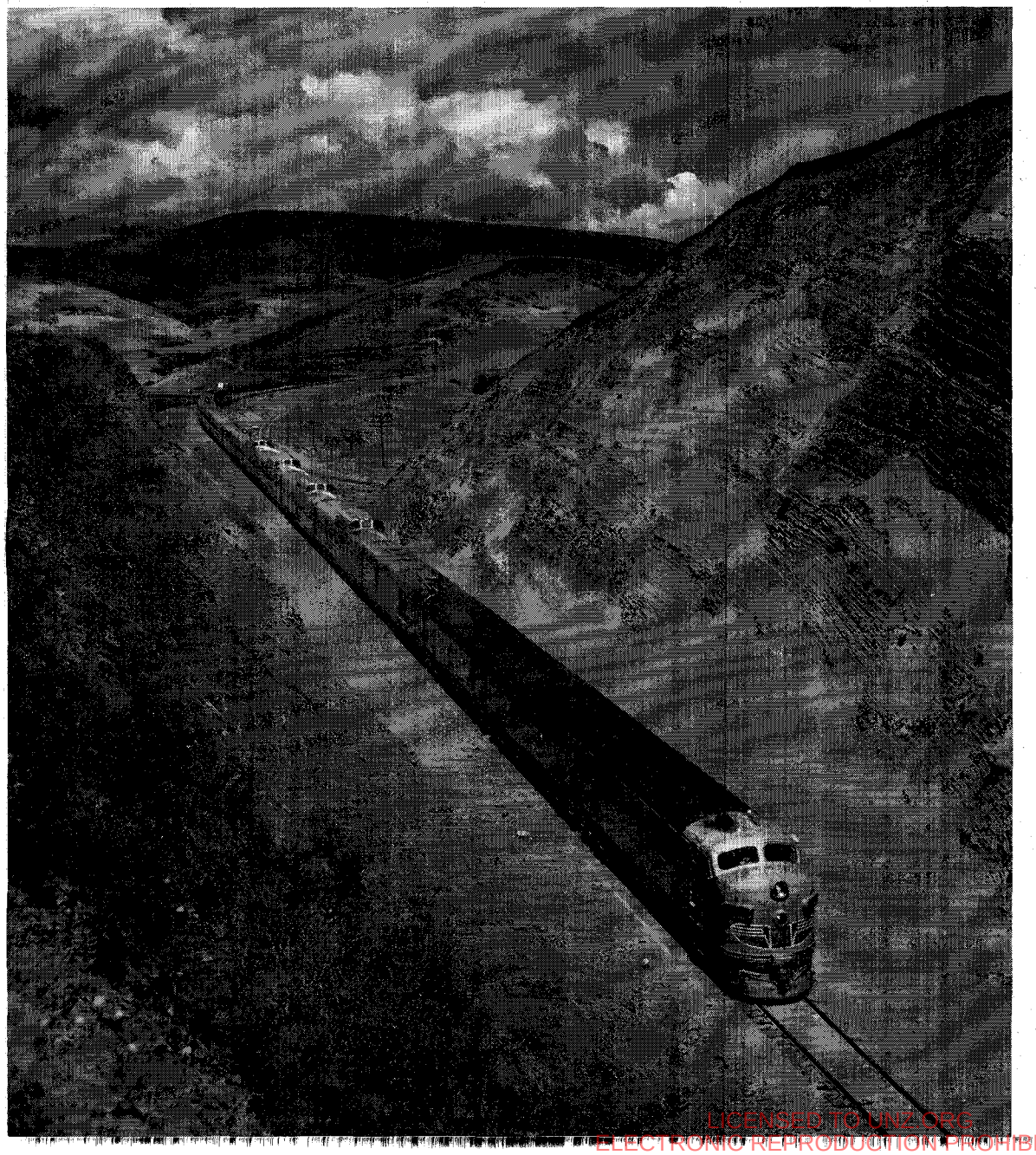
Things are quiet in the Union Station at Washington, D.C., which was built by the railroads at their own expense. Meanwhile, the city's airport (right) bustles. . . .



So You Don't Ride the Trains Any More?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

A Post editor reveals why the nation's railroads feel Uncle Sam has stacked the cards against them in the struggle to stay in business.

To woo the wayfarer back to the rails, the roads have sunk millions into glass-domed cars like these on the Western Pacific's California Zephyr.

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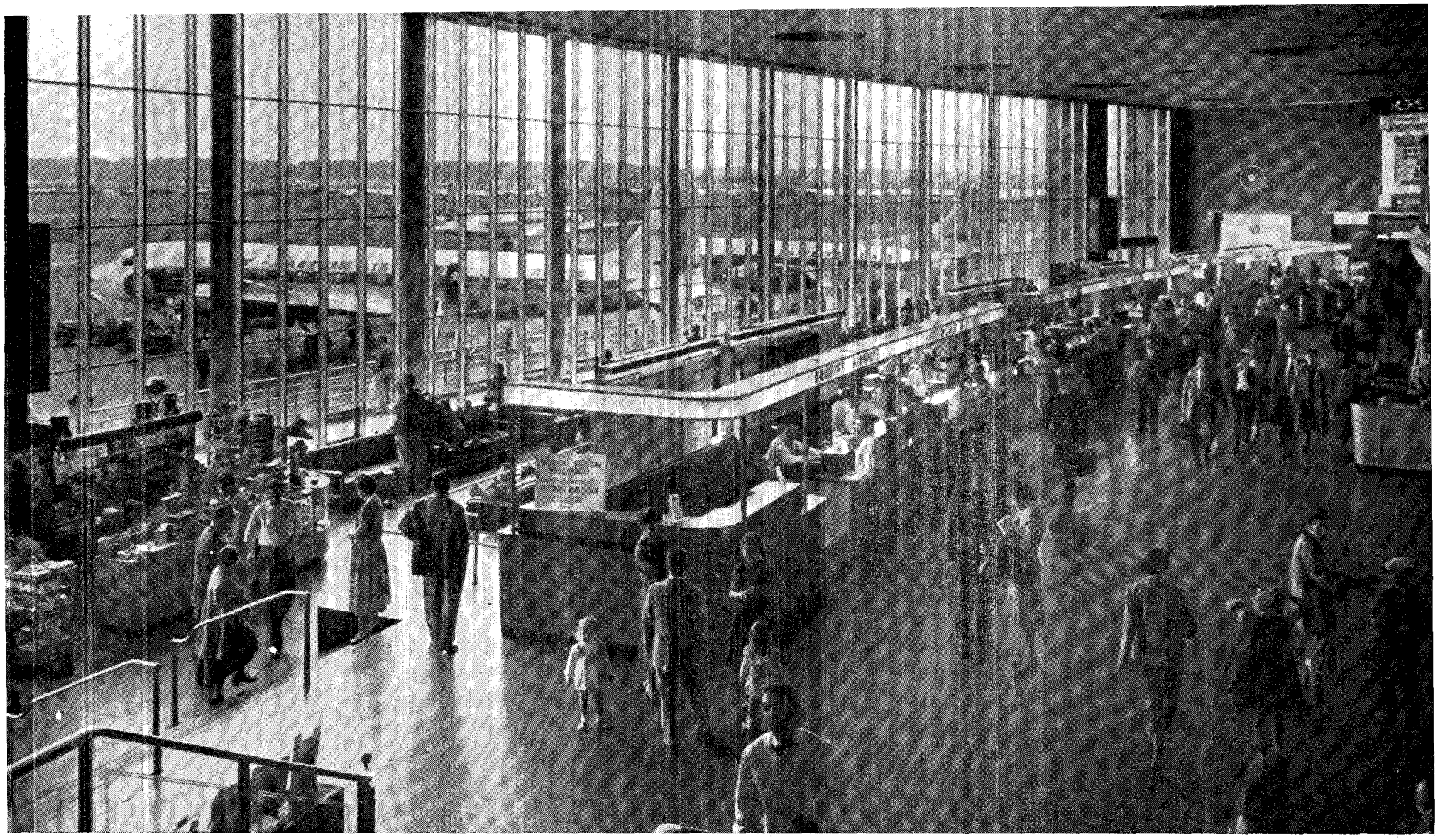

Washington's up-to-date air terminal, built at taxpayers' expense, handled over three and a half million passengers in 1955, and business continues to boom.

On balmy summer evenings the citizens of Altoona, Pennsylvania, drive out to a little hill overlooking the city reservoir, there to witness a scene which sets their pulses pounding. For four hours, from dusk until nearly midnight, the Pennsylvania Railroad's westbound fleet streams by, deep horns blowing, lights gleaming on the dark water as the long trains, laden with passengers, loop like red-and-silver snakes around a famous hairpin turn known as the Horseshoe Curve.

To anyone who likes railroads it is a memorable spectacle—and one which in a few more years may be seen only in memory. All over the United States great trains still are blowing in the gulf of night, in the late Thomas Wolfe's resonant phrase, and people still are riding them. But every year their numbers dwindle, and many a railroad man will privately admit that in another generation or two the hoarse squall of the passenger diesel's horn may have joined the steam locomotive's mellow whistle in the limbo of America's forgotten sounds.

To the commuter scrambling for a seat on the crowded 8:18 or the citizen seeking passage on some of the famous "name" trains that make the long cross-country runs, the railroads' assertion that their passenger business is starving for lack of patronage may seem like gross exaggeration. The figures, however, tell a different story.

In 1953, the railroads lost $705,000,000 on their passenger business. In 1954, they lost $669,000,000. In 1955, by cutting off losing trains and using many a reduced-rate gimmick, such as ladies' days and family plans to lure new riders aboard, the deficit was trimmed to $643,000,000.

These colossal losses are, in a sense, paper deficits only. They derive from a system of bookkeeping required by the Interstate Commerce Commission, a procedure known to railroaders as the "ICC formula." Under the formula, the passenger train is charged not only with its direct costs of operation but with a proportionate share of the over-all expenses incurred in operating both freight and passenger service. Many a student of railroad economics has blasted this method of accounting. It creates, they say, a phantom deficit, and gives an unrealistic picture of the railroad's plight. If every passenger train on every road in the United States were taken off the rails, they point out, the industry would not save $700,000,000, nor $600,000,000, nor $500,000,000. It would save merely the out-of-pocket costs of operating its trains—a figure which ranges, in estimate, from a high of $100,000,000 down to $38,000,000.

However the figures are juggled, though, a whopping deficit, that eats deeply into freight profits, does exist, (Continued on Page 62)

Bargain sleeper: For coach fare plus $7.50, a passenger on the Zephyr from Chicago to Denver gets a private room.

Double-decker cars boost the seating capacity of this commuter line from Chicago to Aurora, Illinois.

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The Pilot's Baby

By GEORGE MORSE

Willie knew all about planes, but he wasn't checked out on this kind of equipment.

Capt. William Evans, a pink-cheeked, uncomplicated young Air Force jet pilot, loped into a drugstore on New York's Fifth Avenue in deep trouble. He was carrying a very small baby, wrapped in a blanket, and the baby was yowling its head off. People stared.

William slowed, pulled himself together and singled out a salesgirl. "Bottle," he said. "Baby's bottle, with nipple."

The girl giggled; William frowned. She produced a bottle, with nipple; he strode purposefully across to the soda fountain. "Milk," he ordered. "Warm, I think. In the bottle."

There were a number of women scattered around the fountain; their mouths hung open. The girl behind the fountain looked incredulous. "Are you sure ——"

William frowned further. "Milk!" he said. He added darkly, "You want him to come all unstuck?"

The women seemed to close in. Their looks, he sensed suddenly, were hostile. He gazed around him. "Little character's got to be fed," he announced hopefully. "The taxi driver said so. Well?"

The looks were still hostile. He glared; the women backed up. He pulled the blanket aside and shoved the nipple into the baby's mouth. The baby quieted, latched on and sucked like a B-47 taking on fuel.

William laughed. "See?" he said triumphantly. "Dotes on the stuff!"

The baby stopped sucking almost at once, and the screams started anew. William, alarmed, jiggled the bottle; the screams got worse. He jiggled the baby's head; a murmur arose around him. Desperate, he jiggled the whole bundle. The women closed in fast, and they looked downright angry. It was then that someone tapped him on the shoulder.

William turned. He had a fleeting impression of a very small, very lovely blond girl in a soft, pink coat. She was no bigger than a pint of ice cream, but his glance told him she was built with all the artistry of a scale model.

She said, "Father, if you don't burp that baby pretty soon, you'll be in real trouble. My goodness, you didn't even sterilize the bottle!"

"Burp him?" William said. "Burp? Sterilize?"

"Thump him on the back. Get the air out of him."

Obligingly, William turned the baby over and thumped the small back. The baby burped milk all over his uniform. He frowned.

"The mother of that child," someone said ominously, "ought to be shot. Imagine!"

"Ought not to be outdoors at all!" someone added. "Men!"

The baby's face was screwed up into a bright red knot of fury; it (Continued on Page 48)

"If you don't burp that baby pretty soon, you'll be in real trouble," said a lovely blonde.

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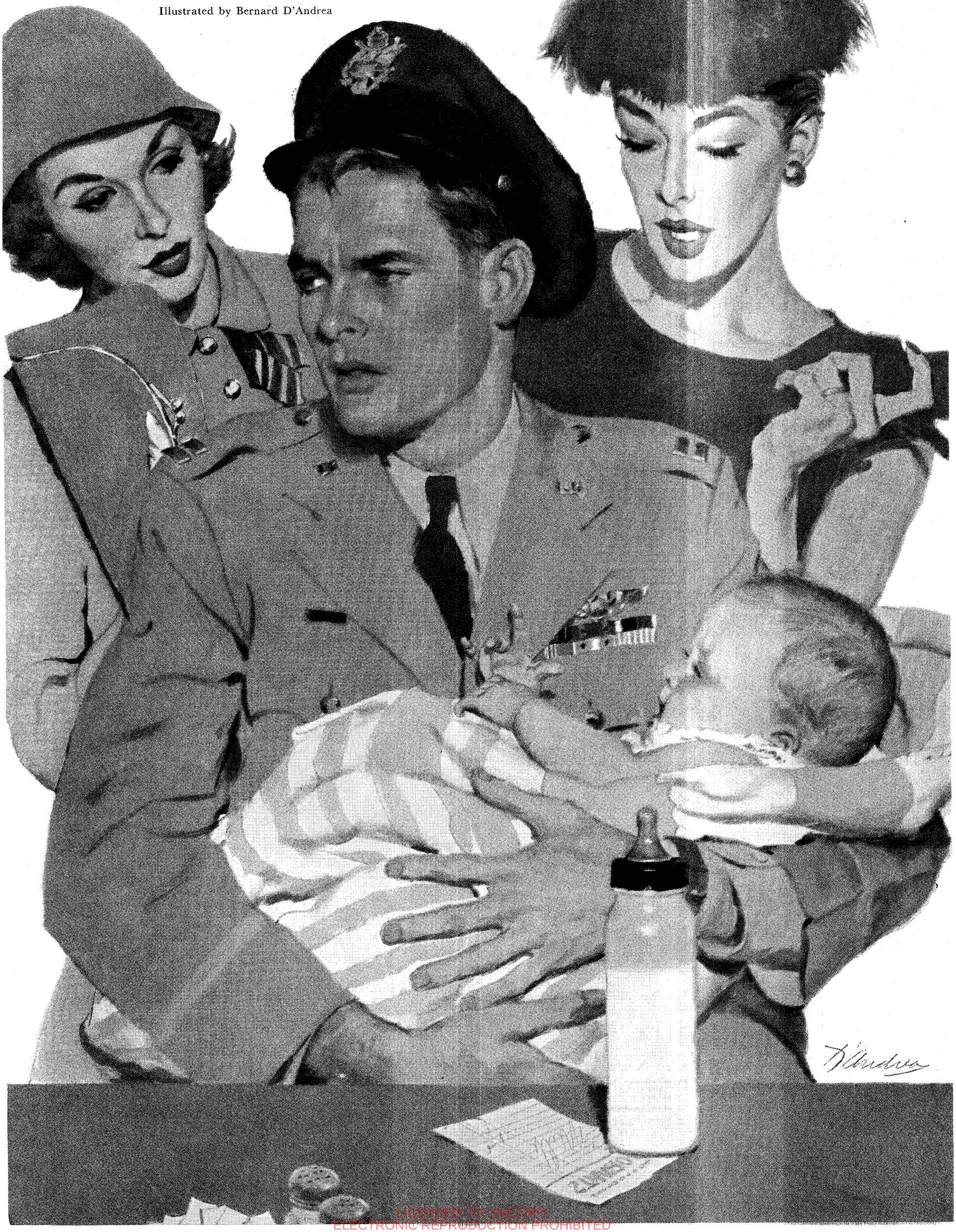
Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea



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My Dad, Walt Disney Part Six

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER, as told to Pete Martin

"Disney's Folly"

How Walt, taking the biggest chance of his career, made the first feature picture in which no human actors appeared: the classic Snow White.

Snow White coaxes the Seven Dwarfs through a song in the film which probably has been seen by more people than any other ever made.

Walt, who often pretends he's overlooked—as the only male in the house—sneaks a snack for Lady, the family's French poodle, just after getting home from work.

For the most part, my father's beliefs are based on experience, instead of schooling. His formal education stopped short at the end of his first year in high school, when he joined the Red Cross Ambulance Corps. He's read a lot of history since then, but at bottom he's a country boy who has whittled out his own philosophy.

One of his maxims is, "You don't know what you can do unless you try." With this motto of Dad's in our minds, when my younger sister, Sharon, and I grew old enough to hang onto a steering wheel and shift a gear, we learned to drive—by driving Dad's car around the studio lot while he was roving inside the buildings. I was practicing backing up in the studio parking lot one day when I backed over a water pipe and a geyser gushed up. The studio police hurried out and turned off the water. When they were gone, I told myself—paraphrasing advice I'd heard from horsemen—*You've got to get back in that car right away and drive it or you'll never drive again.* I got back in and was backing up once more when I backed over (Continued on Page 80)

NEXT WEEK . . .

The Mouse at War

Walt worked for Uncle Sam in World War II, and Mickey went into battle with gallant ships and planes.

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"If you don't want to remarry," Charles said, "then you don't." For some reason, this seemed to make her angry.

Too bad Charles was so shy. He had only to open his eyes

to see that

The Widow Was Willing

By MERLE CONSTINER

Near the Cincinnati river front in 1868 lay an alley known as Strawberry Walk, a squalid neighborhood of rope sheds and spice mills and moldering brick rooming houses. One summer's night, midway down its length, Mr. Charles Jerrold sat in his cellar bedroom. He had just finished a four-page manuscript entitled Fiery Thunderbolt Demolishes Cradle, But Spares Sleeping Infant. Mr. Jerrold was a thin young man, stubble-cheeked, threadbare and calm. For nineteen years, since he was fifteen, he had been in the "paper trade." He had written and could write anything—pamphlets, broadsides, quarter-sheets, articles, romances, memorial verses. He could write under any condition—hot, cold, tired, wet. Or hungry.

Penny authorship was a starveling profession, but he liked it. At times he had been forced to hold bridles in the market place, to peddle boot laces and corset laces, but he took all hardship stoically. He made his own ink, and his only pressing expense was paper. He rarely seemed to have any money for food.

Tonight he was writing pseudo-factual fillers for family magazines. In the last hour, at incredible speed, he had dashed off five of these—the miraculous Thunderbolt, Enigma of Priceless Ruby Found in Hen's Egg, Riverman Catches Curious Two-Headed Fish, Loyal Old Dog Saves Master From Terrible Nine-Foot Rattlesnake, and Farmer's Plow, Lyon County, Kentucky, Reveals Underground Stairway to Fabulous Ancient Temple.

Wearily, Mr. Jerrold picked up his hat. He was out of paper, and more paper meant hard cash—which meant letter writing. He took pen, letter case, a little bottle of ink, and went out into the town.

Gaslights hung in the dusk like sulphur melons. Once more he followed his old circuit—scullery courts, nickel museums, coffeehouses. Everywhere, he was well known and treated with respect. His fee was four cents a letter, sealed elegantly with a blob of crimson wax. In two long hours he took in twenty-eight cents. He had written letters of jealousy, cupidity, adoration, hate and heartbreaking sacrifice. He loved these earth dwellers, but they confused and distressed him. Footsore, he started his return to his cellar.

The night was warm and sweet. On Pearl, just west of Sycamore, lay a blocky little shop with a slate roof. (Continued on Page 38)

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The Eddy family: Corinne (Mrs. Eddy), Brandon, Jane, Bob, II, Kay and the author practice their French on a policeman at the Arc de Triomphe

The Colosseum of Rome. The Eddys discovered that their children's endless questions and comments increased their own enjoyment of the Grand Tour.

How the author and his wife toured ten countries with their four frisky children. The kids loved it, even though they dismissed some ancient grandeurs casually:

"Don't let's stay here. It stinks!"

We Took the Kids to Europe

By BOB EDDY

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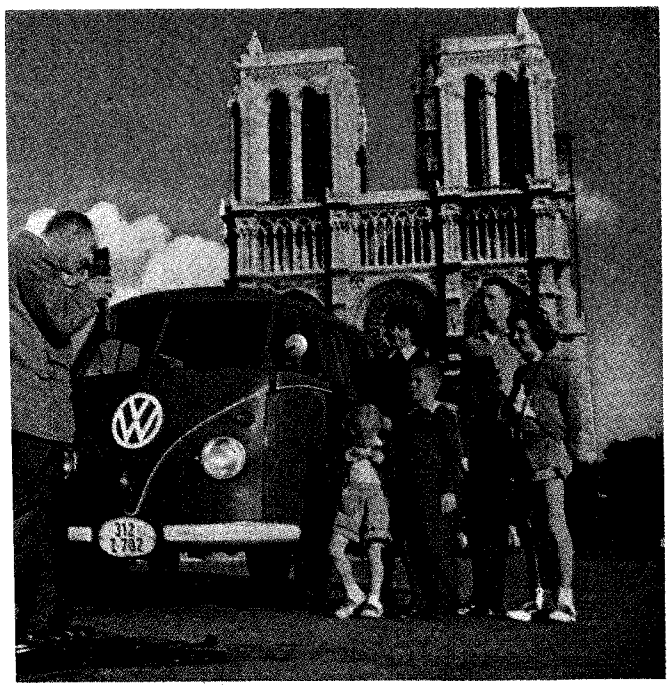
Mischief at Versailles: A distracted guide motions Brandon, seven, and Jane, four, back in line. They had skipped past the barrier and entered a forbidden area of Louis XIV's bedroom.

The Eddys pose with the trusty little bus they used for their family-style European tour. Behind them stands the Cathedral of Notre Dame.



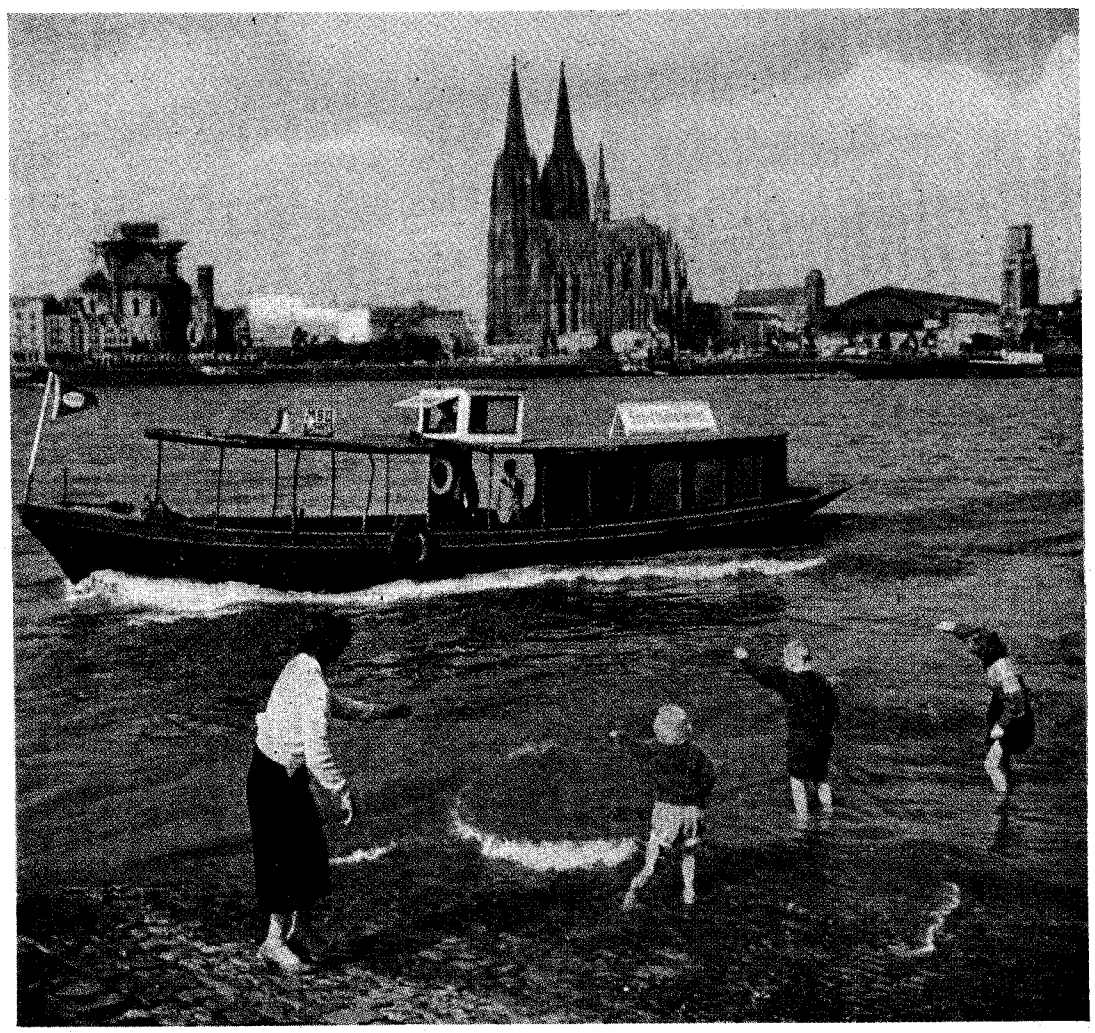
GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG.

The travel-agency lady, a friend of ours, leaned close and said, "Why take the four children to Europe with you? Park them in the U.S.A. somewhere, and just you two go. It'd be more restful."

Corinne, my wife, and I had never been abroad and didn't know what we were getting into. But we took the children, anyway—Jane, four; Brandon, seven; Kay, twelve; and Bob II, fifteen. *En masse*, we've been roaming ten countries for five months now, routing pigeons from London's circuses to Rome's *piazzas*, and the travel-agency lady was right. It's been about as restful as New Year's Eve in Times Square.

We've foiled a gateman to see Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. We turned an English hotel upside down with an Easter-egg hunt, lived next to mummies in a Bavarian castle, seen a guard defied in Antwerp's Royal Museum, awakened everyone in a hotel near Venice at five A.M.—and all because we took our children with us. This isn't the glossy, rest-cure tour. But we feel we've seen deeply of Europe and its peoples, and that's why we came.

It all started when an Ogden Reid Foundation Fellowship, a $5000 grant in the name of the great publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, came my way last winter. Six fellowships are awarded annually to newspapermen who wish to improve their knowledge of a foreign area. When (Continued on Page 67)



"Something about four children attracts friendliness in Europe," says the author. Here, the three youngest Eddys wade in the Rhine. The Cathedral of Cologne is across the river.

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This play could mean victory, and a green young rookie was carrying the ball.

Playoff Game

By WILLIAM R. COX

Charlie Fort paid the milkman, winced at what remained in his depleted wallet. Alice came out of the bedroom, all dressed for the game, wearing her allegedly lucky red hat, her hair shiny as new metal. The milkman waved happily as he departed; everyone loved Alice.

Charlie stood in the doorway of the cheap bungalow in the exact center of eight of its ilk and said, "You look beautiful, for a wife."

"How am I as an expectant mother?" She spanned her waist experimentally with long, slim fingers. "Does he show?"

"How could he? Give him time." He jingled the car keys. "Dolly Mae coming for you?"

"She always does." Alice smiled fondly. "Old Texas. I love Dolly Mae."

"Sure you do." The wife of Tex Hawkins was the only one of them who bothered about the Forts. That was because Tex also was new with the Stags, a veteran of the league, but a stranger in California. Nothing could be stranger than being a latecomer to the Stags, he thought bitterly.

Sensing his thoughts, as always, Alice warned, "Now, Charlie. Today's the day."

"Sure it is." He wanted to add that it was the day the young, burgeoning Chicago Bears knocked the ears off the tired, old, swell-headed Los Angeles team, but she knew the odds as well as he.

"We haven't lost one yet. I just can't imagine the Stags losing."

"Neither can they."

"Two thousand dollars, at least. Maybe more, and the winter in California and a job for us."

He broke in, "Now, doll, please don't build it."

"You'll get to play. Mike's knee is worse than they let on. Oskowski and you, both of you will play."

"Please don't count on anything," he begged. She didn't quite know the whole story and he wanted to spare her. He wanted to prevent her knowing how little he cared, how he despised his teammates. He dimly knew that it was partially his own fault, that he was unable to face it and he could not explain this to her.

"Oskowski fumbles. You never fumble." She was quietly telling him something. "This can be the day."

He kissed her. For a moment the emptiness was gone and he felt strong and able; then he turned away and walked to the old convertible, which was all they had been able to afford on his rookie pay of five thousand dollars. He drove toward the Coliseum in the warm December sunshine.

This was the divisional playoff to see which team would compete with Cleveland for the national championship, and everyone in Southern California seemed to be on his way to view the proceedings. He fitted himself into the congested traffic and thought about it from the start.

The start—that was while he was in Rutgers and had met Alice at a dance. It was she who had encouraged him to take this one shot at pro football. Their marriage had been predicated upon his success. Everything had been staked on making the Stags, saving their money, buying a house before he began in the advertising business for which he had trained himself.

Since July he had been failing to get along on the Stags. There had been no chance to trade him or he would have been long gone, he knew. Magruder appreciated, in his silent fashion, that he was the swiftest man on the squad and that he never had dropped the ball, but every game had been tight and he had seen about twenty minutes of action all season.

By the time he had got into a game the wall between him and the veteran, cynical, carelessly proficient pros had grown to an impassable barrier. No one incident had caused it, he thought. In training he had been diffident, unsure of himself. They had let him strictly alone. Oskowski, a blond, erratic, sometimes brilliant character, had pinpointed him with a crack about "Dear old Rutgers, where the bushes grow high," but it was worse than that. He had been ignored.

They sneered at Rutgers as comical, they wouldn't block for him, they wanted no part of a climax runner who might steal a headline from Cuozzo or Oskowski; they were clannish, sour, punch-drunk from the physical beatings they had taken.

He slapped on his brakes. He had been accelerating too fast in the heavy going. He had to get control, refrain from thinking along these lines. Alice had been trying to tell him so.

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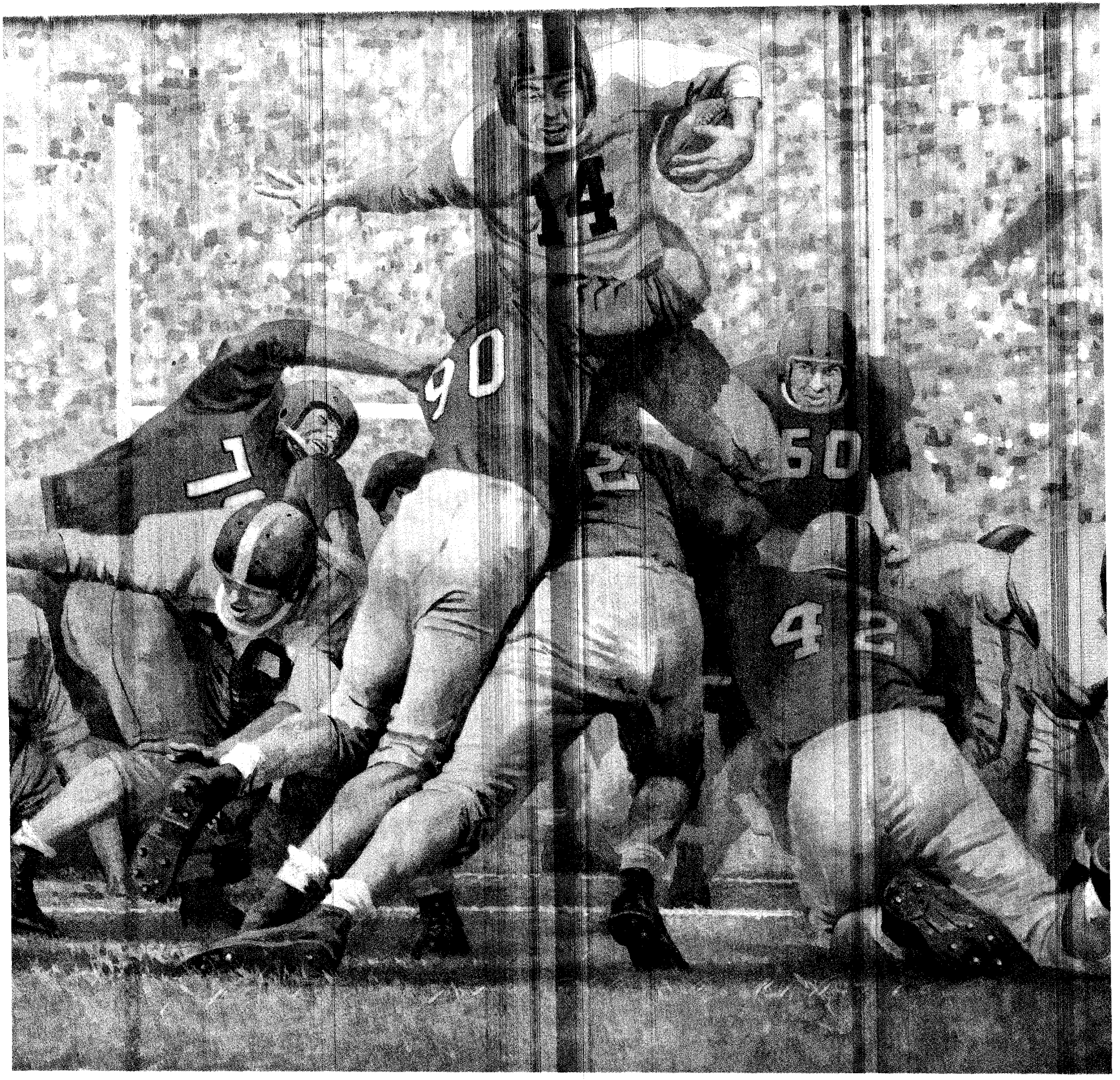

One defender hit Charlie and slowed him as he went through the hole. Then the Bears' linebackers converged on him, and pinched him in a gigantic vise.

Alice was a rock, a lovely, warm, soft rock. She never openly criticized, she was always sure that this particular Sunday was the day. He tried hard to see the other side of it.

Magruder, a good head coach, had kept him on the club. Walt Jackson, the big, ebony-skinned fullback, went out of his way to be polite and friendly. Tex Hawkins had blocked for him and, besides, was helpful with hints from his vast experience. What had he, Charlie Fort, contributed?

Not much, he admitted to himself. He had tried to learn all he could about the vastly complicated game played by the pros. He had remained silent under snarls from the veterans when he was in error. He had resented them, almost hated them. That was the worst part. He had, he suddenly perceived, placed his own failure partially upon their shoulders.

He became slightly frightened, turning off into Crenshaw. He slowed the car, sweating a little. He was to become a parent and he had not made good. Alice, the baby, the entire next year of their lives, could be altered by today's couple of hours under the December sun, and for this moment it was too much for him.

Failure, he thought wonderingly, *I've never known it before. The high-school hero, the college star, the triumphant winner of Alice, the prospective father—a failure? What price glory now, Charlie Fort? The chips are down, this is play-for-pay. Where do you think you are, Rutgers?*

He wheeled into Exposition Boulevard. He had never seen so many cars in his life. Over ninety thousand, the papers had predicted, would be out to see their beloved Stags. Charlie's head began to throb; it did not ache, it merely pulsated, so that his thoughts were a trifle hazy by the time he had pulled through the sacrosanct back gate, parked and trekked to the dressing room beneath the huge pile of concrete which echoed to the thud of early arrivals.

While he suited up he listened to the staccato, intermittent exchange of conversation with ears newly attuned. Nobody discussed the game. Magruder, silent, merely waited. Nobody had to tell these players anything before a game. They knew.

Walt Jackson paused and asked, "You feel all right, Charlie?" (Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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Loudest Music Ever Heard

Church bells ring, carillons chime, and the peals of bell choirs roll across the land as an almost-forgotten art makes a melodious comeback.

By Neil M. Clark

Downstairs it had been beautiful. When Bob Verdin unlocked the big front door of the church and we went inside and closed it behind us, all street noises were shut out and we felt the quiet and peace. But up here everything was dark, bare and ugly. Dust on the rafters looked as if it had been untouched for a generation. We had climbed flight after flight of steps—at first, ordinary stairs; later, as the dimensions of the steeple narrowed, mere ladders rising vertically, with trap doors to pass us from floor to floor. No sun entered the room. The bell hung in eternal twilight.

Through the centuries, men have often felt the strangeness of bells. Sometimes they have given them names as if they were friends, sometimes they have attributed unholy powers to them. High in the belfry of St. Francis de Sales Church in Cincinnati, I felt the strangeness of a monster bell and for me it was a shiver. I knew it was only a great, unthinking mass of metal, seventy-eight parts copper, twenty-two parts tin. Yet, burned as it had been in the fires, formed in the molds, "baptized" with holy rites and given a voice like the bull of Bashan to roar across the miles, it almost seemed to have a living presence—and not a pleasant one.

In all the world not many bells are bigger than this one. I read later in an old catalogue how it was cast "on October 30, 1895, at about 9 P.M."; how 33,400 pounds of metal were melted for the cast; how, after pouring, the molds remained untouched for two days and the bell for two days more; how it was polished to gleam like gold, and "twelve large, magnificent horses" hauled it in triumph to Government Square for public display before it was lifted into the steeple. The catalogue stated proudly that, when rung, the bell moved on friction roller bearings, and only four men were needed "to swing it well up."

Queer things have happened in belfries in the sixty-one years since, and I wondered if the big bell approved. "Automation" and "electronics" are common words now. The fifteen-foot wheel of well-seasoned ash, put there so that the rope could swing the bell, is still there, but serves no purpose now. Four men are no longer needed for the ringing, nor even one. The bell no longer moves smoothly on roller bearings, but is locked in place. A clapper for ringing and a hammer for tolling are set within and without its lips on movable arms. Three times daily an electric clock by remote control sets the clapper in motion, and the great bell speaks the Angelus without human help. Bob (Robert T.) Verdin explained the machinery that does it.

As a boy, Bob used to come here every Saturday. The seventeen-ton monster swung to

Dr. Ray Wingate and the Alfred University carillon he plays. "You're licked if you love it—because you can't quit," he says.

Prof. Robert B. Kleinschmidt: Honeymooners cuddle to the tunes he rings on the Rainbow Bridge carillon at Niagara Falls. Here he watches his son practice on the 55-bell keyboard.

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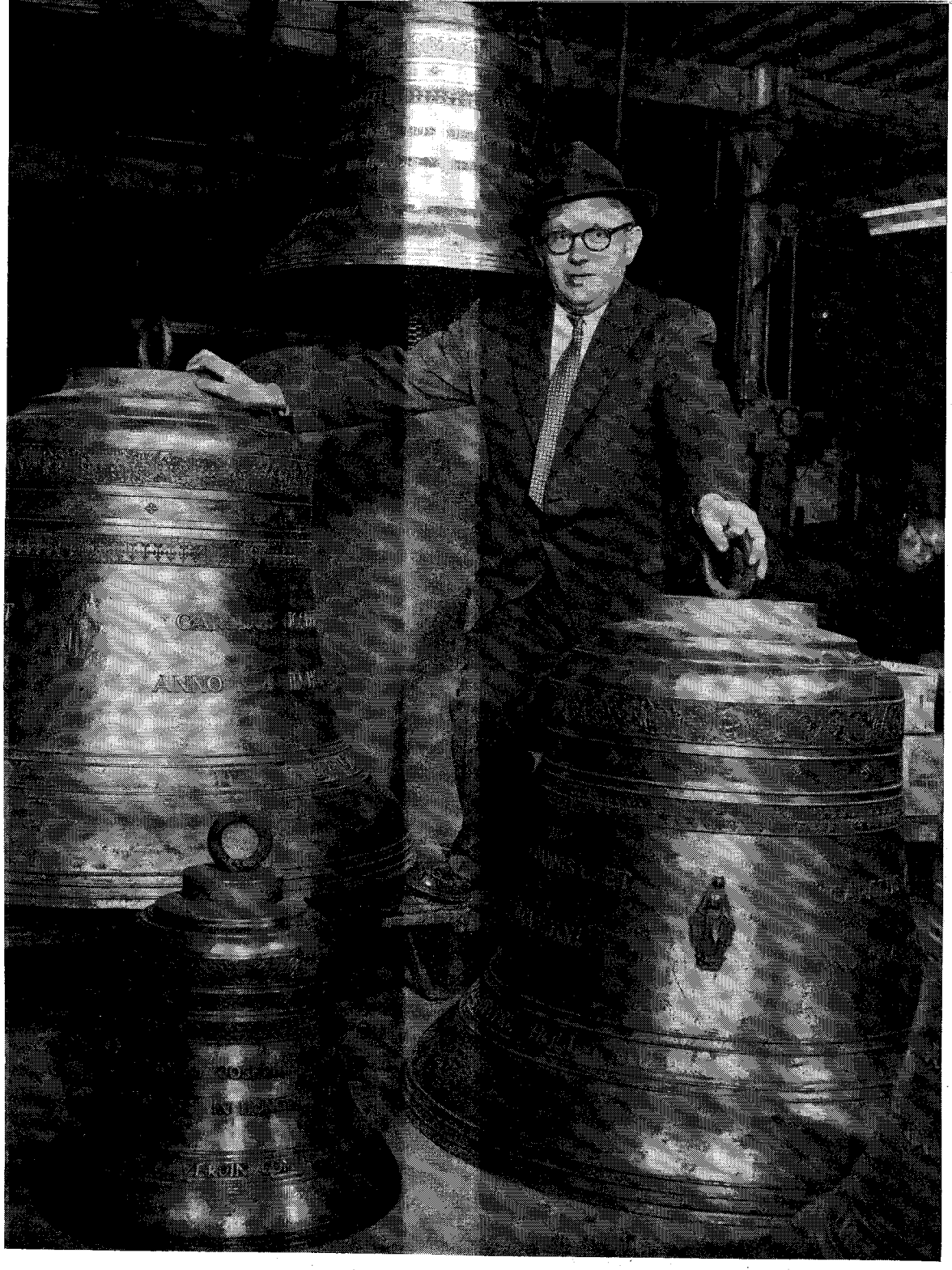

Young members of the Beacon Hill Bell Ringers, first "hand-bell band" in the country, ring carols for Boston householders each Christmas.

Robert T. Verdin, president of his century-old family bell business in Cincinnati, Ohio. The firm now builds electronic devices to toll monster bells that once required the strength of four men.

Forrest Verdin, of Cincinnati, with an electronic carillon that is the equivalent of several tons of bronze bells. Cheaper than the real thing and obviously easier to install, it is supposed to reproduce their sound exactly.

the rope then, and Bob's father had the contract to keep the bell in good order; Bob was the boy who did it. He and his brothers now own the third-generation, century-old I. T. Verdin Company, which sells new bells made by Dutch bell founders, reconditions old bells and "automatizes" their ringing. He told me their automatic ringing equipment has gone into some 3000 belfries, restoring voices to many that were long silent for want of ringers. Sometimes it has meant a mighty wrench with tradition. At Harvard University, for 311 years, from 1643 to 1954, someone always pulled a rope to ring the bell that called students to chapel or classes. Bell ringers were men of standing. One in the last generation was given a sheepskin signed by the president and dean in honor of fifty years of almost errorless ringing. Recently a Verdin robot took over in the Harvard Memorial Church, and the two-and-one-half-ton bell now booms across the Yard without a helping hand.

Bells are not on the way out, as some people imagine. The trend in bells today is sharply, surprisingly, (Continued on Page 51)

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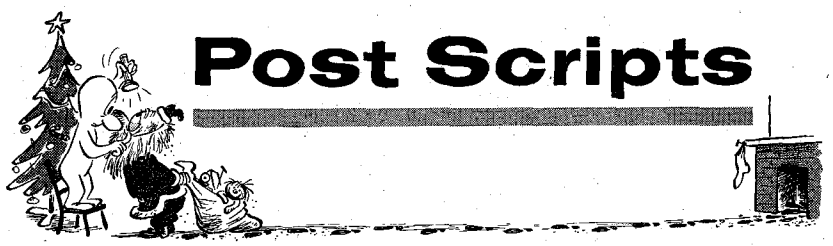

Post Scripts

Christmas Eve

The gifts are bought,
The kids are glad,
The tree is trimmed,
And so is dad.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

"Well, well . . . 'Merry Christmas to the curviest secretary in the entire Eastern Branch office'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I May Place a Wastebasket Beneath the Mail Slot

Because you are one of our city's outstanding citizens, you are going to receive absolutely free a mountain-home site ——

How would you like to retire at forty-five and spend the rest of your life on the beach at Waikiki? Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well ——

Looking for security? Look no further, friend! Your friendly Acme ——

The Livewire Realty is pleased to announce that the house at (6180 Fenwick Street) has just been sold to (Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Flickner). We feel certain that you will want to welcome your new neighbors to your community, so ——

Five dollars? Nope! Three dollars? Guess again! A dollar? That's right! For a hundred little pennies, you can ——

We feel so certain that you are going to want each and every book in our Studies of Ancient Civilizations series that, this week only, we are ——

You, my friend, are about to make the most important decision of your ——

Does the thought of suddenly being asked to stand up to speak before a large audience make you wobbly in the legs? Cast aside that fear, that clammy feeling ——

Dear Gold Star Customer ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Stage fright."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

'Tis the Week Before Christmas

Silent Night, unsilent, roars
Through garlanded department stores.
Wearily the major-domo
Rotates Bing and Perry Como,
Taking time to turn the tone up.
Elevators clank and groan up.
Harried shoppers, willy-nilly,
Grab some bath salts for Aunt Tillie.
All is calm booms briefly; whereas
Tempers waver, fly and flare as
Men rub elbows, dislodge parcels.
Sales girls rub their metatarsals.
Hordes of terrible infanta
Queue and cry to clobber Santa.
While above the frenzied scene,
Silent, on the mezzanine,
Dowagers sit by the yards
Scowling over Christmas cards.

PHILENE HAMMER

Stop the World and I'll Get Right Off

"So you're finally going to paint the house? Say, that's swell! Frankly, I've wondered how long you'd be able to stand that crumby color. Now you can really —— Oh. You mean you're painting the inside. Not the outside? . . . Oh. . . . Oh, I see. Well ——"

"What a gorgeous old silver punch bowl—and my, what it does for your dining room! I always say, one exceptional piece will simply transform a room. Now, you take the rest of your things—just nice and plain and ordinary, but put that punch bowl with them and —— Oh. Oh, it's the neighbors'? . . . They just left it here for a week while they're out of town? . . . Oh. . . . Oh, I see."

"Boy, get a whiff of that beef cooking! We certainly came to the right house for dinner! Ribs? Now, look, you shouldn't have gone to all that expense; though I'll admit, just the thought of a big pink, juicy slab of prime rib really makes my mouth wat —— Oh. Short ribs. . . . Oh, I see. Well ——"

PAT MCQUESTEN

Cold Fact

By the time he's suited
And scarved and booted
And mittened and capped
And zipped and snapped
And tucked and belted,
The snow has melted.

DICK EMMONS

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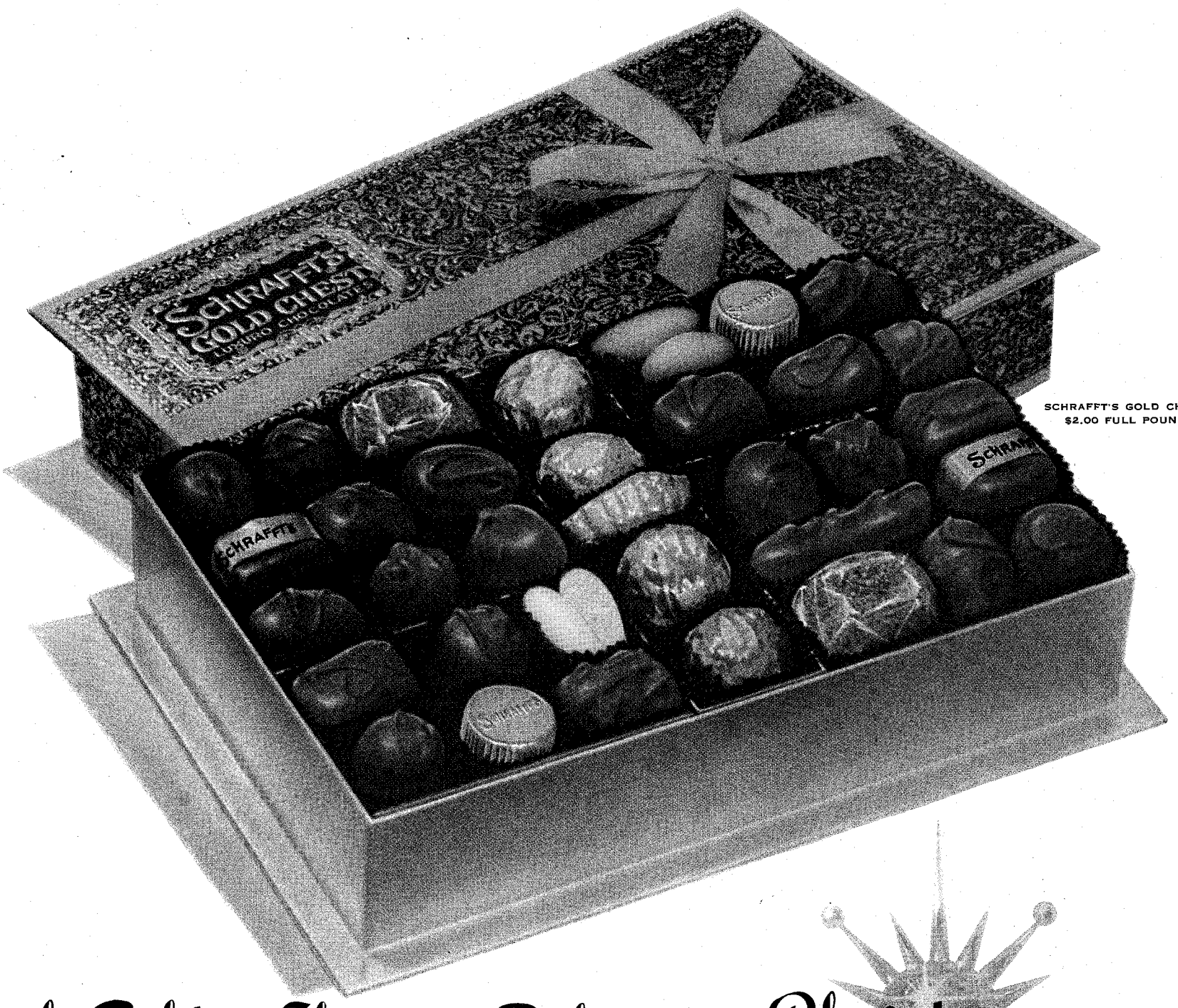

SCHRAFFT'S GOLD CHEST
$2.00 FULL POUND

Such Golden Elegance Belongs to Christmas

Nestled inside the quiet, luxurious golden elegance of this box
is the most delicious chocolate candy
ever created — a masterpiece of candy chefery and craftsmanship.
A great gold art treasure, the Mazarin Chest,
crafted by Cellini is faithfully reproduced in the design
of Schrafft's Gold Chest.

SCHRAFFT'S CHOCOLATES since 1861

Merry Mood Candies for Very Merry Days

The most satisfying Christmas Greeting is given with Schrafft's. There's excitement, joy, and true Christmas delight in every box, package, jar or individual bite of the most luscious candy luxury you could ever taste. Make everybody happy, including yourself. Make it Schrafft's this Christmas.

MODERN MINIATURES
DAINTY, BITE-SIZE PIECES FOR TODAY'S BETTER GIVING. $1.75 FULL POUND

FRUIT & NUT
SUCCULENT FRUITS, FRESH CRUNCHY NUTS, PURE, THICK CHOCOLATE. $1.75 LB.

GAY BOUQUET
SPRINGTIME FRESHNESS IN THIS UNUSUAL CHOCOLATE GOODNESS. $1.50 FULL LB.

ROSE
THE ONLY OUTSTANDING BOX OF LUXURY CHOCOLATES. $1.25 FULL POUND

LOLLIPOPS
TRUE, PURE FRUIT FLAVORS IN GENEROUS QUANTITY. 39¢

JAR CANDY
PURE FRUIT FLAVORS, HARD OR FILLED MIXTURE. 35¢ TO 75¢

SCHRAFFT'S . . . ON SALE AT SMART STORES, EVERYWHERE — AND SCHRAFFT'S STORES: NEW YORK, BOSTON, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, SYRACUSE

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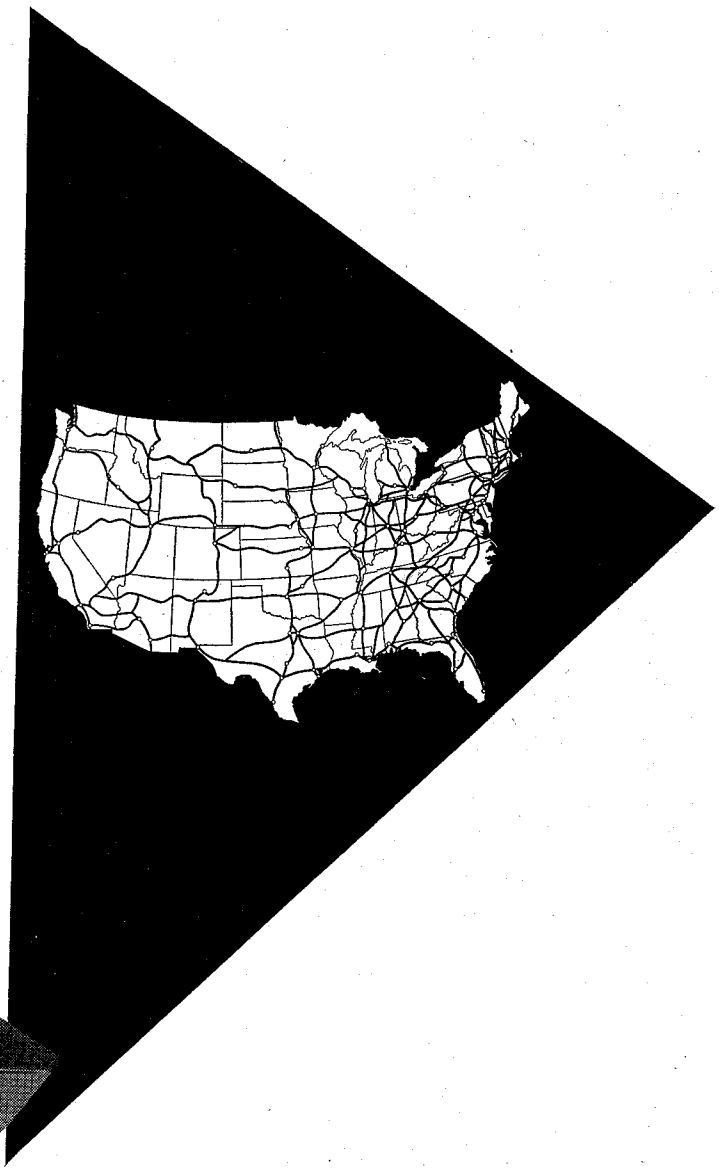
They're on the way—



Modern Freeways
FOR A GREATER AMERICA

Concrete is already being placed on many sections of the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways authorized by Congress last summer. By 1972 the entire 41,000 miles will sweep from coast to coast in and out of (and around) all our great cities. Suburbanites as well as transcontinental travelers, trucks and military vehicles will move swiftly and safely on multi-lane, controlled access highways separated by wide median strips. There will be gentle grades, wide curves, no stoplights. Modern engineering plus smooth-riding concrete pavement will save lives, save time and save money—and help build a greater America.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

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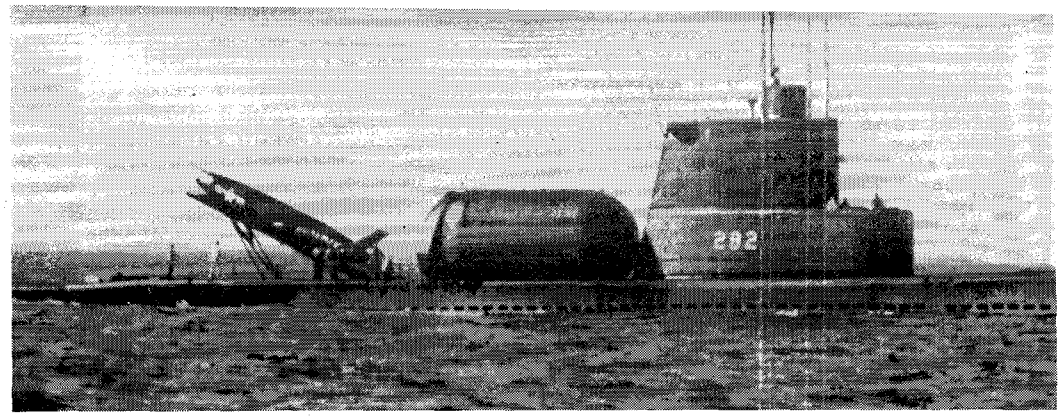
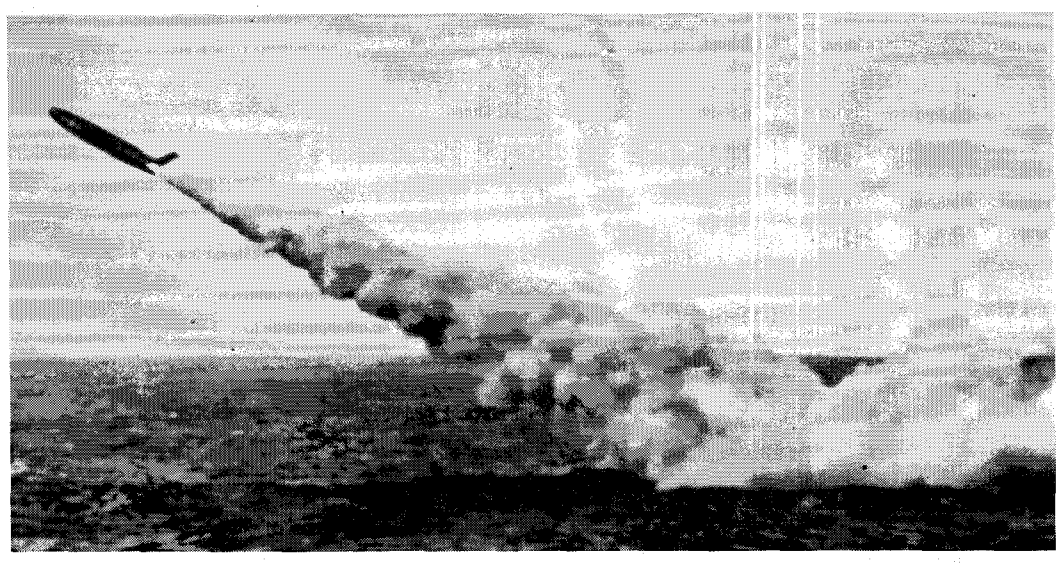
A fighting admiral tells why he thinks we're overlooking

Our Weakest Spot

By DANIEL E. BARBEY
Vice-Admiral, USN (Ret.)



Above and below: the U.S.S. Tunny fires a Regulus I guided missile on Pacific maneuvers. The author says a Russian submarine hovering outside the three-mile limit could launch an equally devastating atomic attack on America's coastal cities.



About the Author

Vice-Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, a native of Portland, Oregon, served forty-three years in the Navy prior to his retirement in 1951. This service included antisubmarine duty. Long a student of amphibious warfare, he developed many of the techniques used in World War II, and became commander of the Amphibious Forces, Southwest Pacific, in 1943. He personally participated in sixty-two amphibious assaults. Ships under his command landed 1,000,000 soldiers and marines and 1,500,000 tons of supplies on beaches all the way from Kiriwina and Woodlark islands to Inchon, Korea. After World War II, he became commander of the 7th Fleet, with headquarters at Shanghai.

Subsequently, he commanded the 4th Fleet and returned to the Far East as chairman of a joint military board to report on strategic requirements. His decorations include the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal with Gold Star, the Army Distinguished Service Medal and the Legion of Merit. He also carries, possibly for life, the title of "Uncle Dan, the Amphibious Man" unofficially bestowed in 1944 (see The Saturday Evening Post, July 1, 1944) and never revoked. After retirement, Admiral Barbey became director of civil defense for the state of Washington.

One hundred and fifty miles off the New Jersey coast, the Russian submarine Lenin lies doggo. She's been there for a week, doing nothing. Other Soviet subs lie off Washington, Miami, San Diego, San Francisco, Honolulu and Seattle—thirty-five, all told. The cold war has been getting hotter, international relations are deteriorating steadily, perhaps there have been some mobilizations, some hospitals have been evacuated, some Government offices have moved to underground alternative sites. Air-raid-warning crews are alerted and Nike guns are manned around the clock. Across the distant arctic wastes, interlocking radars swing and search, search and swing, watching and waiting.

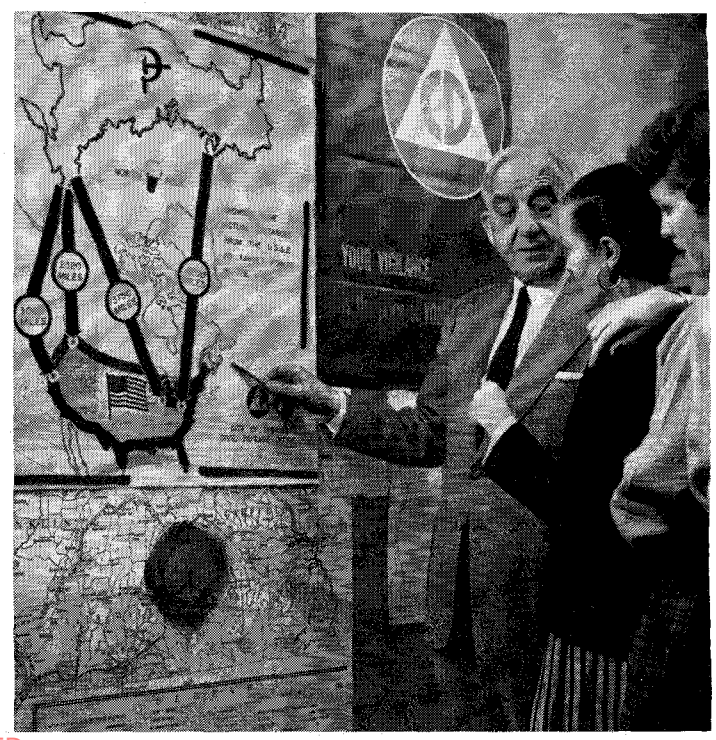
Of course, this is a hypothetical situation. This should be made clear before we frighten people—including ourselves—completely out of their wits. But for the moment, consider it as real. This is not war—not quite yet. Naturally, diplomats are attempting desperately to prevent it from becoming all-out, world-destroying war. This is a moment when any unfortunate act, any slip by a trigger-happy guard or an overzealous officer, can set off cataclysm. If we would not sacrifice the last slim chance for peace, we must not do anything which possibly could upset the most delicate of balances.

What of the submarines? Of course, we know some of them are present. Radar, ship observation or devices so secret that even the names are classified information have located these, perhaps tracked them from their home bases to where they now lie, rolling gently, their decks almost awash. A few thousand yards from each foreign submarine, a killer team also waits. This may include other submarines, fast destroyers with guns and depth charges ready, hovering helicopters or cruisers mounting Regulus guided missiles, as big as fighter planes—or any combination of these floating weapons. Within minutes after any hostile act, these killer ships undoubtedly can pulverize the Russian craft.

No shot has been fired. Now and then on the Lenin—I've made up the name—and on the other submarines there have been flurries of activity. They submerge, are tracked, rise again. While American seamen watch, Russian sailors burst on deck, man guns, call orders. Hooded devices the size of small aircraft have big crews around them.

Perhaps an American skipper may come very close and send a visual message to the Lenin, asking, "What are you doing over there?"

The Russian may answer either of two ways. He may say, "Just (Continued on Page 73)



Admiral Barbey, now civil-defense director for Washington State, declares that we now have almost no system to warn of a nuclear attack by enemy subs.

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Jack was able to see at once that he was looking at a professional, almost classic, job of elimination.

RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

Only one American knew what the Reds were up to—and now he was dead.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

"Darling," Jack Rhyce exclaimed loudly as Ben Bushman sauntered toward them, "just look who's coming over!" Then he lowered his voice, "Don't forget, for heaven's sake, that we're in love," he reminded Ruth Bogart.

Jack and Ruth were American intelligence agents who had come to Japan to help Bill Gibson smash a communist plot. Gibson had learned that the Reds in Tokyo were planning a political assassination, to be followed by a series of anti-American demonstrations.

A Russian named Skirov was master-minding the plot, but the man carrying out the scheme was an American. His name was Ben Bushman. Jack and Ruth were assigned to track Big Ben down.

For this mission, Jack and Ruth took cover jobs with the Asia Friendship League. Their cover worked perfectly. Harry Pender, head of the league's Tokyo office, was, they discovered, a communist agent. But Pender accepted the two "do-gooders" without showing the slightest suspicion.

By a stroke of luck, Jack fingered Big Ben. He arranged to meet Bill Gibson at a resort near Tokyo to discuss what the next move should be. Mr. Moto, their Japanese guide, drove Jack and Ruth to the hotel.

Gibson arrived as planned, and Jack was all set to meet with him. But at that moment, Big Ben walked into the hotel bar. Surprised though they were, Jack and Ruth greeted Ben like a long-lost friend. Ben was obviously attracted by Ruth.

After the party broke up, Ruth and Jack returned to their suite. They surprised Mr. Moto there. He explained that he'd just come up to ask when they wanted the car tomorrow. Jack appeared to be appeased. Actually, he knew Mr. Moto was an undercover man himself. The question was: Did he know what Jack and Ruth really were, and why they were here at the hotel?

V

He stood close to the closed door, listening to the sound of Mr. Moto's footsteps retreating down the hall in a clumsy, noisy rhythm wholly different from the soft step on the gravel by the temple. The footsteps indicated as plainly as words that Mr. Moto knew he would be listening. Ruth Bogart crossed the room, making a quick check of the suitcases. She shook her head as a signal that nothing had been disturbed, and he moved to the window and peered out. The afterglow had left the sky, and the electric lights had been turned on along the paths of the hotel grounds. He drew the curtains. (Continued on Page 44)

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Champion spark plugs power 111 out of 115 stock car winners!

BOX SCORE OF 1956* NASCAR WINNERS

	Short track	Convertible	Grand National	Total
FORD	6	20	9	35
CHEVROLET	18	9	2	29
DODGE	1	10	9	20
CHRYSLER	0	0	17	17
MERCURY	2	0	5	7
OLDSMOBILE	1	0	1	2
BUICK	0	1	0	1

*through Sept. 3

Tremendous record compiled by seven different makes of cars proves that Champions are best for your car, too! If you've gone about 10,000 miles without a change of spark plugs, they can boost your road horsepower by 24%!

What could be more dramatic proof of Champions' amazing performance?

Out of 115 winning stock cars in 1956 NASCAR† races, *111* were powered by Champion Spark Plugs!

This kind of performance shows that Champions are best for *your* car, too.

In fact, tests by independent engineers show that if you've gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change, new Champions can give your car an *immediate* gain in road horsepower—*a gain that averaged 24% in tests with all major makes of cars!*

If you haven't had your spark plugs checked recently, chances are you don't realize how much power you're losing. For spark plugs should be checked every 5,000 miles—and changed every 10,000 miles—to assure maximum performance from your car.

Replace *your* old plugs with new 5-rib Champions—and get more road horsepower *instantly!*

†National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing

Cars that win stock car races are no different from the cars you drive. But the men who race them know how to take advantage of every last ounce of horsepower their engines can deliver.

That's why the overwhelming majority of winning stock cars—better than 96%—are equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. *Tests show new Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!*

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The Widow Was Willing (Continued from Page 25)

Its window was a jumble of snowy linens, phials of scent, packets of needles, bolts of red plush, and cardboard boxes of gilt tassels. The place catered to shy young brides and was, Mr. Jerrold knew, a gold mine. Its owner and proprietress was Mrs. Harry Teffy, a trim young widow in her early thirties—Mr. Jerrold's only close friend. He turned down the passage which flanked it, and knocked on a small green door.

He had met Mrs. Teffy two years ago, buying a needle from her. Since then she had been one of his best customers. Though she was perfectly literate—in a slapdash, hit-or-miss way—she considered his penmanship ecstatically beautiful and always had a couple of letters for him to write. Over the years a friendship, deep but mute, had forged them together.

Weakness and dizziness came over him and he put it down to fatigue. Actually, he was in a state of near starvation. For the last three days he had lived on parched corn and sassafras tea.

The door opened and little Mrs. Teffy, raven-haired and lavender-eyed, was staring at him.

"Good evening, Lucinda," he said.

"Charles!" she exclaimed. "And a very lucky thing too! I have two important letters for you to write."

They were always important.

In Mrs. Teffy's sitting room, just back of her shop, Mr. Jerrold's anxieties always seemed to evaporate. It was Mrs. Teffy, of course, but it was the room too; black woodwork, little black-marble fireplace, soft red carpet and big ruby-red table lamp. Sitting on the horsehair sofa, Mr. Jerrold opened his letter case, dipped pen in ink and waited.

"The message in each of these letters," said Mrs. Teffy, "is the same. They're letters of rejection to young gentlemen who want to marry me." All Mrs. Teffy's letters were letters of rejection to young gentlemen who wanted to marry her. "The first is to Duke—that's his title, not his name—to Duke Runnymead Hastings, Bart., Seven Mayfair, London. The second is to Brigadier General Sylvester Jones, Twenty-second Dragoons, U.S.A."

"Isn't U. S. A. a little vague?"

"Oh, it'll find him all right. He's very famous. He moves around a lot."

"Shall I say the same old thing?"

"The same old thing."

In meticulous copperplate, on two sheets of paper, Mr. Jerrold wrote: "It is with regret, sir, that I must reject your proposal of marriage, due to previous commitments." Long ago they had decided that was the merciful thing to say—"previous commitments." All Mrs. Teffy's letters were to titled gentlemen and high-ranking officers. Mr. Jerrold had wondered and wondered how and where she had met them.

As always, he was a little embarrassed. He said, "You've been passing up some brilliant opportunities, Lucinda."

She looked bleak.

"But if you don't want to remarry, then you don't."

For some strange reason, this seemed to make her angry.

He addressed the letters, sealed them, handed them to her and accepted his eight cents, which he pocketed. He always accepted the money, for this was the vital link in their relationship, this pretense of business. To destroy this little thread would be to destroy his sole excuse of visiting her.

After a bit, the anger melted from her eyes and she said, "Sometimes you're too much for me, Charles. And that's because you're a genius."

His past came before his weary eyes. Quires, reams, cartloads, warehouses of foolscap. Bushel baskets of pen points. Hogsheads of ink.

"No, Lucinda," he said quietly. "I'm no genius. I'm just a busy man."

"Do you know what you need?" she asked serenely. "You need a home and someone to care for you. You're tender, kind and good, and you need someone who loves you. Someone, for instance, to button your vest properly."

He thought it was a joke and smiled. Jokes came into his life so infrequently that his smile was strained and decrepit. His vest was buttoned askew, he noticed. But Mrs. Teffy was now studying his shoes, and he studied them too. They were pretty disgraceful. One thin sole had come loose and he had tried to repair it with carpet tacks; the other thrust out a worn curl of leather that scuffled when he walked. He had never really seen them before.

"Is that your best shirt?" she asked.

"Shirt? Why, yes. What's wrong with it?"

In a corner of the room was a black wardrobe painted with gold scrolls. She opened it and took out three cambric shirts. They were about his size, immaculately clean, and gave off a pleasant fragrance of sachet.

"They belonged to Teffy, my late husband," she said. "They're quite useless to me. Please take them." She laid them on his knees.

He turned to stone. After a long silence, he said, "No, thank you. I don't believe I'd enjoy wearing any Teffy old clothes." He placed them carefully on the sofa and got to his feet. "I don't mind old clothes—I buy most of mine secondhand—but I wouldn't care for Teffy castoffs."

Stricken, she said, "Charles, Charles."

Calmly, he picked up his hat and letter case, and murmured good night.

She went with him to the door, but was unable to speak. *Now I've lost him forever*, she thought.

Outside, he stood for a moment under a street lamp, expressionless, incredibly unhappy. With an effort, he brought his mind back to himself and his work; he still had a hard night before him. He walked west on Pearl to Main, and two blocks south to the landing.

Though it was after ten and most of the city was dark and asleep, the public landing blazed with light and echoed with clamor. The great cobblestone quadrangle was a madhouse of jumbled freight, bawling workers, carts and wagons. Walling it in on the south were the steamboats, innumerable, docked side by side like teeth on a comb, some of their pilothouses towering fifty feet into the night sky. In center position was the glistening Ohio Gazelle, the pride of the Yeager Line. She was not large, but with her sister boats, named for tributaries, Monongahela Gazelle, Wabash Gazelle, she had an almost fabulous reputation for express speed. This was a strange world to Mr. Jerrold, this world of steamboats, but everyone knew the Gazelles.

Flinching from so much glare and bedlam, he turned into the shadows of Front Street and entered a dark alley. The alley came out into a scrubby moonlit yard filled with heaps of old bones and old bottles and broken metal. He crossed the yard at an angle, located a dark door in a moist brick building by sense of touch, opened it and went down three stone steps into a small cavelike print shop.

Two lamps hung from the low rafters, burning whitishly from a dangerous combination of grain alcohol and camphine. The place was festooned with cobwebs and littered with paper—paper of all colors, blue, white, yellow, red. Along the back wall was a stove, bed, cupboard and washtub. A scrawny, shrewish woman with a warty face was mixing printer's ink of lampblack and oil, and her husband was setting big wooden letters for a cheap auction handbill. The man was short and hairy, with bulbous, humped shoulders. Mr. Jerrold knew of him only from hearsay, and the hearsay was that he was all knave, but that his prices were cheap.

These people were the McCanns, almost the last of a vanishing trade, producers of the most inexpensive type of printing. They worked in frenzy and had no respect whatever for their type; they would mix fonts, turn a p, b, d or q, for convenience, start a word in roman and finish it in italics. They were hagglers and penny pinchers, and made a surprisingly good living out of it.

"You're Mr. Jerrold, the famous hack," McCann said, and came forward. "What brings you to our humble shop at this late hour?"

"I have an order for a pamphlet," Mr. Jerrold said truthfully. "And the publishers are pressing me to deliver. I'm going to try to turn it out before daybreak." He looked drawn and a little unstrung. "I have so many orders, for so many things, and so many publishers are pressing me. What were we talking about? Oh, yes. I want to buy some cheap foolscap, thirty-six cents' worth."

"It's much cheaper by the ream."

"I know. But my cash on hand is thirty-six cents."

McCann was honestly bewildered. "I can't understand you fellows. I mean really good ones like yourself, Mr. Jerrold. You write like demons, your stuff goes like hotcakes, yet you don't even have enough money to buy paper."

"We can't understand it ourselves," said Mr. Jerrold.

"How often do you eat?"

"Three times a day," said Mr. Jerrold coldly.

"Ah, yes. But what?"

Over the man's shoulder, Mr. Jerrold could see Mrs. McCann. She had taken a canister from the cupboard, and into Mr. Jerrold's hat, which he had removed and laid aside, she poured a double handful of dried beans.

"Thank you!" said Mr. Jerrold loudly. "It was completely unnecessary, but is greatly appreciated!" To Mr. McCann he said quickly, "I've had a strenuous evening. I was just blowing off a little steam."

"Well, don't blow it off down here," McCann said harshly. "You sounded so crazy you scared me."

Mrs. McCann was now back at her work, wooden-cheeked.

Suddenly McCann was all affability. "Well, I'm going to sell you paper. But I'm not going to sell you foolscap. I'm going to sell you something a lot better and a lot cheaper."

He walked behind a short counter, bent over and fumbled beneath a mound of burlap sacking. Mr. Jerrold, peering automatically, caught a quick glimpse of a strange assortment of objects—a marble clock, a nice china teapot, a carpetbag, a few pieces of silver tableware. When McCann straightened, he held a ledger, which he laid on the counter.

Mr. Jerrold examined it. It was quite a beautiful ledger, bound in three quarters morocco, of the size known as royal, a good nineteen by twenty-eight inches. There were 350 numbered pages in it, and only a dozen or so at the beginning had been used. It was apparently the record of some defunct business house, for businesses were collapsing left and right these days. There was enough blank paper in it to last him at least two weeks.

From the corner of his eye, he noticed Mrs. McCann. She was staring ahead of her into space, and shaking her head, no, no, no.

"This beautiful thing for thirty-six cents?" Mr. Jerrold asked in amazement.

"A used ledger is a spoiled ledger," McCann said. "Good only for its paper."

"Where did you get it?"

"With some other trash, at an odd-paper sale up on Broadway."

Mr. Jerrold said, "This is certainly kind of you," and laid down his scattering of coins.

As he left, Mrs. McCann was still staring into space, still shaking her head. Now there was simply mourning in it, as though she were consoling someone.

Mr. Jerrold was glad to return to his cellar. He lighted a candle, laid out inkpot and pens, then curiously inspected his purchase. The recorder had a jerky, shaded script. Page 1 was headed MISCELLANEOUS, nothing more. He could

"And that's as far as finishing the cellar got."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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make no sense whatever out of the spotless columns. There were dates and costs, and the items listed were certainly miscellaneous—sugar-cured hams and dental instruments, threshing machines and pocket mirrors, patent medicines—just about everything, and in stupendous quantities. There were place names too—Memphis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, towns as far away as New Orleans. Idly, he totted up a few sums here and there, and concluded the total must be staggering. He was glad he wasn't in business. *It must be horrible*, he thought, *to come to your office one morning and learn of such losses.*

He reversed the ledger, turned to the first page at the back and dipped his pen in his inkpot. *My*, he thought, *how real are the people I write about, how exciting and ordered are their paper lives, and how unreal and perplexing are my flesh-and-blood fellow humans.*

He concentrated a moment, put pen to paper, and wrote: "The Fearsome Adventures of a Ship Captain's Daughter, Ten Years' Captive Among the Amazon Cannibals ——" He hesitated and added, "and Her Hideous Wedding Feast." Once more, he paused. *Blast it*, he thought; *let's give them their money's worth.* "Garbed in the Lost Treasures of the Incas. By Rosamond Ravenscroft."

He put Mrs. McCann's dried beans to soak in a crock and settled down to a night of punishing labor.

He awoke on his buffalo robe, on his cot, and dimly remembered collapsing in midwork—a new experience to him—and going to bed. He shaved, dressed, drank a cup of sassafras tea and put on the beans to simmer for a noonday meal. Somewhere around he had a piece of not-too-old bacon rind. He located it and tossed it into the pot for flavor, and became slowly excited at the prospect of good, nourishing food. Hardly had he seated himself at his manuscript when there was a knock on the door. An urchin smoking a cigar stub handed him a note.

Mr. Jerrold unfolded it. It said:

Dear Charles: We must straighten out this inexcusable situation which has arisen between us. Possibly I could come to your lodgings today, say at noon, so we could talk this thing out. We could sit around and chat and perhaps have a bite to eat and become good friends again. Ordinarily a lady doesn't visit a gentleman's lodgings, but we are each mature and levelheaded, and I see no harm in it. Do you?

LUCINDA

"And have a bite to eat," Mr. Jerrold said dully. "And have a bite to eat."

Now the beans looked nauseating, and he averted his eyes.

There was only one thing to do: to try once more to sell the coat. Mr. Jerrold had two frock coats—the medium-shabby one he wore, and a patched and frayed relic hanging on a nail behind the door. At other times, in periods of great stress, he had tried to sell this second coat, and had always been embarrassingly unsuccessful. Now he got it down and inspected it. Mildew had appeared on its sleeve since he had last seen it. No doubt about it, it was a ghastly garment.

An inspiration smote him, and he wondered why it had never occurred to him before. He would sell the better one and wear the wreck.

Among the old-clothes shops in town, Quinley's, on Plum Street, sat above its anonymous competitors like an emperor on a throne. It was an old-clothes shop de luxe. It ran sedate ads in the papers and enjoyed, so to speak, a genteel trade. Its brick face was glazed with scarlet paint and its tidy little entrance had a big brass doorknob. Mr. Quinley himself met Mr. Jerrold as he entered, negotiated with him in a quiet, dignified way, ignoring Mr. Jerrold's seedy appearance, and paid him eighty-five cents for the coat on his arm.

At the Fifth Street Market, Mr. Jerrold bought a ring of liver pudding, a wedge of cheese, butter, bread and a sack of cherries. He bought a small bottle of mineral water, too, because of its brightly colored label, thinking it would look nice on a table.

Returning home, he cleaned his cellar thoroughly, put the half-cooked pot of beans under his cot, and borrowed china and tableware from the landlady upstairs. On the sunniest day the cellar was in twilight, so he lighted all of his candles—three. He had the table set and the pudding sizzling when Mrs. Teffy arrived.

She came in breathless and happy, with two brown-paper bundles and a picnic hamper. She placed the bundles on the cot and the hamper on the table.

"I told you in my note that I was bringing the food," she said. "I said we'd have a little picnic together and chat and that I was bringing the food. Oh, well, it's too late now to worry."

Her small, capable hands flashing, she unpacked the hamper. It contained a roast duck, a wedge of cheese, a string of sausages, bread, butter, jam, a half gallon of potato salad and a bottle of mineral water.

Yesterday nothing, Mr. Jerrold thought, dazed. *And now all this. This sort of thing is very hard on the brain.*

When they could eat no more, Mrs. Teffy said, "Did something happen to your coat on the way home last night? It looks perfectly sickening."

"No, nothing," said Mr. Jerrold, and clamped his lips. "I consider that a very personal comment, Lucinda."

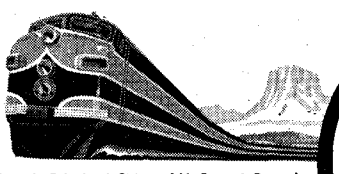
Your Christmas tree is a long way from home

While we don't maintain that *all* the Christmas trees in the U. S. come from the vast northern areas we serve, chances are still good that *your* tinseled evergreen grew up in the snow-clad forest lands of Montana, Washington or Minnesota—and that it came to you via Great Northern. Merry Christmas!

For information about other business and industrial opportunities in Christmas-tree land, write E. N. Duncan, Director, Industrial and Agricultural Development, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota, or consult your nearest Great Northern Industrial Agent.

Let Great Northern take you home for Christmas

No job we get all year long is quite so rewarding to us as carrying you home for Christmas. Travel carefree—certain you'll be on schedule. Reserve your ticket now. *Write P. G. Holmes, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.*



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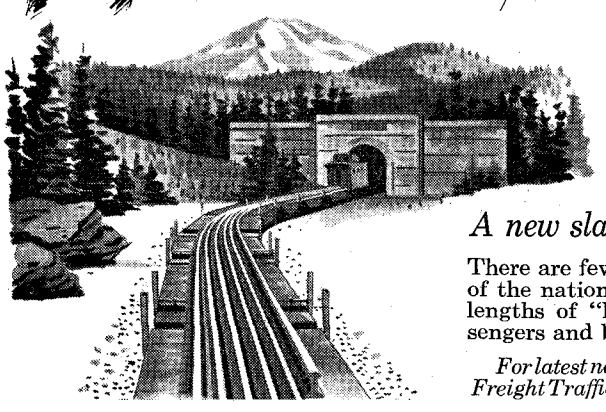

A new slant on **RIBBONS**

There are fewer clicks in Great Northern's steel trail across the top of the nation, for long ribbons of welded rail are replacing shorter lengths of "high iron". Result: quieter, smoother riding for passengers and better freight service.

For latest news about fast-freight service, write W. E. Nicholson, General Freight Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

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"Of course it's personal," Mrs. Teffy said crisply. "I intended it to be personal. I came here to argue with you, and it won't do any good to go up in the air like a rocket. You dress hideously, and there's no need for it. Not when I have a few of Teffy's things. There's nothing shameful about accepting a few shirts, and you very well know it. Do you think I'd ask you to do anything shameful?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Jerrold. "Of course not."

She unwrapped a bundle and laid the shirts on the cot.

"Thank you," said Mr. Jerrold. Things were moving a little fast for him.

"You like them?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, say so, for goodness' sakes."

"I think they're very nice, Lucinda."

"That's better. We both feel better now, don't we?" Swiftly, she opened the other package, and a pair of shoes lay on the buffalo robe. At first they seemed giant shoes, enormous, and then Mr. Jerrold realized they were about his size. They were stout, expensive-looking and only slightly worn.

"They're very nice, Lucinda," he said, and meant it. "Very solid and impressive."

She perched on the edge of a chair and grinned. "Now we can chat."

The hours slid lazily by. She told him of her childhood and he told her of the millions of words he had written; when the subject came around to his work under construction, he told her a little about The Fearsome Adventures and showed her the ledger.

She exclaimed over its beauty, and he told her how he had acquired it. "Some big business went bankrupt," he said, "and it found its way into an odd-paper auction. It makes me unhappy to think about it."

"No," she said. "There's something very funny here."

"Funny?"

"Ledgers and records are the most important part of a business. You could say they are the business. When a business goes bankrupt, they are impounded. My guess is that this business isn't in bankruptcy at all, that it's still going full blast and is badly crippled because of the loss of this book."

"But I've already ruined it with my Fearsome Adventures."

"Not at all. Get it back where it belongs."

Mr. Jerrold looked skeptical and a little uneasy. She was right, of course, and he knew it.

Hardly had she left before he wrapped the book in brown paper and set out for Front Street and the McCann printing shop. On the way, he thought things over, and didn't enjoy the answer. It looked very much as though he might be entangled in something uncomfortable.

Mrs. McCann was alone in the shop, covering a tympan with sheepskin. The sight of Mr. Jerrold and his package seemed to scare her. "I'm busy," she said hoarsely. "Go away."

"Mrs. McCann," he said gently, "this ledger was stolen, wasn't it? McCann dabbles in stolen goods, doesn't he?"

That had to be the answer to the jumble of things under the burlap—the marble clock, the china teapot, the silver tableware. McCann was involved in filchings and petty burglaries.

"What a terrible thing to say," said Mrs. McCann. "And howwould I know?"

"You have my word I'll cause you no harm. I merely want to return it to its owner."

"I was born and bred in woe. Oh, what a vale of tears."

Mr. Jerrold waited. After a moment, he said, "Those beans cooked up very nicely. I tossed in an old scrap of bacon rind for flavor."

Instantly, she brightened. "Did you now? That sounds delicious."

They beamed at each other.

"Mr. Jerrold," she said. "I liked you on sight and I'm going to trust you. Here's the story about that ledger. McCann bought it from a roustabout off the Ohio Gazelle. The roustabout stole the captain's carpetbag out of his cabin and sneaked it ashore. McCann bought it from him. There was this ledger in it, and some clothes, but nothing valuable."

"The Ohio Gazelle? That's the Yeager Line?"

"Yes."

Quietly, Mr. Jerrold said, "You're a good woman, Mrs. McCann."

The Yeager offices were on Walnut, in a white stone building with ornamentally barred windows. The place looked like a combination fortress and bank, for it was headquarters for Yeager's great mercantile empire, which included not only his boat line but factories and warehouses. When Mr. Jerrold entered, he found himself in a big room, facing a waist-high mahogany counter. Behind the counter, rank on rank, were stools and stilt-legged desks. It was six o'clock, closing time, and the enclosure was a hive of clerks, tugging off baize dust sleeves and groping for hats and coats. Mr. Jerrold lifted a flap in the counter and joined them.

There was a bucket of water with a dipper under a desk, and, as he was thirsty, he took a drink. A clerk, passing him, said, "Another busy day, eh?" and Mr. Jerrold agreed. Behind a wicket, a feeble old man had just finished filling canvas sacks with gold coins and was staggering out under their weight. Mr. Jerrold said politely, "Permit me to assist you," and relieved him of a couple. They went through a door, down a stone-floored corridor at the rear, and the old man took them back with extravagant thanks, saying, "This is as far as I go."

Alone, Mr. Jerrold wandered aimlessly around, in and out of empty offices, up and down passages, until, at the end of a short hall, he saw a brass doorplate which said: MR. YEAGER.

He opened the door and entered. It was a small room, a sort of clubroom, with a few chairs and a table with periodicals; across it was a second door, marked, PRIVATE. It was empty but for a man lolling in an easy chair. He was a big, bloated, overbearing man, flinty-eyed, with a steamboat cap on the back of his head. His eyes flicked to Mr. Jerrold, over his mildewed frock coat, over his home-repaired shoes, and flicked away in contempt.

"Are you Mr. Yeager?" asked Mr. Jerrold.

"No," said the man, and put a whiplash of curt insult in his voice.

"Well, that's a relief," said Mr. Jerrold pleasantly, and passed into the room marked PRIVATE.

Softly, he closed the door behind him. This was a much larger room, wainscoted in glowing cherry. A tired-looking man sat behind a littered desk, checking an account book. There was nothing noteworthy about his appearance; he just seemed middle-aged, carelessly dressed, average, relaxed.

"Mr. Yeager?" asked Mr. Jerrold, and he nodded.

Mr. Jerrold unwrapped the ledger and placed it on the desk. "This came from the Ohio Gazelle. I am bound by my word of honor not to tell how it came into my hands."

"I see," said Mr. Yeager solemnly, and picked it up. Expertly, he turned to Page I. "MISCELLANEOUS," he said. "Now what a silly way to head a ledger." His eyes ran down the page, and the next, and the next.

Finally, he said, "And you won't tell me how you got it?"

"I'm pledged not to," said Mr. Jerrold. "It was stolen in a carpetbag from the captain's cabin of the Ohio Gazelle. I bought it for thirty-six cents. It was pointed out to me that you probably needed it; so I returned it."

"I do need it. Captain Fenstraw's carpetbag, you say?"

"I'm not acquainted with the gentleman."

"Captain Fenstraw. And that's his handwriting. You know what this is, don't you?"

"It's a record."

"Yes," said Mr. Yeager, and a steely line came into his jaw. "But it's not my record. It's his. He's been keeping a double set of books on me. It's barratry."

"I'm afraid you have me there, sir," said Mr. Jerrold. "What is barratry?"

"My captain has been stealing cargo from me—I own much of my cargo—and has also been embezzling my freight and passage moneys. He's been robbing me with both hands."

"But that ledger represents thousands of dollars."

"And he's doubtless taken a good deal more. I'm going to let you in on a secret. The steamboat business is plain crazy, and if you hit it just right your profits can be astronomical. You build a boat for thirty, forty, fifty thousand dollars, and if it gets a good reputation it will pay for itself before you know it. In the old days, sugar boats, when they hit the market just right, paid for themselves sometimes in one trip; think of that. They were midgets, of course, but you get the idea."

Thirty, forty, fifty thousand dollars. It was stupefying just to listen. Mr. Jerrold had always lived a complicated life of pennies.

"Will Captain Fenstraw return your money?" he asked.

"Ha! Will he? He will indeed. With shivers and shakes. He owns a boat of his own. Built, no doubt, with my funds. Now, let's see. Does five per cent seem fair enough?"

"I should say so, yes," said Mr. Jerrold, completely befogged, but courteously sociable.

From a japanned cashbox, Mr. Yeager counted out nine hundred dollars in bank notes, and said, "There you are."

"I take no pay for an honest service," Mr. Jerrold said stiffly.

"I'm a very weary man, sir. Always overworked, always exhausted. I can't afford to argue. Put that money in your pocket."

Mr. Jerrold put it in his pocket. He explained about the Fearsome Adventures. Mr. Yeager listened patiently, but without interest.

When he had finished, Mr. Yeager said, "Perhaps you noticed a fattish man sitting in the anteroom? That is our friend, Captain Fenstraw. He's early for an appointment with me. Would you ask him to step in immediately?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Jerrold, and left.

As he came into the anteroom, the fat man sneered at him.

"Mr. Yeager will talk to you now," said Mr. Jerrold.

"It's about time," said the fat man sullenly.

"It is indeed," said Mr. Jerrold, and passed into the hall.

Dusk had fallen when Mr. Jerrold turned down Pearl Street and into Mrs. Teffy's shop. The shop was deserted but for Mrs. Teffy, rolling up a bolt of velvet. The soft lamplight was like a vapor of bronze powder, and she looked very beautiful. Mr. Jerrold knew suddenly what he had suspected for a long time—she was not only important to him, she was essential. She smiled when she saw him, and he laid his nine hundred dollars on the counter before her.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Where did all that come from?"

He told her, and added nervously, "I wonder if you would sell me a partnership in this place?"

Stunned, she said, "Why?"

"For one thing," he said thickly, "the cellar where I live. It gets pretty wet. Perhaps I could move. Your cellar must be a great deal drier."

She stared at him in exasperation. "What's the other thing?"

His voice was almost inaudible. "I guess I get lonesome for you."

"Now this is too important to discuss in public," she said, and locked the shop door. "Let's go back to the sitting room."

In the sitting room, Mr. Jerrold on the horsehair sofa, she on a little green satin chair, Mrs. Teffy said, "All right. I'll sell you a partnership. Are you trying to tell me that you love me?"

"We must take these things one at a time," Mr. Jerrold said self-consciously. "We must move slowly."

"Bosh!"

There was a painful silence, and she changed the subject. "You're still wearing that wretched coat. I was rummaging in some of Teffy's things and look what I found."

She went to the wardrobe and returned with a frock coat. His frock coat, the coat he had sold at Quinley's. He knew it as soon as he laid eyes on it. He took it from her hand and examined the lining. There it was, the big stain where he had spilled the ink on it. There was no doubt about it, she had bought the shoes for him, too, and the shirts.

Gravely, he said, "Thank you, Lucinda," and took her in his arms.

THE END

The Path to the Barn

By Beren Van Slyke

Between high banks of snow
His lantern dashed a glow
Of yellow, dipping, broken
light
To warm the winter night.

Outside the kitchen shed
The bitter cold was dead,
The stars were buried in
black ice,
A frozen paradise.

Only a dream were chair
And stove, and as the mare
Whinnied, his broken
shadow sped
Behind him and ahead.

Hay-sweet, life-rich, she
lipped
His ear; gently he clipped
The whuffling nose. Her
foal should be
As beautiful as she.

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"It's almost like wrapping up Christmas for 220 families"

"You could say they're just average, these 220 young families in the files of my insurance agency. They probably have about the same income, the same number of youngsters as you and I and the folks next door. The same family pleasures to enjoy. The same problems to think about.

"But there's something special about Christmas in their homes . . . something that gives all the things they do together a special glow.

"It's their feeling of security, of confidence. It's knowing for sure that there will always be Christmas for them, come what may. And what makes me feel so good about it is that I've had a hand in making it possible.

"Yes, I've come to know them pretty well over the past few years. I've had the good fortune to share some of their happiest moments. And I've been on hand when they've needed me.

"Together, we've worked out the kind of protection they need for their way of life. It's what my company, The Travelers, calls American Family Independence.

"Nothing helps you enjoy today more than not having to worry about tomorrow. That's why all these young folks feel extra happy tonight. And that's why I feel as if I've helped wrap up Christmas for 220 families this year."

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE · THROUGH THE TRAVELERS ·

THE TRAVELERS

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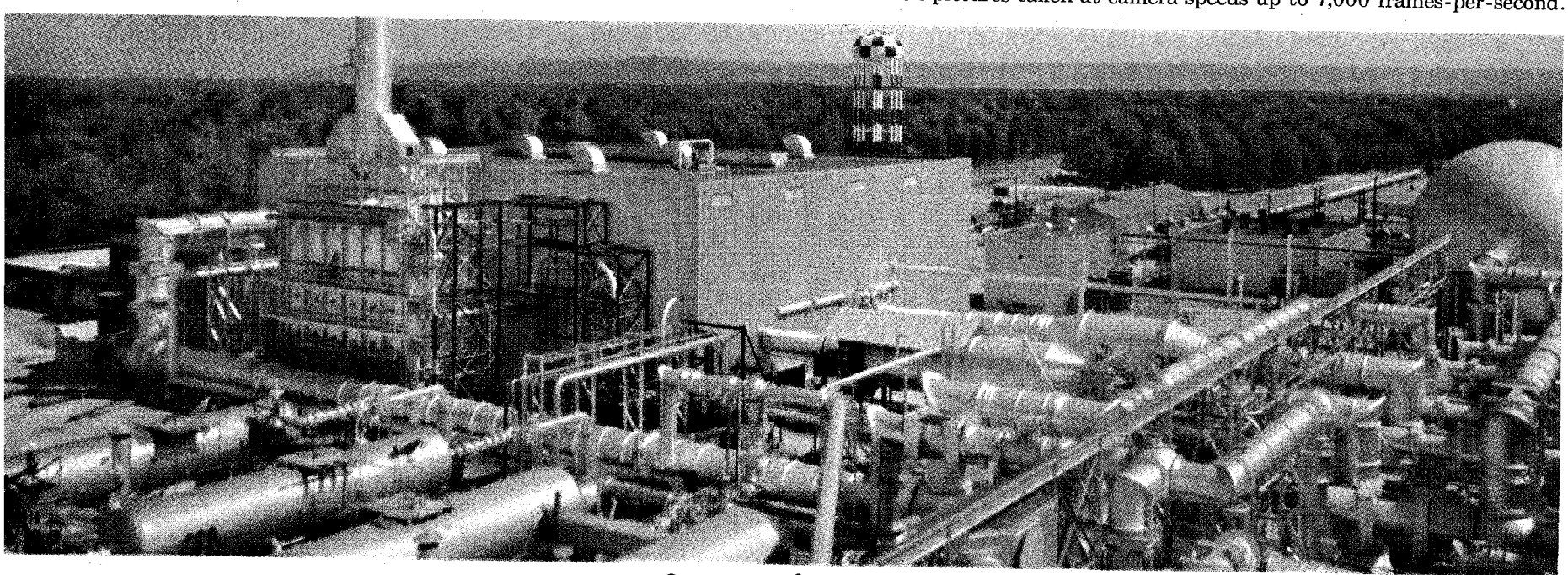
Making aviation history in a new kind of wind tunnel. At the U.S. Air Force's Arnold Engineering Development Center at Tullahoma, Tennessee, this engineer is testing spacecraft of the future at hypersonic speeds and *temperatures high enough to vaporize diamonds.* Helping to make such pioneering research possible is a vast network of special equipment . . . much of it designed and built by Allis-Chalmers engineers. This challenging work is typical of the great opportunities awaiting men on the Allis-Chalmers Graduate Training Course.

Speeds of 11,000 mph — temperatures up to 15,000° can be simulated in "Tunnel Hotshot."

Test run on film — motion pictures taken at camera speeds up to 7,000 frames-per-second.



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Sure step to a rewarding future

The Allis-Chalmers Graduate Training Course gives today's young engineers a unique opportunity to learn and grow into tomorrow's leaders

For fifty-two years, the Allis-Chalmers Graduate Training Course has provided an ideal climate for the development of alert, forward-thinking minds. This post-graduate program has launched thousands of young engineers on challenging and satisfying careers—by providing the opportunity to study and work with the unusually wide range of Allis-Chalmers products and operations.

Allis-Chalmers designs and builds basic equipment for the world's major industries, and in every division of the company there are specialists serving these industries. Here the young engineer finds challenge in a wide variety of engineering fields. He works with experienced counselors and engineers, and a course is charted that matches his interests and aptitudes . . . gives him advanced knowledge and basic experience that will be of great value throughout his career.

Today, the "alumni" of the Graduate Training Course are key members of the growing Allis-Chalmers team . . . in research laboratories, in product design and application, manufacturing, sales and management. Together with thousands of Allis-Chalmers men and women with other specialized knowledge and skills, they are serving *you*—through the industries that serve you. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

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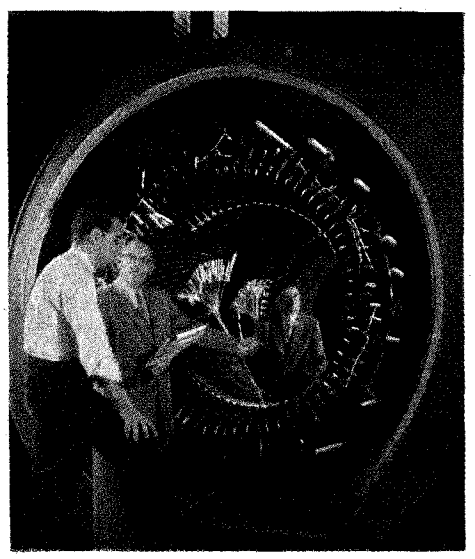
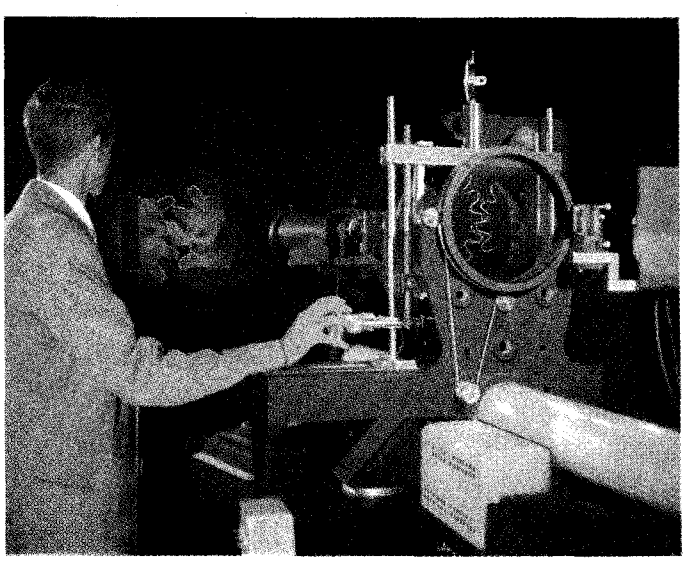
Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future today



To find his place in the sun, this young engineer has chosen Allis-Chalmers – where he can work side by side with experienced engineers on actual assignments involving basic engineering principles.



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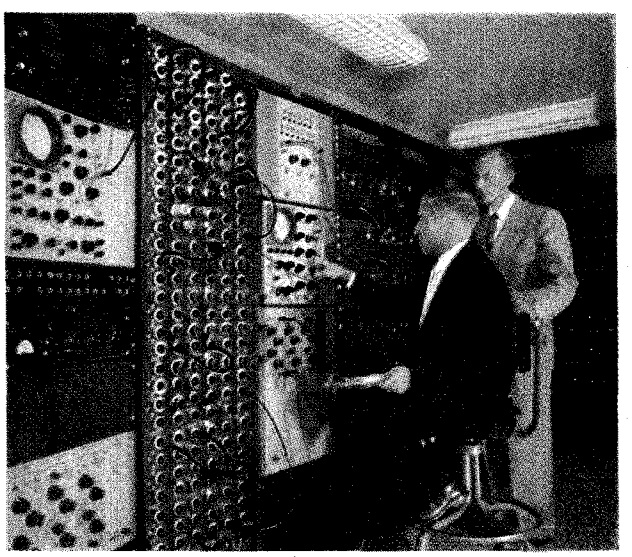

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Rendezvous in Tokyo (Continued from Page 36)

"Turn on the water in the tub," he whispered.

"Oh, Jack," she called as she turned the water on, "hasn't it been a wonderful day, darling?"

It was not the right adjective to describe it, and besides, the day was only just beginning. She moved close to him and rested her head on his shoulder, and he was glad to put his arms around her. He had seldom felt so grateful for companionship.

"My heavens," she said, "it's really started now."

"Yes," he said, "it's moving. What do you know about Skirov?"

"Skirov?" she repeated vaguely.

He could not blame her much when her whole mind must have been on the present.

"Yes, Skirov, the Russian who's running the communist show here—the master-minder whom our boy makes contact with. The chief briefed you on him, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. I'm sorry, Jack. I was thinking about the Jap and the big goon down in the bar and everything. Yes; Skirov. I saw him in Vienna once—Cossack descent, I think."

"You saw him? Then you can tell me if I have his description straight. Middle forties, five feet five, one hundred twelve, thin, agile, delicate hands and feet, Mongoloid features."

"Yes, that's him."

Jack Rhyce lowered his voice, not because he was afraid of being overheard, but because he dreaded that his idea might not be right.

"All right," he said, "what about this Moto? Is he Skirov playing a Jap?"

He was conscious of his anxiety while he waited for her reaction. It had been one of those swift inspirations which he had learned to suspect, but if he was right they might be able to end the show that very evening, because they would have worked out the whole scheme of the apparatus. It would be Gibson's job to make the ultimate decision regarding Skirov, but from their point of view the mission would be accomplished. The prospect of completing a mission always had its alluring side; he had never before been so desperately anxious to end one, not so much because of himself as because of her. He hoped that she was not as aware as he of potential danger.

Finally she looked up at him, not enthusiastically, but with respect.

"I guess I was wrong in thinking that big handsome boys like you are dumb," she said. "I like your thought. I wish I could buy it all."

"Maybe it's more reasonable than it sounds at first," he said. "Take it this way." He began to speak in a whisper, in spite of the running water. "They looked us over in San Francisco. They've got us down as innocent bystanders. They think we're absolutely pure."

"Yes. I check with that. I think we're clear to date. I had that feeling in the bar."

"Right," he said, and his enthusiasm rose. "Then what could be better than using us as a cover? Wouldn't you do it if you were on their side of the fence? Skirov and Big Ben want to meet. They know we're greenhorns. What's better than having Skirov as a Japanese chauffeur? That explains his being in the room—just to make a final check." He stopped and laughed quietly.

"What's so funny?"

"The two contacts. Us doing the same thing—coming up here for a meeting. It's like a convention in Atlantic City."

"Yes," she said, but she did not look amused. "It's funny if true. The trouble is, it's too good to be true. Life isn't made that way. It's altogether too easy, darling. Besides, Jack, he simply isn't Skirov."

"You don't know Japs as well as I do," he answered. "This one's like something on the stage."

"I've got eyes, too, dear. Perhaps he's trying to hide his rank or education, but I know he isn't Skirov."

"Well, if he isn't, what is he?"

"It's too bad, because it fits, but he just isn't," she said. "He's in the business, all right. I can spot that as well as you can, but he isn't Moscow trained. You know he isn't, darling. You know how that Moscow school sticks out all over them. You can spot them a mile away, as easy as you can a German *Volkswagen*. Skirov is a Moscow boy. This one just isn't."

Jack Rhyce sighed. "All right," he said, "but I still want Bill Gibson's reaction. Since you can spot them, what about Big Ben? Was he on the Moscow squad?"

"Yes."

"I don't agree. But what makes you think so?"

"You'd have noticed it in the bar, if you hadn't been concentrated on the dialogue, darling—that Paul Robeson Old Man River manner, that lift-that-bale-we'll-all-land-in-jail manner. It's late Moscow. It's still being taught there by their prewar American imports. They must have a quaint American section."

"I've got to watch him some more. He doesn't look much like it to me. He looks as American as all get-out."

"Of course, he's as American as all get-out. A lot of very American Americans have gone to Moscow. Jack Reed went and he's in the Kremlin now, if they haven't moved him. Now unzip my dress, will you? I'm going to have that bath, but I'll leave the door open, if you have any more ideas."

He had a number of ideas as he sat in an easy chair near the window and listened to her splashing in the tub, but he had learned long ago that it was folly to spread ideas around. It occurred to him that he should not even have told her his idea about Skirov. Bill Gibson would have the whole story straight, and he and Ruth Bogart were still only on the fringes of it. Nevertheless, he was already getting his general shape and structure so clearly that a question of policy was beginning to arise. Should the apparatus be smashed or should it be left alone in the hope of locating Skirov? But Bill Gibson, not he, would make the ultimate decision. The main thing was to get the picture straight.

He wished that he did not have to see Bill Gibson that night, now that the dangers of the meeting had measurably increased with Big Ben on the scene. The room was growing dark, and he rose and switched on the light that stood on the small table separating the twin beds.

"Jack," she called, "are you all right?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm fine."

She was out of the bathroom, brushing her hair by the mirror. She was wearing an oldish cotton print robe.

"I'll buy you a kimono tomorrow," he said. "You'd look well in a kimono, green and blue."

"Thanks. I'm sorry about the thing I have on. I didn't know there was going to be a bedroom scene. I've started your bath for you."

"Thanks," he said, and he began taking things from his suitcase, putting his brushes and toilet articles on the tall dresser and laying his blue suit carefully over the foot of the bed.

"I was thinking about tonight," he said.

"Were you? Well, you aren't the only one."

They looked at each other thoughtfully for a second.

"You know you're right about that goon," he said. "From the way he looked at you, I think maybe you could take Big Ben—if you keep on encouraging him."

"Yes, I know I can."

"But at the same time it makes me mad. But maybe it's a good thing for tonight."

"Why for tonight?"

He hesitated before he answered, and she must have guessed what was running through his mind.

"I want Ben's mind to be off things for about an hour. You do it and I'll see Gibson. It's necessary to box that boy off. It's the best way of handling things, don't you think?"

Her face grew stiff and wooden, and she did not answer.

"What is it, Ruth?" he asked gently. "Are you afraid of him?"

"No, I don't think so, but I hated that mental-undressing way he looked at me, and you'd have to be mighty convincing with a man like that."

"I didn't mean anything serious. Just a walk downtown or a ride up the mountain in his car."

The set expression left her face and she smiled.

"It's nice to know you're human occasionally," she said. "I'm glad the proposition doesn't appeal to you personally, but I don't think it would be a good one, anyway. It's too obvious, Jack, and he's a very smart man."

"Yes, he's smart."

"It's just the thing we'd be expected to do. Don't you see, it would tell him right away that there was something wrong with us? You've got to be jealous and difficult. It would look better if I simply let him know he was attractive to me, and made him want to get me away from you." She moved closer to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "Now listen, Ruth," he said, "I'm ashamed I made that proposition, but it was business, Ruth."

"Never mind the proposition, Jack," she told him, and her grip on his shoulders tightened. "Just get it through your head that I want to stay with you tonight. I don't want to see you get a shiv in your back."

"If anybody's watching, it's going to be harder for two to get up to that cottage than one."

"Jack," she said, and she moved closer to him, "please—all right, I'm frightened. I'm scared as hell. I promise I won't let you down."

He bent over and kissed her. Even as he did so, he knew that under any circumstances he was being very foolish.

"All right," he said, "but put on a dark dress and let's go down to dinner."

"Darling," she said again, "I won't let you down. You'd be surprised. I'm wonderful in the dark."

A great many couples were escaping reality in their different ways on the hotel dance floor at shortly before ten o'clock that night. They whirled with fancy steps that they had learned on other dance floors. No one noticed the elaborate Japanese paper decorations on the high ceiling. They were all following the uninspired rhythms of the Japanese orchestra, which did its best, in costume and manner, to follow the American tradition. The music was mediocre, and most of it dated, but everyone who danced lost part of his individuality in the pervading sound. The girls, both European and Japanese, were pretty. The men seemed to find it harder to surrender themselves to the pleasures of the evening. Their faces, as they danced, looked less forgetful and more careworn than their partners'.

Ruth was a light and beautiful dancer, much better than he, but both were good enough, in that rather pedestrian company, to be disturbingly outstanding. Their steps had a professional exactness, and both looked well—she in her dark green and he in his conservatively cut blue suit.

"Don't do anything fancy," he told her. "Just dance in a mediocre way. You're too good-looking as it is."

"That's what I thought about you when I saw you first," she said. "You're too good-looking for the business."

"Do you see him anywhere?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"I wish he were here, so we could keep an eye on him," he said. "We've been dancing about half an hour, haven't we?"

"Yes. Don't you like it?"

"I would under other circumstances, but Bill's going to get nervous pretty soon. I wonder where he is."

"Bill?"

"No, no," he said. "The big boy. I gathered he was going to the dance tonight, from the way he was talking in the bar."

He felt her shiver, and she shook her head. "I wish you'd get him off your mind," she said, "or at least look as though you were having a good time, so people won't wonder what we're going to do when we go outside. Hold me closer. Don't forget, we're supposed to be in love."

It was another half hour before he saw Big Ben. He had stepped in from the grounds outside. Instead of his Aloha shirt and khaki trousers, he wore a charcoal-flannel suit, black shoes and a dark tie. He looked very young to Jack Rhyce in that conventional attire with his unruly sandy hair and heavy eyebrows. His eyes were what gave his age away. Eyes and hands were something that nobody ever could disguise.

"Good," Jack said. "There he is, coming in from outside."

He felt her shiver again.

"Is he looking for us?"

"Yes, I think so."

"If he cuts in, cut back soon. Please, Jack."

"All right, but don't discourage him. It won't hurt to have him fall for you."

Big Ben smiled pleasantly while his glance roved over the dancers, and Jack Rhyce noticed that he pulled his coat straight, although it had not been disarranged. Then he took a handkerchief and passed it lightly over his forehead, though he had not been dancing, and then made a gesture with his hands as though he were ridding them of imaginary dust.

"He sees us now," she said. "He's coming over."

"All right. When he cuts in, smile."

Big Ben was moving toward them through the dancers, a head taller than most of the men. A second later he slapped Jack Rhyce on the shoulder. It was a friendly, good-natured slap.

"Hello, Oberlin," he said.

"Why, hello," Jack Rhyce answered, "Alabama Baptist U."

Big Ben's laugh was easy and infectious. "Your guessing cap's on crooked, boy," he said. "Not Alabama, Mississippi."

"Oh, come now," Jack Rhyce said, "your accent isn't thick enough. Let's make it Carolina."

"O.K.," Big Ben said. "Carolina Baptist U. And now may I relieve you of your lovely burden, Oberlin, just for a little while?"

"You mean you want to dance with my girl?" Jack Rhyce asked him. "All

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right, but just remember, only for a little while."

"Oh, now," Ruth Bogart said, "don't pretend to act so jealous, Jack. I'd love to dance with Ben just as long as he wants." She sighed and gave Big Ben another of her dazzling smiles. "Maybe I need a change."

Jack Rhyce walked to an open doorway and watched them. Like many large men, Big Ben danced very well, even to the nervous, jigging beat of the orchestra.

"Hold me closer," she had said. "Don't forget that we are supposed to be in love."

You had to be able to estimate degrees of physical attraction and to observe and capitalize on the onslaughts of desire if you were successful in the business. It was a sordid matter, standing there watching Ruth Bogart and the big man dancing. He was ashamed of playing a part in that ugly scene, but it was business.

In the beginning he had entertained a technical fear, which she had expressed in their room upstairs, that her approach might have been too obvious. It had been necessary for her to move fast, but, at the same time, Big Ben was a clever man. He realized, as soon as he saw them dancing, that Ruth Bogart must have considered this matter also. There was that saying that the desire of woman is to be desired, and a woman could instinctively estimate a man's desire. Rapid though the interplay had been, and obvious as it had seemed to Jack Rhyce as an observer, from what he could see as he stood watching, Ruth Bogart had been right about Big Ben. They were a handsome couple on the dance floor. He was certain now that she was something new in Big Ben's experience, and certain that he would not forget. Those things did not take long when certain instincts were in the proper balance.

He looked into the night again. The cottage called Chrysanthemum Rest was completely visible. Though its shades and curtains were drawn, he could see that its rooms were lighted, and so was the path that led straight toward it from one of the hotel verandas. But if one followed another path up toward the greenhouses, there would be shadow and concealment. He could not plan the full approach from where he stood. He would have to improvise after he had started, and a glance at his wrist watch told him it was time—ten-twenty already. Ruth Bogart had been right in believing that it would look better if they walked out into the shadowy grounds together, and it was time that they started now. He moved across the room to where she was dancing with Big Ben.

"O.K., Baptist," Jack said, "time for the Praying Colonels to go to the showers; the half is over."

"Aw, gee," Big Ben said, "nobody's even blown the whistle. . . . Well, thanks a lot, honey. And how about us all meeting in the bar for a while? I'm going there right now to drown my frustrations, honey."

"We'll dance a few minutes first," Ruth said, "and then I want to go out and get a breath of fresh air. It's awfully hot in here."

Big Ben laughed uproariously. "And I bet you're getting a headache too," he said. "How come? You didn't want fresh air when I asked you three minutes ago, honey. Well, no hard feelings. So long, troops."

They walked outside and toward the greenhouses, laughing and talking softly, only one of a number of couples who were wandering about the grounds. While they walked they examined Chrysanthemum Rest from angles. There was a clump of bamboo by its door, which was the only cover near it. Jack was as sure as a fallible human being could be that he had missed nothing, and he had reconnoitered too many places not to be intensely aware of atmosphere. He had been able to tell for a long while, from his own physical reactions, whether or not a place was being watched. He could swear that Chrysanthemum Rest Cottage was clear. They sat for a while close together on a bench in the shadow of an old cryptomeria—two lovers, in case anyone should notice.

"Does it look all right to you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "There's only one offbeat thing. We've been out here for fifteen minutes, and have you noticed, no one's moved inside the house? Not a shadow against the curtains—nothing. Perhaps he isn't there."

"He's being still, because he wants it to look as if he weren't there. Bill's a smart operator. Anything else?"

"No, I don't think we're being watched."

If they walked affectionately past the cottage, the bamboo thicket would conceal them from anyone standing higher up from the hill, and its shadow would partially protect them from anyone who would be looking from the hotel windows. Of course the door would be unlocked. He wished that he could be sure that Big Ben was in the bar. He even thought of making such a check, but his feeling that the cottage was not under observation made him dismiss the idea.

"Come on. Let's go," he said. "We'll know a lot more after we've talked to Bill."

The brass of the dance orchestra blared across the lawn, interspersed with its drummer's beat. They were only a couple returning to the dance as they walked to Chrysanthemum Rest Cottage.

"Follow me quickly," he whispered.

They were inside the house in a twinkling, because both were trained operators, and the door was closed behind them without a sound, and without a fingerprint on its knob either. The place, as he had observed, was fully lighted. They were in a small entrance hall furnished with a European umbrella stand and a row of wooden pegs for coats and hats. A single open door showed a lighted room, comfortably furnished with wicker easy chairs and a couch.

The room, to Jack Rhyce's surprise, was empty, so they stood for a moment, breaths held, listening. He could detect no sound except the blare of the dance music, which would have obliterated any minor noise. He raised his eyebrows and gestured to Ruth Bogart. She understood his signal and they moved along the wall so that their shadows would not show on the drawn curtains. It never paid to hurry. Later, he never could recall what it was that made him sure that something was wrong in Chrysanthemum Rest.

"Bill," he whispered.

The bedroom door was also open, and the lights were on there too. He tiptoed to the doorway with Ruth Bogart just behind him. Bill Gibson, in a clean pair of Shantung silk pajamas, lay beneath the covers of his bed, eyes closed, head resting on his pillow, his clothes neatly folded on a chair at the end of the room. A glass, a half-empty bottle of whisky and a pill bottle stood under the lamp on the bedside table. His restful posture gave every indication that he was sound asleep, but he was not breathing. Bill Gibson was stone dead.

"O.K.," Jack Rhyce whispered to her. He felt in his side pocket and drew on a pair of gloves. "Better go through his suitcase, Ruth. Look for anything. Anything." But even when he spoke he knew there would not be anything they wanted.

Now that Bill Gibson was dead, a whole new line of action was required. Rhyce was still in the grip of shock, but he was able to see at once that he was looking at a professional, almost classic, job of elimination. If Bill Gibson had been breathing, Jack Rhyce himself would have thought that it was an overdose of sleeping pills. The only trouble was that they had come too early. Bill Gibson should have been discovered in the morning for the job to have been perfect, and doubtless this had been the intention. It was an encouraging thought for Jack Rhyce in that it showed as plain as print that no one knew that Bill Gibson was there for a meeting. It meant as clearly as a certified document that he and Ruth Bogart were not suspected yet.

There was another plain fact also. The decision must have been made some time previously that Bill Gibson should be put out of the way, since the whole job was one that had required meticulous planning. Success required only that the body be discovered in the morning. Without his being familiar with Japanese medical procedure, Jack Rhyce did not believe that a doctor called in the morning would make more than a perfunctory examination with the evidence before him, and no doubt if a more thorough examination should be made the contingency would have been provided for.

He picked up the pill bottle, which still held three yellow capsules—a very pretty touch in itself, when added to a glimpse of the cork which had fallen to the floor. A drunken man had accidentally taken an overdose of sleeping pills. From the color of the capsules and without reading the label, he could guess that the drug was one of the better-known barbiturates of American manufacture, and he could guess, from a minute abrasion at the corner of Bill Gibson's mouth, that a lethal dose was safely in the stomach. There were several ways to make reluctant people swallow.

Jack Rhyce set down the pill bottle and sniffed of Bill Gibson's lips. There was the requisite odor of whisky to explain the half-empty whisky bottle on the table. The whisky had been applied overliberally to the lips, but no one would have noticed in the morning. Professionally it was a job which had only one unavoidable drawback, and even this presupposed the presence of another professional, which indicated again that he and Ruth Bogart were not suspected yet. Like every killing in the business, this one had its signature, and this was ridiculously easy to decipher, once you knew it was a killing. The job presupposed enormous and expert strength. It had required someone who could take care of Bill Gibson as gently and effortlessly as a nurse might handle a baby, and Bill Gibson was no weakling.

He touched Bill Gibson's hand softly. The body was still warm. He slipped his hand under the head. The mark of a hypodermic was barely visible in the hair at the base of the neck. If one had not known exactly where to look, the mark could easily have gone unnoticed.

Ruth Bogart was looking at him from across the room, and he nodded slowly in answer to her unspoken question.

"Yes," he said, "Ben was here all right." It was not even necessary to speak softly because of the din of the orchestra. "I wish I could have the privilege of polishing off that swine. I always thought a lot of Bill."

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

A masked bandit invaded the supermarket where Mabel was shopping. While a cashier grappled with him, Mabel fled to the rear of the store. The bandit, soon unnerved, ran out the front door, but fired a random shot through the door to intimidate any would-be pursuers. The bullet wounded Mabel in the leg. She later sued the supermarket.

"It was madness for the cashier to fight an armed bandit with customers standing around," she said. "If he had left the bandit alone, no shots would have been fired and I would have been uninjured."

"What are store employees supposed to do, submit tamely to every thug and gunman?" the supermarket owner replied. "We can't let them walk off with the store."

If you were the judge, would you make the supermarket pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The supermarket did not have to pay. The court pointed out that Mabel was wounded after the fight, not during it. Even if shot during it, the court added, she could not have collected damages. "Acts of self-defense or in defense of one's property," it stated, "have always been in accord with the public policy of Texas."

Based upon a 1955 Texas decision.

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"Yes, so did I," she said.

His attention turned to the neatly folded clothes. Even the shoes by the chair were in meticulous alignment. The bedclothes were carelessly disarranged, just as a man who was drunk might have moved them. The folded clothes were an error or, still better, an oversight. Bill Gibson must have folded them himself. He must have planned to meet them in pajamas and a dressing gown. Jack Rhyce peered into the bathroom. A Burgundy silk dressing gown was hung from a hook on the bathroom door. He examined the back and sleeves. There was a slight tear at the right elbow, and the silk was scuffed and a few tiny hairs of woolen lint were mingled with the fabric. It was the blue piling from a carpet, and the Chinese carpet in the living room was blue.

Ruth Bogart had finished with Bill Gibson's baggage and with the contents of his pockets, and she shook her head when he nodded to her—but then, Bill Gibson would have been careful to have nothing on him except cover identification.

"Where did it happen?" she asked.

"The living room," he said. "He must have grabbed Bill right by the front door. I'd like to polish off that rat."

He walked gingerly to the living room and she followed him. Of course there had been a struggle. Yet the signs had been eliminated and nothing had been broken. However, the impersonal orderliness of the room told its own story of rearrangement. He could reconstruct what had happened as though it were going on now before his eyes: Big Ben in a noiseless bound, towering over Bill Gibson; the jolt in the solar plexus that knocked out the wind. Strangulation was not necessary if you knew the trick. Big Ben's arms wrapped around the smaller man's gasping body, the fighting for breath, the expert hands lowering the struggling man to the floor. The sleeping pills with the suitable label would have been in Big Ben's pocket.

"When you danced with him," he said to Ruth Bogart, "was there anything in his coat?"

"I think so."

It would have been the hypodermic, but this would not have been bulky. The piling of the carpet was scuffed and trampled near the door—not markedly so; still the evidence was there, once you guessed the story.

"They don't know about us yet," he said, "or they wouldn't have pulled it this way, do you think?"

"I think you're right," she said. "You're pretty smart sometimes, Jack."

"O.K. We'd better get out of here. And brace yourself. There's one thing more that's going to be tough tonight."

"How do you mean? What else?" she asked, and for the first time since they had entered Chrysanthemum Rest he saw that her nerves were shaken.

"We've got to keep in the clear. We've got to go and meet that swine in the bar."

"Oh, no; not that."

"Oh, yes; just that. And we'd better be in the mood for it, too, because he's a smart Joe, dear. Muss yourself up a little. Kiss me. Put some lipstick on my cheek. He's got to know we've been out in the garden making love."

The scene which had taken place in Chrysanthemum Rest was still in Jack Rhyce's mind when they left the small, detached building. His arm was around her, and they stopped and kissed shamelessly directly underneath a light on the path on the way to the hotel.

"Darling," he said loudly, "you're adorable."

She giggled. She was very good at that girlish giggle, which must have been a vestige of the outside.

"Darling," she said, "not again. Not here. Everyone will see us."

She said it exactly as though they were not intending that any even remotely interested parties should see them, and at some points there were lighter moments in the business. But their words and actions were only a shadow on his deeper thoughts, because he did not have ice water in his veins any more than she, and that pseudo quiet death in Chrysanthemum Rest still left him shaken. His imagination was calling up Big Ben's voice, as Big Ben had spoken, kindly, to Bill Gibson.

"You're goin' out in a minute, friend," he could hear Big Ben saying. "You might as well go out easy and not fight, mightn't you, since you're goin' out anyway, friend? Easy's better than hard, isn't it? And I've got no hard feelings. I'll he'p you if you go out easy, and I'll be right with you, friend. Now swallow these pills. They won't hurt nobody. Just get them down or I have to make you. Swallow them, and then there'll be the needle, and you and I know that it won't hurt at all. Don't make me get rough, Mac, because it won't gain you anything."

The soft, imaginary voice of Big Ben mingled with the music from the ballroom, and Jack Rhyce knew it was time to pull himself together.

"I'm against alcohol as a crutch, on general principles," he said, "but I think you and I could do with two good doubles in that bar right now, don't you?"

"I agree with you for once, darling," she said. He felt her shiver, and he shook her in a rough, playful way.

"For heaven's sake pull yourself together," he said. "The show's on the road."

"All right. So it's on the road, and stop being a space cadet."

He straightened his blue coat and felt of his belt. He might not be carrying a weapon, but, given the showdown, a properly fixed belt was a good substitute. His was fixed. He wished that he could slash his belt across Big Ben's face just once. Twice would be better—twice and Big Ben's closest relative wouldn't know him.

The atmosphere in the Main Bar had changed since he and Ruth Bogart had been there last, for the better as far as hotel receipts were concerned. There was no doubt any longer, if there had been previously, that the patrons, aside from their Japanese girl friends, who were trying to enter into the fun as vigorously as Madame Butterfly had in another generation, realized that they were far away from home. A sea of smoke and spilled drinks and voices washed like a wave over Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart.

"All right, honey," he said, "we're tight and full of fun, and we've got to check in here, honey, in a big way, and this is our night off. Why look-it! There's Big Ben, just where he said he'd be." He leaned down until her hair brushed his cheek. "Just remember, he doesn't know who we are," he whispered. "Just hold that thought, sweet, and give me another kiss."

It was common sense aside from anything else. There could never be anything sinister about a man if he was smeared with lipstick.

"Oh, Jack," Ruth Bogart said, and her voice had the shrill note that fitted with that happy evening, "look at Ben. He's got a man with a squeeze box with him. Aren't you glad we haven't gone to bed yet, darling?"

It gave him an unpleasant twinge to observe the number of amused faces that turned toward them after Ruth Bogart had asked her last question. Big Ben stood in the middle of a noisy group near the center of the room, and sure enough, a man with an accordion was with him. He had learned the trick of holding attention that could have been derived only from the theater. In fact, at the moment, Big Ben might have been master of ceremonies in a night club, and perhaps he had held such a position once.

"Jack," she whispered, "he's changed his shirt."

She did not have to tell him. He had been wearing a white shirt when he had cut in on them on the dance floor, but now his shirt was blue.

"That's right," Jack said. "He's been having a busy evening, sweet. Wave to him. He's seen us now."

"Hi, Ben!" she called.

"Why, sweetness!" Big Ben called, and he shook his finger at her. "Say, whatever have you been doing to Oberlin? Honest, I couldn't guess!"

Ruth glanced at Jack's face and gave a stifled scream. "Oh, Jack," she said, "I'm sorry. They told me in the States that it wouldn't come off, darling."

Jack Rhyce grinned self-consciously at Big Ben and the boys and girls around him. "I guess the trouble is, dear, this isn't the States. Maybe nothing's kissproof in Japan."

It was a pretty good line, considering, and the laugh that greeted it confirmed his impression. A man with lipstick on him couldn't help but be a nice guy, especially in a bar.

The effort he was making made Jack Rhyce afraid that he might be overdoing things, until he saw there was no sharpness in Big Ben's glance.

"Say, boy," Big Ben said, "come on over here. Let's do a song number for the crowd. . . . This fellow can really sing, folks."

"Oh, no," Jack said. "I might break my larynx."

Now that they knew he had a comic streak, everything he said was funny.

Ruth Bogart gave him a playful push. "Oh, go ahead, Jack. You can sing just as well as he can."

"Well, let me have a double Scotch first," he said, "so I can halfway catch up with things."

Big Ben was holding a half-empty highball glass in exactly the expert way that an abstemious person handles a drink at a cocktail party. You could always pick a drinker from a nondrinker by the way he held his glass. Big Ben, in spite of all his noise, was cold sober, but his sobriety had been hard to detect because his spirits and elation were not normal. "Elation" was exactly the word—the sort that came after emergence from danger. The truth was that Big Ben was happy, and, also, he must have felt completely safe.

"Well, I do feel better now," Jack said.

Big Ben patted his shoulder affectionately, and Jack Rhyce gave him an affectionate punch on the chest—just two big boys roughhousing.

"Say," Big Ben said, and his voice had a wheedling note in it, "now you've got yourself lubricated up, how about a little harmonizing? Ted here can play almost anything on a squeeze box. How about a piece from The Red Mill? How about Every Day is Ladies' Day With Me? Huh, Jack?"

"Oh, say," Jack Rhyce said, "why that old chestnut?"

"Aw, come on," Big Ben said. "It's got real melody. It's a swell song."

"Why is it you have this yen for The Red Mill," Jack Rhyce asked, "when it was written before you and I were born, Ben?"

Big Ben drew his hand across his eyes. "I know," he said. "It don't sound reasonable, does it? Yet it's a kind of a theme song with me. Will you sing it with me if I tell you why?"

His invitation, which included the group around them, again had a professional tone.

"Why, sure," Jack said, "if it's a good yarn."

"Aw, shucks," Big Ben said, "it isn't much of a one—just kid stuff." His voice was eager and appealing. "It was senior year in this Baptist college down South. There was this banker in town—the local rich guy—and he had this pretty daughter with golden hair. Well, my folks were poor, in the missionary business actually, and I was sort of shy back then. For two years I used to walk past her house most every night, without daring to knock on the door; and then comes senior year. That autumn, when I'd sort of built up my ego playing football—why, I walked up the front stoop and rang the bell, and there she was all alone, and she asked me to come inside. Well, I was shy, but she asked me if I liked hearing music on the phonograph. Well, we played it for

"Here come the ornaments!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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a while, and then she put on this Red Mill record and held my hand, and then—well, we kinda got to loving each other with that old Red Mill playing. Then her old man came in, and he kicked me the hell out, and I never saw her again, but that's how I remember The Red Mill." Big Ben's voice grew softer. "And I haven't forgot that old aristocratic goat either."

Big Ben shrugged his shoulders. "Then after that, before the war, I was with a sort of musical caravan, and what should happen—there was The Red Mill. Anyway, it kind of stays with me."

"That's quite a story, Ben," Jack Rhyce said, and he meant it. He had learned a lot from the story.

"Well," Big Ben said, "let's make a quick switch. Stand up here, fella. Let's show 'em. Strike up the band. *Every day is ladies' day with me!*"

Bill Gibson was dead at Chrysanthemum Rest. Their arms were draped over each other's shoulders as they sang, and Jack knew the words better than Big Ben:

> "*And my pleasure it is double if*
> *they come to me in trouble,*
> *For I always find a way to make*
> *them smile, The little darlings.*"

Applause came from all over the bar when they had finished. Show business was written all over Big Ben when he took in the applause.

"Say, Jack," he said, "if we only had straw hats and canes, we could soft-shoe it, couldn't we?"

"We don't need hats and canes," Jack Rhyce said.

"Why, we don't, sure enough," Big Ben said. "Come on. Strike up the band."

It wasn't a bad show either. He could see Ruth's face in the crowd, unmasked for once, and enough was enough when the dance was over.

"Well, folks," Jack Rhyce said, "it's been nice seeing you. . . . Come on, Ruth. Let's say good night."

They had done what was necessary. They had showed up in the bar and the clock showed it was ten minutes to twelve. He could tell, from the tight grip of her hand when they walked toward the Cozy Nook ell, that her nervous resistance was wearing thin.

"Jack," she said, as they closed the door of their room. It was only the third time that they had been there, but the edges of unfamiliarity had been rounded off already, and they were both through with cover for the moment.

"Just a minute before you say anything," he told her, and he removed his coat and tie. "Just let me wash the touch of that goon off me first. I'm sorry, Ruth."

"You needn't be sorry. Nobody could have done better than you did, Jack."

She was standing just where he had left her when he came back rubbing his face with a bath towel.

"Darling," she said, "you've washed the lipstick off and now you won't have anything to remember me by. Please undo the back of my dress. I don't know why people always sell unzippable dresses."

"Maybe they do it to get girls into trouble."

"Don't you think it would look better if we turned out the lights?"

"How do you mean," he asked, "look better?"

"More conventional; more what's expected of us. We don't know who's watching or listening."

"Just get it into your head no one's watching or listening. We're out of this as of now."

"But it won't be long. And it would be better if you did turn out the lights. I must look like the devil."

"Oh, no, you don't at all," he said.

"Well, I feel like it."

"All right, I don't blame you. So do I. We haven't exactly been playing charades tonight."

He turned out the lights—except the one in the bathroom—but he could still see her standing there.

"We used to play charades at home," she said. "Did you ever play them?"

"If it's just the same with you," he said, "let's not get reminiscing. Why, yes, I used to play charades with the banker's daughter, dear, until the banker threw me out."

"Jack, wasn't it awful?"

"Yes."

"I don't know anything about Bill Gibson's setup here, do you?"

"No," he answered, "and we won't, now Bill's dead."

"Jack, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know, but maybe we'll think of something in the morning."

"Is that the best you can do?" she asked. "Come here. Come closer. I want to ask you something."

If only because they were in the same predicament, they were close enough already.

"I haven't got any bright answers," he said. "I couldn't win on any give-away show tonight."

"Why did they kill Bill?" she whispered.

"Because he knew something they didn't want passed on. You know that. That's why we always kill people in this racket."

"But what did he know?"

"He didn't tell us, but we've got to try to find out, come morning."

"Jack," she said, "wasn't it awful?"

He felt her arms steal around his neck, and she buried her face against his shoulder.

"Go ahead and cry if it does you any good," he said. "I don't blame you, Ruth."

"I'm not going to cry, but I'm glad you're here, Jack."

"I wish you weren't."

"Oh, Jack, I don't think that's very polite, considering everything."

For a moment he forgot about the business, and when he kissed her, nothing was make-believe.

"I mean it's too damn dangerous here," he said. "Let's face it. I mean I love you, Ruth—and I'm not pretending."

"Well, " she said, "I'd almost given up hoping that you'd ever say it."

"Well, I have. But it's a damn-fool thing for anyone like me to say."

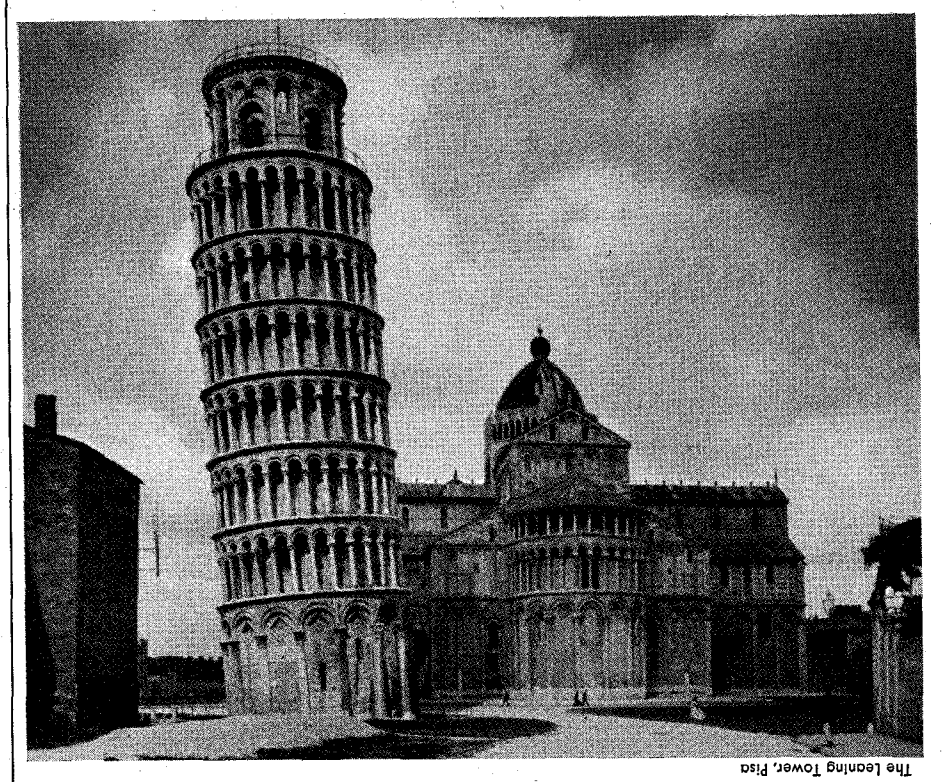
He was right about that last statement. It was bad for business to fall in love, especially with anyone like her, but he had said it, and there they were, alone together with their secrets, miles away from any help except what they could give each other. Miles away from anything that made for common sense.

The trouble was, there had been so much on his mind that he had finally yielded to the temptation of blacking out the whole problem for a few hours that night, which was inexcusable. You always paid for such a lapse as that in some coin or other, but he never dreamed that he would pay so soon. In fact, he had never even bothered to do anything about the lock on the bedroom door, he was so sure that they would be undisturbed.

The hour when he was awakened must have been shortly after three. The callers were such expert operators that even if he had propped a chair beneath the doorknob, they could have handled it without waking him. He had often heard older men in the bureau, including the chief, say that prewar Japanese agents were tops in the field.

TO BE CONTINUED

RECOGNIZED INSTANTLY...



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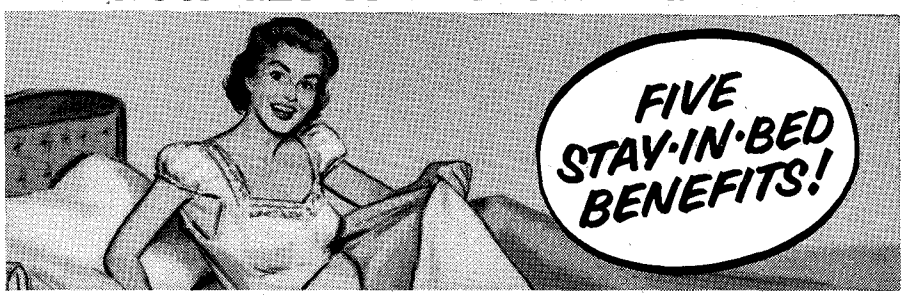

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The Pilot's Baby

(Continued from Page 22)

shrieked again. William was on the point of headlong flight when a hand was tucked under his arm.

The blond girl seemed to sigh. "Come!" she said. "Now!"

He found himself being propelled out the door. On the sidewalk the blond girl stopped and sighed further. "I never could mind my own business," she said finally. "Well, father, what gives? The little woman know you're flying the offspring around soda fountains?"

William stopped too. "I don't have any little woman," he said. "At least, not yet." He indicated the baby, still wailing, and added wistfully, "You checked out on this kind of equipment? He isn't mine. I just sort of—acquired him."

The girl stepped back. "Ha!" she said bitterly. "The unmarried father, left alone in his shame. For heaven's sake, give me that child!"

It was a welcome suggestion; William handed the child over and brushed himself off. The blond girl made a few quick moves of the blanket and pillowed the small head expertly; the wailing stopped.

"I'm Willie Evans," William said politely, and looked at her again. He had, he saw, underrated her beauty; she was exquisite. She had a pert, turned-up nose and lovely blue eyes, and her tininess aroused a strange, protective feeling in him at once, as if he were looking at a basketful of kittens. He said wonderingly, "I should be rescuing you, instead."

The girl considered. "Are you babysitting for someone, God forbid?"

Willie said "No," thoughtfully, and added, "Matter of fact, someone just gave him to me. A stranger, on Thirty-fourth Street."

The girl stopped again. She peered up at him and said slowly, "Either you are fresh out of a funny foundry or I had better see a head doctor. A stranger—gave him to you?"

"Yes," Willie said unhappily. He brightened. "Look. My apartment is only a block away. Perhaps I could get—sort of reorganized there." He eyed the baby, and shuddered. "Would you mind carrying it that far?"

The girl studied him. He had a serene, square-cut face and guileless blue eyes. She sighed. "All right, father. Lead on. I'm not at all sure Brad would approve, but if a man goes to that much trouble to lure a girl into an apartment, consider me willing."

"Brad?"

"My fiancé," the girl said.

"Oh," Willie said.

They walked the block in silence and came to a brownstone building. "Timmy and I live here," he explained. "We're based out on Long Island."

They walked up one flight, and there were sounds coming from behind a door. Music. Laughter. They stepped into a living room, man-furnished, and full of people. Someone with a butch haircut and a bottle of beer came toward them; he had on bright purple pajamas and sneakers. A set of captain's bars, silver wings and several rows of ribbons were pinned on the pajamas.

"Willie!" he said happily. "Welcome home, Lover Boy. Party!"

He saw the blond girl and the baby, and said softly, "Ooooh! Willie!"

Willie hung up his hat. "I had a baby," he said modestly. He turned to the blond girl. "My roommate, Timmy McBride. I'm—er—sorry. I don't know your name."

"Henderson," the girl said. "Feather Henderson."

Timmy put down his beer and peered at Feather closely, and at the baby. He said reprovingly, "I would think you had ample time to find out her name, Willie boy."

Feather blushed. "Frankly," she said, "it's not mine, captain. He just acquired me in a drugstore." She frowned. "He says he acquired the baby on Thirty-fourth Street."

Timmy grinned. "Trust Willie," he said. "Well, come in!"

There were many Air Force uniforms and many pretty girls, and the baby was the feature attraction at once. People examined it as if it were in from another world, and Willie explained he had it on Thirty-fourth Street. After a while Feather seemed to want to put it down.

"In the bedroom," Willie said. He looked at the baby; it looked sticky. "In the bathroom," he amended.

Feather sighed. "Has it occurred to you there are certain rules regarding the care and feeding of infants? My goodness, you can't just toss him any old place. Not even on a bed. He'd fall off in a minute!"

"I didn't get any operating instructions with him," Willie said sorrowfully; and added, "We're clean out of cribs."

Feather glared and went exploring. Finally, in the big bedroom Willie and Timmy shared, she spotted a large bureau. She emptied a drawer, demanded blankets and towels, and quickly devised a bed.

Willie looked over her shoulder as she worked, and jumped. "Awk!" he said. "He's a girl!"

"You peeked!" Feather said nastily. She fussed a few more moments, then straightened up; the process involved a very beautiful figure. "Now," she announced, "the time has come. My curiosity is elastic, but this is par for the course. Captain, would you mind telling me how you came by this child?"

Timmy came in.

"He's a girl!" Willie said, awed.

Timmy sat down and asked affably, "What gave you the clue?" and looked around. "And as long as you've chosen my bureau, do I get in on the secret?"

Willie sighed. "So help me," he said, "I got him—her—on Thirty-fourth Street. I was walking along the sidewalk and a woman came up and dumped him right in my arms. Then she ran."

Timmy raised an eyebrow.

"It's true," Willie said. "The sidewalk was crowded. I chased her down an alley, but she had a head start because I was—uh—surprised. Then, I couldn't run very fast with an armful of baby. She disappeared in the crowd on Sixth Avenue."

Timmy raised both eyebrows.

"There's a big church there," Willie said. "And she looked—panicky. I think she was going to abandon it."

Feather gasped; her hands reached for the baby instinctively. "No!" she said.

"It's—all I can figure."

Timmy leaned back. "People do abandon babies," he said reasonably. "But she should donate it to the United States Air Force instead? Why?"

Willie sighed. "Timothy, do you know it is a very difficult task, getting rid of a baby without someone seeing you?" He looked guilty. "I was kind of—uh—confused, so I tried. There was a doorway into the church from the alley, but every time I started to put him down and ring the bell, the alley got full of people. I nearly got caught twice."

Timmy frowned. Feather looked incredulous; her foot tapped the floor. She said acidly, "I suppose you never thought of going to the police?"

Willie looked hurt. "Darling, did you ever try to hand a traffic cop a baby and tell him someone gave it to you on Thirty-fourth Street? I did. He said I was swacked and doggone near ran me in."

"I am sure," Feather said, "if you went to a police station they'd believe you."

"I was," Willie said helplessly. "I was on the way, in a cab, when the little bounder came all apart. Started to scream like crazy and got all red. I mean, she. The taxi driver said he had seven of 'em, and he probably needed feeding. I stopped at the drugstore."

There was silence. Timmy said thoughtfully, "Are you well equipped for motherhood, Willie boy?" Then he stood up suddenly. "Man!" he chortled. "Wait till that girl of yours hears about this! Isn't she coming tomorrow? Althea, isn't it?" He turned to Feather. "He wooed her out West," he explained. "He kept her from us. . . . Willie boy, you're an unmarried bigamist!"

Willie looked at Feather and sighed. "It's too bad, but the lease here says 'no children.' Shall we adjourn to the police?"

Miss Feather Henderson was paying no attention; she was walking around the room in deep thought. She seemed to hesitate; then her mind was made up.

She said slowly, "You've got to take the poor child to the police, of course." She paused, and added positively, "But not now. That child has had pretty rough treatment. You've got to let her sleep a while. Probably overnight."

Willie looked startled. "Darling, fine. But remember? Tomorrow, Althea. I haven't seen her for a long time. She's bringing her mother, from Cleveland. It's sort of—uh—an inspection trip. A baby would be bad taste. Very bad taste."

"You can take her to the police early in the morning."

Willie hesitated.

Feather said ominously, "Babies get sick very easily, captain. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

He looked scared. "No," he said.

Feather nodded and said "Good!" in a manner that settled everything. Then she sighed. "Something tells me I'd better help. I'll go out and pick up a few necessities for her, and perhaps I'll help in the morning." She patted Willie's arm. "Now, you go join the party."

Timmy leaned over the baby, who was peacefully gnawing her thumb. He said, "Yon infant's eyes look like shoebuttons," and straightened up dramatically. "Little one," he said solemnly, "we will call you Button."

Willie grinned and relaxed. He said, "And may she never come unbuttoned," and shook hands with Timmy. Timmy kissed Feather on the cheek; Willie jumped. Feather left.

"She's a very lovely mother," Timmy said admiringly. "I'll have to get the addresses of your drugstores, Willie."

They joined the party. Someone brought out an ocarina and they sang. After a while Feather came back. Willie took packages from her, and stared. She had changed to a clinging black dress which seemed to emphasize her tininess, and she looked positively ravishing.

"Darling," Willie said, "have you been spending our money in those dress shops again? Think of our little one without shoes. Without a stitch, as a matter of fact, except one of my bath towels around her middle."

"Is she all right?" Feather asked anxiously.

"She's—uh—soggy," Willie said.

Feather threaded her way through the crowd; the bedroom took on the aspect of a nursery. She went to the kitchenette and explained how to make a formula; then she produced a camera. "For posterity," she said lightly. "We will take pictures of Button and of the party."

It was one of those cameras that make prints at once. They made several of Button, and even one of Willie changing Button. Button remained on her good behavior and blew bubbles happily. Then they went into the living room, and Feather was immediately surrounded by men. Willie watched her dancing with Timmy, and experienced a strange twinge of jealousy; he cut in.

"Do you always wear your insignia on your pajamas?" Feather was asking. "Or maybe I should ask first, do you always wear pajamas to a party?"

"I flew all last night," Timmy explained. "I was sleeping late when Marilee came in with friends." He indicated the purple pajamas. "She said she'd put the wings on so she could recognize me."

"You—flew all night?"

Timmy waved expansively. "Willie and I are part of that intrepid group of birdmen who protect New York City. There we sit, high above the earth, tense and alert, waiting for the enemy to strike. You've no idea how dangerous it is."

"He'll shoot himself in the foot someday," Willie said.

Feather surveyed the roomful of uniforms and said bitterly, "And I pay taxes!" Then she slipped into Willie's arms and they danced.

She was light as an armful of cloud. He floated in faint perfume, and her head came just up to his chest. The strange, protective feeling became a positive tremor.

He said into her hair, "You are a very beautiful girl, Miss Feather Henderson. Start at the beginning and tell me all."

Feather patted his cheek. "For a man whose girl arrives tomorrow," she said lightly, "you make strange noises." She added, "Do you love her very much, Willie?"

Willie frowned. "Of course," he said. "I think I'm about to buy her a ring. And this—fiancé of yours? Brad?"

"He's a photographer," Feather said dreamily. "Actually, he's a genius. Someday he's going to be the very top."

"Oh?"

"He's sort of putting in his apprenticeship now," she explained, "on a newspaper. But he'll have a studio of his own. The best."

"And you love him very much?"

... ...

Clutter

By R. H. Grenville

No tidy housewife, the heart,
With things in their ordered places.
Haphazard she is, each room
A clutter of days and faces,
With many a sterling hour
Mislaid or lost forever,
And many a trivial thing
Enshrined. She will not, ever,
Throw once-loved things away,
Even the spray of rue;
Incongruously retains
That self the self outgrew,
Arranges, side by side,
The old love and the new.

... ...

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"Of course," Feather said. "I think so. We're planning to be married as soon as he's established."

Willie pictured a handsome, debonair genius surrounded by the glitter of the high-fashion set, and felt oddly uncomfortable. They floated farther.

Feather sighed and waved toward the party. "It's nice to be settled down like we are, isn't it, Willie?"

"Yes," Willie said.

"I mean, no more fussing about dates and wondering. You can sort of make plans about the future." Her head was resting against his chest; she snuggled.

"Yes," Willie said. The strange, protective feeling surged over him in a great wave; he pulled her closer unconsciously.

Feather drew back and blushed. "My!" she said. "That's no way for settled-down people to be dancing. Forgive me, Willie."

"I keep getting a funny urge to sort of wrap you up and put you in my pocket," Willie said wonderingly.

"My goodness!" Feather cried. "This kind of thing is just chemistry. Ignore it. Let's go look at the baby."

They went in like a couple of conspirators, and found Button asleep. Timmy announced happily he'd never even dreamed his roommate was expecting. Feather repeated instructions for a late feeding, then looked at her watch and said she had to go.

Willie frowned and offered to take her home. She refused. She said, "Stay tense and alert, father. I'll be here early in the morning," and started to leave.

Then they kissed. It was a warm, lingering, delightful kiss; they stepped back and looked at each other blankly.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Feather cried, flushing. "How did that happen?"

"I didn't mean to," Willie said awkwardly. "I guess it's that protective feeling. Forgive me, Feather."

"I didn't mean to either," Feather said; and added, "I apologize, William. To both you and Althea."

"I apologize too," William said; "to both you and Brad. Good night, Feather."

"Good night, Willie."

Willie went to bed and dreamed of a tiny blond in a clinging black dress, and awoke early and felt guilty. He lay still for a few moments, then something else took shape in his mind; he made the bureau in two jumps.

Button was sleeping peacefully. So was Timmy. He dressed and made breakfast; then padded to the door for the morning paper. He glanced at the headlines, flipped to the lower half of the fold, and his mouth dropped open. Button's picture stared at him, three columns wide. Above it a headline screamed, WHO ABANDONED THIS WAIF? The by-line said "By Feather Henderson."

"Reporter!" he gasped. The story painted a graphic picture of his acquisition of Button on 34th Street; a lower paragraph caught his eye:

The child is now under the care of this reporter, who is using these columns in an appeal to the mother to identify herself before it becomes necessary to invoke the police and subsequent heart-rending official action. . . .

Willie sank onto the sofa and thought of the arrival of Althea and her mother, and got the sensation of engine failure close to the ground.

"Traitor!" he gasped. "Jezebel!"

The door buzzer sounded. Feather's voice said, "Willie? Are you up?" She put her head in the door cautiously. "Have you seen the paper?"

"Yes!" Willie grated. "Traitor! Remember my guests? A low, conniving, underhand trick! I ——"

Feather came in. She wore a gay peasant dress and the expression of a small child with a lollipop. She said blithely, "You'd never have played ball if I'd told you, William."

He eyed her, hard. "Don't take your things off," he said. "We're leaving for the police station. With baby. Now!"

Feather sat down and said happily, "In Air Force language, captain, negative. Button is staying here, for a little while anyway. Until the mother shows up or until the paper chooses to turn her over to the authorities."

William put on his coat. "She stays here in a pig's hat!" he said. "Listen, Jezebel! My girl and her mother arrive here at noon, and if you think I'm going to have some benighted baby taxiing around, or even be involved ——"

"You aren't going to like this," Feather said sorrowfully. She sighed. "Father, if you so much as go near the police, you will not be seeing the lovely Althea at all. Do you realize you are an accessory to a crime?"

Willie gaped. "Crime?" he said blankly. "Accessory?"

"Abandoning a baby is a criminal offense. You did not report it. Indeed, you kept the child. Concealed evidence."

"You made me!" he said hoarsely. "Told me it might get sick! Took pictures! Sneaked off to write that stuff!"

Feather nodded serenely; Willie gazed at her in wonder. She said gently, "Willie, an abandoned baby is always a good news story. A tear-jerker. A puller of heartstrings. And this time my paper has it alone. The others can get no information from the police. They don't know where to find the child. And they don't know where to find you. You will notice I

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fibbed a little in the story, and labeled you a transient in the city."

"Congratulations!" Willie said bitterly.

"The fact that the paper is keeping the child from the authorities, even for a short time, may make them angry, but my city editor is good at coping with authorities. And in the meantime ——" She brightened. "It's a wonderful news beat!"

Willie found himself standing up; he had a sickly vision of Althea and her mother pointing long, accusing fingers. "Listen!" he said faintly. "Have your story! Go ahead! But get that baby out of here! Take her to your place! She's yours!"

Feather shook her head. "That's the first place they'll look. The competition will be following me like beagle dogs." She added seriously, "Willie, it won't really be for long. My mother's in the country, but she's due back sometime this afternoon. She has an apartment uptown, and I can take Button up there then. Relax!"

"But Althea!" Willie wailed. "Mrs. Townsend!"

"Phooey!" Feather said airily. "Certainly your guests won't be prowling around the bedrooms. They'll never know she's here! Why, even if they read the paper, Button could have been handed to anybody, father. My goodness, what kind of people are they?"

She got up and disappeared in beauty into the kitchenette, then tiptoed into the bedroom, carrying a nursing bottle. Willie looked distracted.

Feather reappeared and said, "I'm leaving now, Willie, to grind out some more copy. Your guests arrive at noon?" She stopped, considering. "I'll be back shortly after eleven with a photographer, but just for a minute. We need some more pictures." She added happily, "The photographer might be Brad. He works for the Banner too."

Willie pointed a shaking finger. "Protective feeling!" he said hoarsely. "Ha! Listen, traitor! So help me, if you cross me up I will take you apart and throw away the pieces! I will ——"

Feather waved. She said gaily, "Don't drop the baby, father," and left.

Willie shaved, and cut himself. Shortly after eleven the door buzzer sounded; he jumped. "Feather?" he said.

"Willie!" Althea said over the intercom, from the lobby. "We got here early. Hello, Willie!"

"Awk!" Willie said. He looked around him desperately. He raced to the bedroom and closed the door, then returned to the buzzer. Althea appeared. She was a tall, dark, very pretty girl with a fresh-scrubbed look; she kissed Willie nicely. "Darling!" she said.

Althea's mother stood behind her, prim and peering. She was a very plump woman in a dress that did little to conceal it, and she wore a round hat and walking shoes.

She said formally, "It's nice to meet you, captain."

"Yes!" Willie said. "I—yes! Come in!"

Mrs. Townsend let herself down into a chair. Althea took off her coat and looked around. "Willie, it's a lovely apartment! Mother thought if we came early we could go to the United Nations first, then have a late lunch. Things won't be so crowded then."

"Fine!" Willie said enthusiastically. "Of course! Good trip?" He added, inspired, "Perhaps we should go now? The crowds ——"

Althea looked at him reproachfully. "Willie! We can talk for a few minutes. Aren't you glad to see me?"

They sat down; Willie sat on the edge of the couch and thought frantically of Feather's impending visit. There was a sudden wail from the bedroom; he half rose.

"Thin walls," he babbled. "These New York apartments ——"

The bedroom door opened and Timmy stepped out. He had on the bottoms of the purple pajamas. His hair was tousled and he was scratching his stomach.

He peered at Althea owlishly and said, "Are you left over from the party?" He added politely, "Would you like to have a baby?"

Althea gasped. Her mother gasped. Willie, rooted to the couch, finally found his feet. "No!" he choked. "No, Timmy! This is ——"

Timmy rubbed sleep from his eyes. "Little monster kept me awake all night," he mumbled. "And besides, we're running out of towels. Orange juice, anybody?"

He turned and saw Mrs. Townsend. His eyes opened; he stared. "Oooh!" he said. "Willie!"

"Timmy!" Willie squawked. "Althea! Mrs. Townsend!"

Timmy's mouth opened; he fled into the kitchenette. Althea and her mother were on their feet. "My roommate!" Willie said desperately. "He had—er—late duty last night. He ——"

There were gurgling noises from the bedroom; Althea was looking at him. It was a taut, questioning look; then she walked purposefully. Her mother followed. They walked into the bedroom. Button peered up at them from the bureau drawer. They stared for a long moment, then Mrs. Townsend stiffened; her mouth was a tight white line. She said, "Well!" expressing everything.

There were bright spots of color on Althea's cheeks. "Willie! It's—your roommate's?"

Willie waved. "Please!" he tried. "It's abandoned! It was given to me, but ——"

Althea seemed to grow taller; she fairly blazed. Mrs. Townsend stalked from the room. Willie grabbed Althea's arm. "Listen!" he said frantically. "This is ridiculous! Someone gave it to me yesterday! Please! May I explain? The newspapers will prove it!"

Althea was fingering something on the bureau; it was the snapshot of Willie changing Button. She said icily, "Yesterday? Since when did pictures get made overnight, William?" and swept out of the room.

"The camera!" Willie bleated. "Automatic!" He followed. Mrs. Townsend stood in the middle of the living room, glaring. Althea was very white. The door buzzer sounded. Willie leaped. "Feather!" he wailed. "Come up! Come up and explain!" He punched the buzzer. Feather appeared, running. She said, "What ——" and looked. "Oooh!" she said.

There was a big, stocky young man behind her; he had a sharp crease in his trousers and he carried a huge news camera.

He said breezily, "Hiya, father. I'm Brad. Where's the offspring?"

Mrs. Townsend's eyes seemed to glaze. Feather shoved Brad through the bedroom door; then she touched Willie's arm instinctively. "Willie!" she said. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Feather!" Willie begged. "Explain this! All of it!"

Timmy appeared, dressed, and looking crestfallen. He said, "I should explain, too, ma'am, and apologize. You see ——"

Feather stepped forward. She eased Althea into a chair. She eased Althea's mother into a chair. Then she started to talk. She said simply, "This is all a misunderstanding. Completely. It's all my fault. Willie is blameless. I'm a reporter and ——"

The flare of a flash bulb came from the bedroom, and Brad's voice. "Good one!" he chortled. "Damp little problem, isn't she?"

Mrs. Townsend seemed to come out of deep shock; she heaved to her feet. Her chin quivered. She said flatly, "Althea, come!"

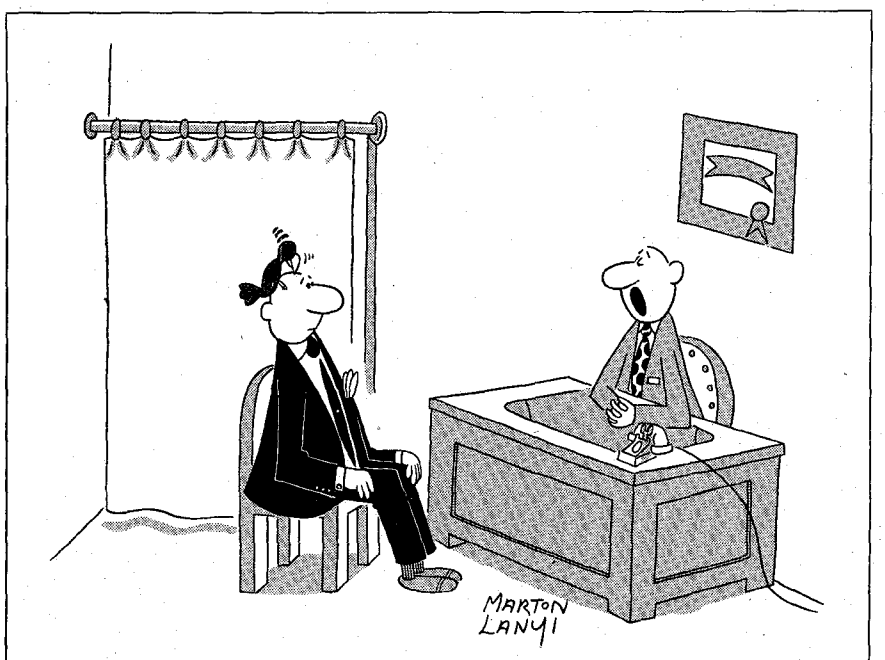
Althea stood up too. She said faintly, "I—certainly will, mother!" and moved to her mother's side. She gave Willie a long, stricken look, and the door slammed behind them.

Willie collapsed onto the couch. "Althea!" he wailed. Then he was back on his feet. He advanced on Feather, waving fists. "I'm going to start at the top," he said hoarsely, "and pile up all the pieces and kick them around till they disappear. I'm ——"

Feather stared at him, then at the door, unbelieving. She flushed, and the flush became a slow burn. "Listen, father! Althea's coming early was just a bad break, and I've apologized! I tried to explain!"

"Great!" Willie said. "Fine! I'm ——"

Feather caught fire all over; she poked a finger into Willie's chest, and her voice rose, "What's more, do you know what I think? I don't think your Althea's much of a girl, not to stay here long enough to get the facts straight! Why, she took off after mummy like a whipped pup!"



"I think I know what's causing your headache, Mr. Egon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She poked harder. "Is that what you want, Willie Evans? Is it?"

Willie backed up; he looked surprised. "I—hadn't thought," he said.

"Well, think! Moreover, my father once told me that when a man is considering marrying a girl, he should look at her mother first! In her mother he'll see his girl twenty years later. Mrs. Townsend. Ha!"

Willie backed up farther. "Yes," he said blankly.

Feather said, "I ——" Then she unwound. "Oh, sit down," she said. "I'm sorry."

Timmy came out of the kitchenette and mumbled apologies, and left for the field. Brad came out of the bedroom, and waved jovially, and left too.

Willie glared murderously. "I," he said, "am going to their hotel and see if I can undo the damage done by one reporter. I'm ——"

Feather looked guilty. She said weakly, "I'll be baby-sitting." She added, "I'm—really sorry, Willie."

Willie charged out and hailed a cab, and found himself in the hotel lobby. He picked up a house phone and demanded an audience. He begged and pleaded; Althea hung up. Willie, angry and confused, spent an hour stomping about Central Park. Somewhere beneath his anger was the small, uneasy feeling that Feather was right; Althea had certainly pushed the panic button in a hurry. He did another turn about the park and resolved to let the Townsends cool off. Then he squared his shoulders and went back to the apartment. Feather was packing baby paraphernalia into a pillowcase; she stopped and looked up anxiously.

"Is it—straightened out, Willie?"

Willie glared. "Ha!" he said.

Feather went back to packing. She said glumly, "Mother got home, Willie. I phoned. I'm getting Button out of your hair."

Willie watched, then got up reluctantly and helped. They got a cab and rode in silence. Feather looked very small and forlorn in one corner; Willie found himself fighting down the protective feeling, hard. After a while the silence was awkward.

He touched Button and said gruffly, "What—will happen to her?"

"We'll turn her over to the Child Welfare Bureau soon. They do a very wonderful job with this kind of thing, Willie."

"Yes," Willie said. The cab stopped, and he met Mrs. Henderson. She took Button tenderly and put her in a crib that used to be Feather's. Willie said good-by, lamely, and in the doorway Feather looked very tiny and appealing.

She said, "I'm sure it will come out all right, Willie"; and added, "Again, I'm sorry."

"Yes," Willie said, and left.

He walked. He walked for a long time, thinking. Then he turned around and ran. He ran back to the Henderson apartment and pushed the bell; Feather came to the door and looked surprised.

Willie felt foolish at once. He said, "I—uh—it's that protective feeling." He added distractedly, "I can't help it. I—thought I might rescue you, or something."

"You—did?" Feather said.

"I met your mother," Willie said, awed. "She's still young looking and beautiful."

"She—is?"

"Well, listen," Willie said desperately. "That Brad. It seems to me he's running to a bit of weight. Did you ever meet his father?" He glared. "It might work both ways. His father might be all fat and run together and ——"

"Why, Willie!" Feather cried. "Why, Willie Evans! You—might be right!"

THE END

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Loudest Music Ever Heard

(Continued from Page 31)

upward, and it is taking not just one form but many.

Consider the great bells first. Carillons and chimes are the royalty of the bell world. Carillons, whose bells sometimes number six dozen and weigh 100 tons, are sets of twenty-three or more tuned bells on which a carillonneur can play, by clavier or console, almost any tune from Old Man River to parts of Pagliacci. Chimes are sets of fewer than twenty-three tuned bells which are mostly rung in some order that produces a pleasant jangle of sounds but not necessarily a tune. The big news about carillons is their sweeping popularity.

The late William Gorham Rice, this country's early outstanding carillon enthusiast, wrote a book in 1914 in which he listed all the carillons he knew of. He named two in the United States. One in Buffalo had forty-three bells, "of which 20," he wrote, "are in use"; another, at Notre Dame University, was "temporarily not working." He seems not to have known about three others. But the point is that from Panama to the arctic, at the time of World War I, carillons here were almost unknown.

A few months ago Robert Donnell, Dominion Carillonneur of Canada, published an up-to-date list of carillons in Canada and the United States. He named ninety-eight. In the five years 1951–1955, no fewer than thirty-one were installed. The most recent, still on the planning table and not counted by Donnell, is the Taft Memorial, to be built in Washington, D.C., in memory of the late Sen. Robert A. Taft. Not all details of that one are settled, but architect Douglas W. Orr says it will be a cast-bell carillon of twenty-six fixed bells and a swinging bourdon—the biggest bell in any set—and it is hoped to have it belong specifically to Congress, with the bourdon striking for sessions to assemble, and tolling when members die.

Carillons nowadays are found in schools, churches, libraries, public places such as the Luray Caverns, in Virginia, and even in homes. William Randolph Hearst had one in his San Simeon ranch in California. There is one in a cemetery in Springfield, Massachusetts. A church-supply house in Boston has a twenty-five-bell carillon on its store front. One of the most widely heard is on the Rainbow Bridge between Canada and the United States, where honeymooners cuddle as carillonneur Robert B. Kleinschmidt twice daily in summer plays the Brahms Lullaby or things equally smooth, and dreaming, they forget the main attraction, Niagara Falls.

Do carillons cost a fortune? Some do. The great carillon in Riverside Church in New York City, the largest on the continent, has seventy-two bells, the heaviest weighting 40,880 pounds. It was given by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and it is said that replacing it today would ruin $1,000,000. Individual cast bells usually range in price from one to two dollars a pound, up to four dollars a pound, depending on size. There is a correlation between the weight of a bell and its musical note. Petit & Fritsen, the Dutch bellmakers, produce middle C with a bell of 5280 pounds, the next higher C with one weighing 640 pounds, and the next lower C would need a monster of about 45,000 pounds. In the fifty-five-bell Rainbow Bridge carillon, the largest in the British Commonwealth of Nations, the bourdon bell weighs ten tons and the smallest bell less than nine pounds. An acceptable small carillon, according to Professor Kleinschmidt—he is professor of physics at the University of Buffalo as well as carillonneur at the bridge—can be bought for about $20,000; rock bottom might be $10,000 with fewer and lighter bells. The bridge carillon, he thinks, could be duplicated, with clavier and bells, but not the tower, for about $200,000.

Some carillon lovers have found it can be done with a thin budget. The tiny town of Alfred, home of Alfred University, is tucked away in the rolling hills of Southwestern New York. Recently, in a forest setting at Alfred, I trudged up sixty openwork-steel steps in a structure that looks like a forest-fire tower and is the university's carillon tower. At the top I met a roundish, cigar-smoking, white-haired man of sixty-nine. Dr. Ray Wingate, head of the music department, is a carillonneur extraordinary. Until a dozen and a half years ago he had never heard a carillon, much less played one. He learned by taking lessons from skilled carillonneurs and by playing. There are two schools for carillonneurs in Europe and one at the University of Michigan. Carillonneurs, however trained, are passed on for ability by a committee of the Guild of Carillonneurs of North America.

That Alfred has a carillon is due to an odd set of circumstances. The noted entomologist, Dr. Lloyd R. Watson, spent years at Alfred University breeding a long-nosed race of bees and dreaming about bells. He had little money to spend on bells and knew no wealthy donors. However, he sent to England for bell founders' catalogues, and one kept sending advertising calendars every year. Watson hung them in the bee-candy room. Bee candy was made and sold by Mrs. Watson.

One day Mrs. Charlotte Greene, of Boston, came to the Watsons' to buy bee candy. Mrs. Greene, then taking special courses at Alfred, was donor of the thirty-bell carillon at Wellesley College. The bell calendar caught her eye.

"How do you happen to have that?" she asked.

Mrs. Watson explained about her husband. Mrs. Greene took the matter to heart. A little later, on a trip to Europe, she ran to earth, through dealers, a set of old bells which, she learned, could be bought for about $10,000. Made in 1674 by Pieter Hemony, most famous of the old European bellmakers, they had had a checkered history, having spent some time underground to escape capture in wartime. With a little fixing, they were as good as new. Bells that are good to start with and escape cracking, experts say, have no known life limit. When the news of these bells got back to Alfred, there was a money-raising scramble. Two professors mortgaged their homes. Eventually the money was contributed by several hundred donors, and the professors lifted the mortgages.

When the bells arrived, there was no tower for them. They were sitting on the ground when a former student, Justin Bradley, saw them. "Those things ought to be up in the air!" he said. Next day he sent an oil-derrick crew to put up a structure very much like an oil derrick. The bells were installed in it, and Alfred University had a carillon! Additional bells have been bought since, and eventually a stronger tower was built. When Wingate plays, the bells sound wonderful over hills and forests.

The chief object in the carillonneur's room is the clavier. Carillons and chimes sometimes are played on pianolike keyboards, with electric contactors and solenoid switches. However, carillonneurs usually prefer the more rugged clavier. It permits better control of the volume of sound, they say. A clavier has keys and pedals which are struck with fists or feet as the player slides back and forth on a bench. Each is directly connected by wire with the clapper of its bell.

Playing is work. "You've got to love it," Wingate told me, "or you're licked before you start. You're licked if you do love it," he added, "because you can't quit." He wears pads to protect his hands. On hot days he strips down to shorts, but still loses two pounds every time he plays. "But," he says, "I'm going up there as long as I can totter!"

The bells at Alfred and in the famous carillons and chimes are cast bells, cup-shaped, with clappers and hammers. But electronics experts have been saying for ten years that it doesn't have to be so. They have found that it is possible to produce any desired musical note by striking a bar, wire or metal tube with a hammer possibly no bigger than a baby's thumb. This makes a tinkle to be heard for a few feet. When amplified, the sound can be made to boom out like a big bell. This had led to electronic carillons and chimes, push-button-automatic, which are installed in belfries at less cost and with fewer architectural headaches than cast bells. The same amplifying apparatus can be used to play recordings of real bells, which sound to listeners like the real thing. Nobody knows how many electric carillons there are. "Several thousand," one authority estimates.

One of the main bell trends concerns hand bells. Three quarters of a century ago P. T. Barnum was scouring the globe for novelties to catch American showgoers' pennies. He heard about hand-bell ringers in England. Bell ringing over there, especially change ringing, as it is called, which is mathematical rather than musical, and is done on "peals" of tower bells, is a major amateur sport. Fan magazines are published about it, and teams win kudos by amazing stunts of endurance. Dorothy Sayers, in her mystery novel, the Nine Tailors, had her detective hero, Lord Peter Wimsey, take part in a peal that lasted for nine hours and fifteen minutes, and ended very badly for a character in the bell room who had no business to be there. Neighbors sometimes get pretty sick of such long-drawn-out affairs, especially if the practicing is done on big bells; so, long ago, hand bells were introduced to enable ringers to practice around the dining-room table. Hand-bell ringing became a thing in itself.

Barnum found the hand-bell ringers he wanted in Lancashire, and promised them fame and fortune if they would perform for him in America. He thought "English hand-bell ringers," however, sounded tame; so he dressed them up like Alpinists, and called them Swiss bell ringers. The Lancashiremen protested. "We," they said in their thick dialect, "can't speak a word of the language."

"Talk natural," Barnum told them; "nobody'll know!"

"Swiss" bell ringers made a hit, and teams toured for years. With the decline of vaudeville, however, they almost disappeared. Only a few devotees kept the thing alive. Lately it has sprung up again all over like brush fires.

The chief authority and principal promoter of hand-bell ringing in the United States is the Back Bay matron, Mrs. Arthur A. Shurcliff. She inherited her devotion to bell ringing from her father, Dr. Arthur H. Nichols, who was born in Boston near the Old North Church, and at one time revived the practice of English-style ringing there. This struck him as a lovely idea. The ringers

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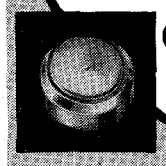

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practiced an hour a week at Old North, and daughter Margaret, the future Mrs. Shurcliff, was on the team. But even an hour was more than Bostonians were prepared to put up with. Babies, they said, were kept awake, and wives and husbands couldn't talk at dinner. Doctor Nichols in some dudgeon packed his duds and his daughter and took them to England, where bell ringing, he knew, was appreciated.

Margaret, then in her teens, was admitted to the Ancient Society of College Youths, the Middlesex Youths and the Cumberland Youths, most of whom, she found, were past fifty and some past seventy. Groups devoted an evening a week to bell ringing. Nearly every day Margaret was invited to ring with some group. Blisters broke, her back ached, and her first conductor said mournfully, "I 'ope, miss, you won't mind if I swears at you. I ain't used to ringin' with a laidy!"

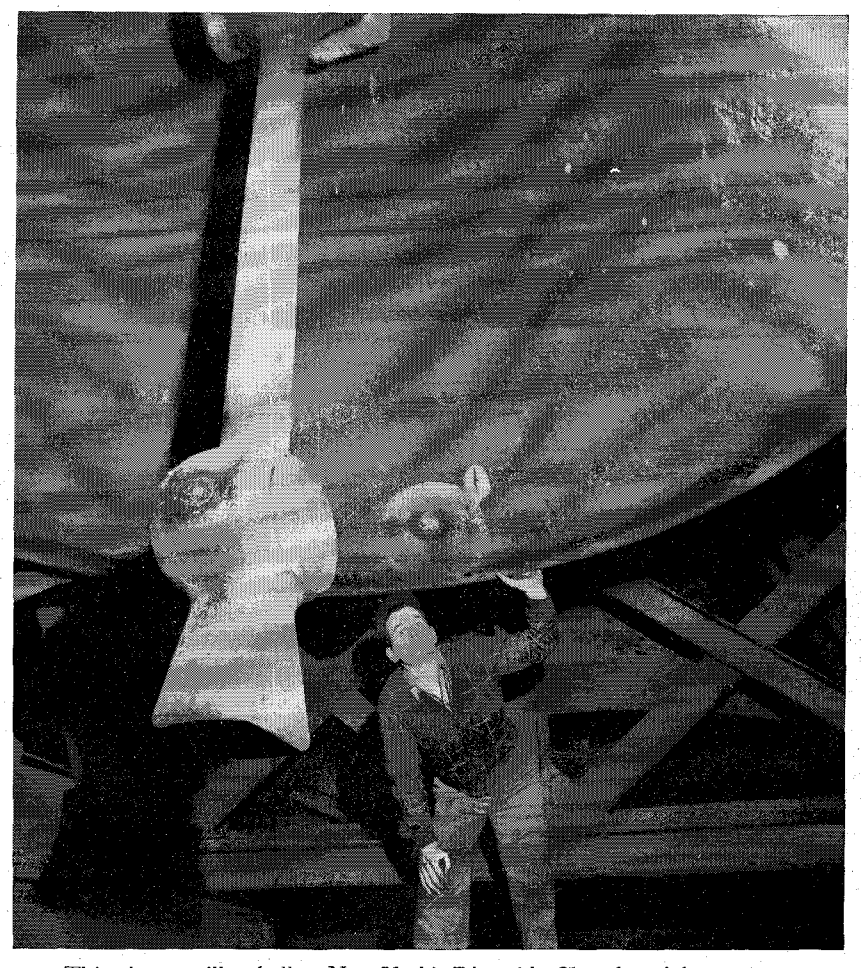
But she quickly got good and made history. Her first successful peal took three hours, less a minute, of continuous ringing. Margaret went into the record books as the second woman and the first American of either sex to complete a peal on British soil. She brought a set of hand bells back to this country, and her major interest ever since, aside from rearing a family of six, has been to spread the gospel and practice of hand-bell ringing. As soon as her children were old enough, she trained them to ring, and they started the practice of trooping through the snow on Christmas Eve to make Beacon Hill happy with carols rung on hand bells.

The Beacon Hill Bell Ringers was the first hand-bell band in the United States, modern style. Others took it up. In 1937, at Mrs. Shurcliff's home, the New England Guild of English Hand Bell Ringers was formed; it now has seventeen bands. In 1954 the American Guild was formed to include the whole country, and a recent count showed seventy-nine individual and group memberships in twenty-five states. Especially active are the Spartan Bell Ringers under Prof. Wendell Westcott, of Michigan State University, at East Lansing. Westcott, who is also the carillonneur at Michigan State, plays carillon recitals before home football games, and somebody started the rumor that, after he played, the team couldn't lose. The team, he says, proved different.

He organized the Spartan ringers in 1954. The band consists of ten undergraduates who play an average of once or twice a week on their own time. For public appearances, fees are charged, but the players don't share in them. Westcott says the campus booking office could keep them busy practically every night if they had the time. During the 1955 spring vacation they toured the state of Michigan, and in December they were booked into Washington, D. C., to play at the national Christmas-tree-lighting ceremony at the White House.

Bell choirs of hand-bell ringers are also becoming popular in churches. There are said to be around 100 already. The first one, it is believed, was organized at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City in 1947. "When children participate through music," says Dr. Paul Austin Wolfe, the minister, "there is a marked lift to the worship." Children in the bell choir range in age from ten to about fifteen. They play frequently at services, appeared twice on Christmas programs with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and for a number of years their bells were used on Christmas Eve for the carol sing in the Grand Central Station. The College Hill Presbyterian Church Choir, organized in 1949 at Easton, Pennsylvania, by Scott B. Parry, has given many concerts in the East and appeared on TV. Parry also organized the Princeton Hand Bell Choir in 1951, and is about to publish The History and Art of Handbell Ringing, believed to be the pioneer book on hand-bell ringing. With more than 1000 people already ringing on more than 100 sets of hand bells, and far more sets ordered than the makers can immediately supply, he sees no end to the boom.

Each player in a hand-bell band or choir ordinarily controls several bells, each of a different pitch. Usually the bells are laid out on a long table and picked up as needed. Mrs. Shurcliff uses thirty-four bells for indoor ringing; there may be more or fewer. The bells are beautifully made of bronze, each individually cast and tuned. Only one foundry, it is said, is equipped to make really good ones, is said to have, and thinks she does have, the world's leading collection of glass bells. She also has bells of all kinds from everywhere, more than 1500 of them, including a seven-and-one-half-pound camel bell; a wooden cowbell from Bali; a lady bell whose long dress is the bell part and her legs the clapper; a "sanctuary" bell—"If you beat your creditor to it and ring it, he has to wait twenty-three days for his money!"—donkey bells that have gone over the Himalayas; an hour-glass-shaped bell of which the top part is a cocktail glass and the bottom the bell to ring when a refill is wanted. One prize bell—the only one of the kind she knows of—is a music-box bell in which the tune is played on bells instead of a cylinder. She found it in Rome and displayed it at a Bell Association meeting, thereby



This giant carillon bell at New York's Riverside Church weighs 20 tons.

the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in London, England, which in 1752 cast America's famous Liberty Bell. Only one person in that foundry, Ernest (Ernie) Oliver, is engaged in the expert task of making and tuning the bells; his family has been doing bells for two centuries. Clappers and handles are made of leather. The average hand bell costs around fifteen dollars. The largest ones may run thirty-five or forty dollars apiece. A set of twenty-five bells, including the 10 per cent import duty, costs about $350, and a three-and-one-half-octave set would run about $600. It usually takes from eighteen to twenty-four months to get delivery on a set.

Bell collecting is a growing hobby. The American Bell Association has some 600 members, and nobody knows how many others collect without joining. The Bell Book, published by the association in 1955, is full of pictures of collectors and collections, and contains much miscellaneous information about bells.

A typical outstanding collector is Anna Knowlton, a past president of the association and a civic institution in Jamestown, New York. She teaches music, plays the organ in the First Methodist Church and discovering the extremes to which a dedicated bell collector will go to get coveted bells. A fellow member, recently widowed, saw the bell and could hardly sit still for wanting it.

"Please sell it to me!" he said.

"No."

"I'll give you five dollars."

"No."

"Ten."

"No."

"Twenty."

"No."

The poor fellow ran a desperate finger around his collar. "Anna," he said huskily, "I'll marry you!"

Anna admits she's a bit balmy on the subject of bells, and thinks most bell collectors are. "I don't drink, smoke or have an automobile," she says. "I spend it on bells." Her collection is insured for $3000 and may be worth $50,000, but stealing it, she says, would be the silliest thing a burglar could do; the racket would give him away in the first block. Anna gets her bells where she can, in junk shops, antique stores or by trading, and many are picked up on vacation travels.

Excellent collections of bells may be seen at many museums, including the Jewish, the Metropolitan and the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The late Frank Miller, proprietor of the Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, made a remarkable collection of bells, and guests of the hotel can see them on guided tours. There are interesting semipublic collections elsewhere, as at the Driftwood Inn, at Vero Beach, Florida, where arriving and departing guests are serenaded on some of the 200-odd bells in the collection of Waldo Sexton, the owner; and at the Schilling Museum and Hobby House, at Northfield, Minnesota, where W. F. Schilling, once a leading farmer and a member of President Hoover's Federal Farm Board, made the collection of bells and other objects his chief retirement activity. A tourist court on U.S. Highway 30, a mile west of Warsaw, Indiana, displays many interesting bells. The owner, O. C. Bast, enjoys showing and describing them to anyone interested. He himself has never seen them; he is blind.

Good bells have been made in the United States, and some still are. Paul Revere was the most famous native bellmaker, though perhaps not the best one. It is known that at least 398 bells were cast in his foundries at Boston and Canton, Massachusetts, between the years 1792 and 1828. The American cast-bell industry was given a severe blow by metal restrictions which were put into effect here, but not abroad, after V-J Day and during the Korean war. English and Dutch bell founders moved in and to quite an extent have captured the American cast-bell market. The E. W. Van Duzen Company, of Cincinnati, which made the St. Francis de Sales bell in 1895, is one of the few still remaining in business; one of its jobs recently was making a big bell for the aircraft carrier Forrestal.

Bellmaking has usually been cloaked in mystery. Technical controversies have raged. Every good tuned bell, experts say, has five overtones. Shape, construction, thickness—all have something to do with getting these just right, but few agree on details.

Profs. A. L. Bigelow, of Princeton, and Kleinschmidt, of Buffalo, have separately made studies of what happens when bells ring. No mixture of metals, it is generally agreed, produces sweeter-sounding bells than pure copper and tin in the proportion of about four to one, though it was long held that the tone could be sweetened by adding silver, gold or precious stones. A Belgian bell founder is said to have taken advantage of the myth by providing a chute into which donors could toss their diamonds and other trinkets; they were supposed to go to the furnace, but always ended up in the bell man's safe! The Chinese tell of a girl who plunged into the molten metal of a bell being cast, believing that only a maiden's blood could give it the tone the emperor wanted.

Evert Fritsen, a younger son, represents in this country a company that has been making bells in Holland since 1660. His two oldest brothers, he says, are the only ones who know the secret of figuring the tone of their bells, and when they die they will pass it on to their oldest sons. He hopes it's a better secret than his grandfather's. That old gentleman, he recalls, when the metal for a bell was about to be poured, used to come into the foundry, where the workmen watched while he threw something into the bubbling mass. Blue flames sprang up. Everyone felt that the final indispensable ingredient had been added. Only when the old man died was it revealed that what he threw in was common table salt.

THE END

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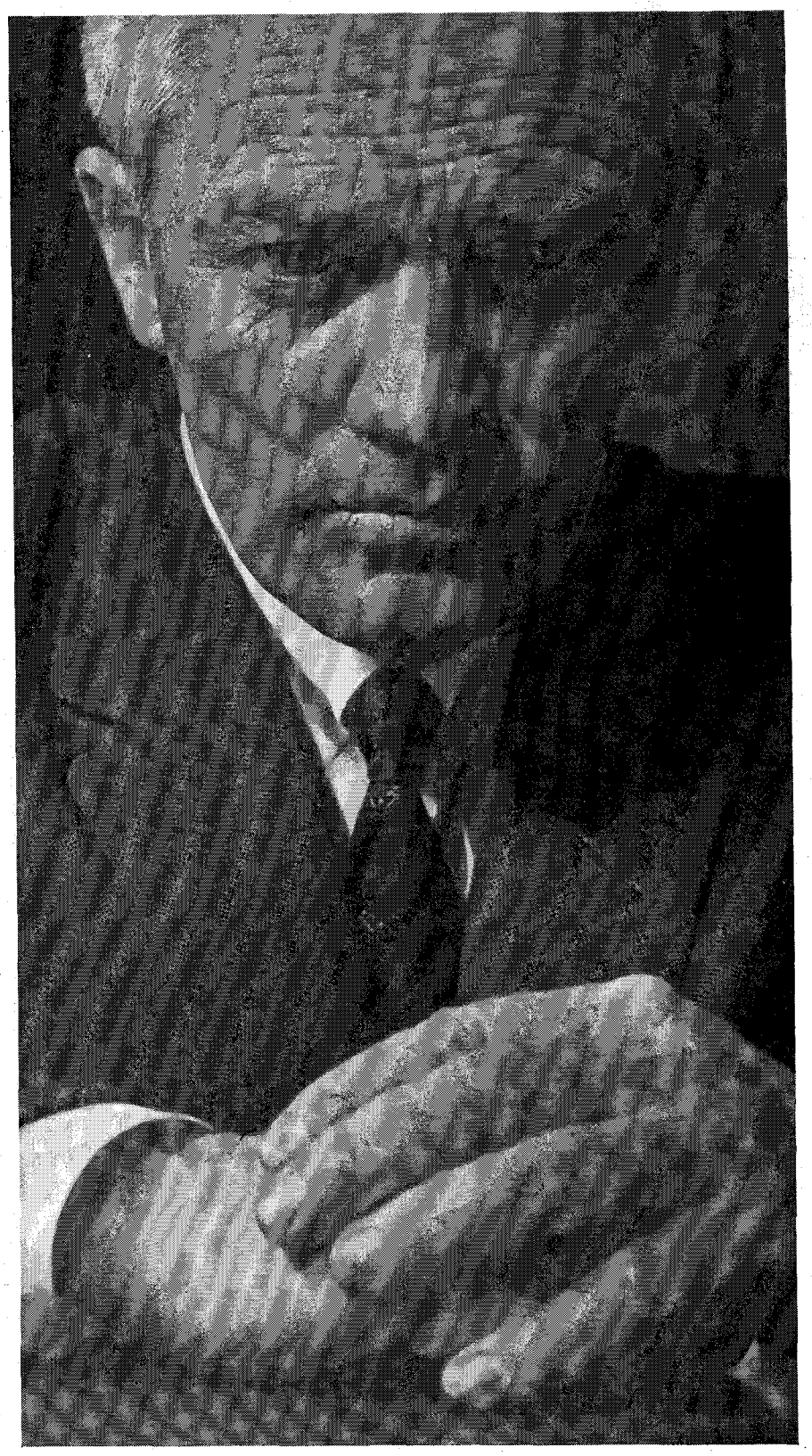

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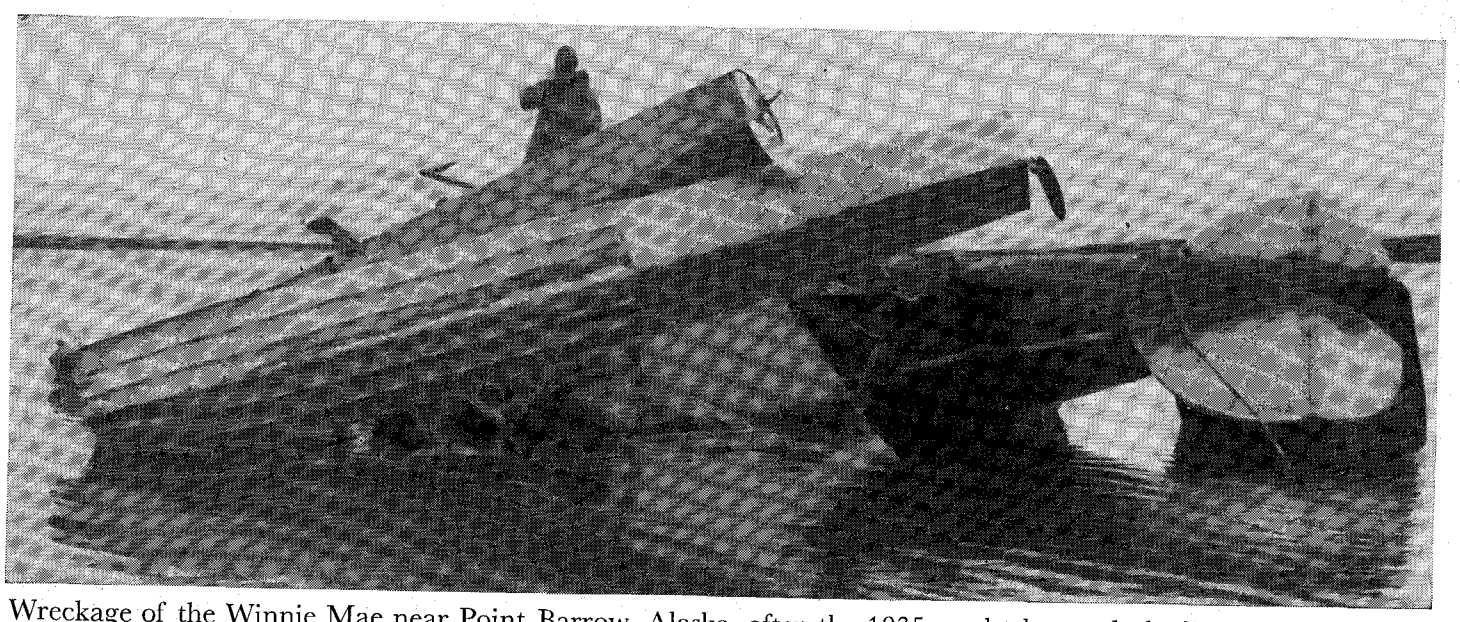

Wreckage of the Winnie Mae near Point Barrow, Alaska, after the 1935 crash that took the lives of Will Rogers and his pilot, Wiley Post. The famous pair were attempting to fly from Seattle, Wash., across Siberia to the Orient.

Bush pilot Crosson flew out the bodies of Post and Rogers.

I Was a Bride of the Arctic (Continued from Page 13)

morning, and sent him away with a brave smile. The temperature was dropping fast; it was already forty-five below. To keep warm, I unpacked my old reindeer parka and fur boots, and put them on. The cabin was freezing, and the stove didn't seem to be working right. The wood smoldered, but it wouldn't burn.

I straightened the stovepipe to get a better draft. There was a dull thump inside the pipe. Sooty smoke curled through pipe joints and around the stove lids. The fire went out. I raked out the charred wood and started all over, using plenty of kindling.

The fire burned briskly for a few minutes, but it soon died down, and oily black smoke poured out thicker than ever, covering me with soot. I didn't want to call for help, for fear people would think I was one of those silly cheechako women who needed a man to start a fire. So I went outdoors and climbed up on the low, slanting roof of the cabin. I banged on the chimney with a stick to loosen whatever was inside, and hurried back into the house. It looked like the inside of a coalbin. The fire was out again.

I started from scratch once more. As the kindling took fire, soot and smoke belched out. I was so mad I grabbed the poker and smashed at the stovepipe with all my strength. There was a violent explosion. The lids of the stove lifted, the firebox door flew open and the stovepipe collapsed in sections on the floor, scattering grime in all directions. Flames leaped out of the stovepipe hole toward the ceiling. I expected the cabin to catch fire any minute, but I was so mad I didn't care.

While the fire in the stove was burning itself out, I took the sections of stovepipe outdoors and cleaned them out. Then I put them together and stuck them up through the roof. I was black from head to foot, and it was so cold in the cabin that the water barrel had frozen solid. I thought of leaving Fairbanks then and there. Maybe Frank would be sorry when he returned and found I'd gone back to Seattle. I was so hungry and cold and lonely that I began to cry. And just then I heard a knock on the door.

"You in there, darling?" My neighbor pushed the door open and shuffled in. Her hair was in curl papers, she wore an old mink coat, and she was carrying a steaming pot. "Just thought I'd bring over some caribou stew," she said, "in case you was feeling hungry."

She fitted her wide hips into the little rocking chair and teetered back and forth as I wolfed down the hot stew. She paid no attention to the soot all over me.

"Might's well introduce myself, seeing we're neighbors," she said. "I'm Kitty. Circle Kitty, they call me sometimes. I hit Circle back in 'Ninety-five. Shot the Whitehorse rapids on a log raft with a troupe of other show girls. I was the belle of the outfit. When I sang at the Arctic Saloon, they'd holler and toss gold nuggets at my feet.

"I knew 'em all in those days, darling," she continued. "Tex Rickard, and Jack (Twin) Sullivan, the prize fighter. And Judge Wickersham, I appeared before him in court once. I even knew Jack London back in Nome."

The coffeepot was bubbling on the stove. I wiped out a couple of filthy mugs and filled them. Circle Kitty gazed placidly at the heap of tin cans and worn-out boots in the corner.

"Previous tenant had to leave in a hurry," she said. "He's doing six months for bootlegging. Don't worry, darling; you can get it all mucked out by the time your man comes home."

I don't know what I'd have done those first two weeks if it hadn't been for Circle Kitty's visits.

Slowly but surely I got things looking shipshape. I pulled the kitchen table over the hole in the floor. I scrubbed every inch of the walls and ceiling, and glued the wallpaper back on, and painted the woodwork white. There was only one window in the cabin. Somebody had shot a bullet through it and left a little hole with cracks spreading in all directions. I traced all the cracks with black ink to make it look like a giant spider web. Then I cut out a paper spider and pasted it over the hole.

I had to keep the stove going day and night, because the temperature stayed at fifty-five below the whole time Frank was away. The harder I worked, the madder I got. There he was, enjoying life on the dog trail, leaving his bride to slave alone. I couldn't make up my mind whether to say all the mean things to him that I was thinking or not speak to him at all, when suddenly he showed up one night.

I didn't even recognize him at first. Whiskers stuck out all over his face, his frostbitten ears were twice their normal size and his nose was just a swollen red blob. His eyes were bloodshot, but the twinkle was still there as he told me how much he'd missed me. He said that all the other dog mushers had holed up at roadhouses, but he'd kept pushing on day after day in the intense cold to get back home as he had promised. I was so ashamed I didn't say anything about my own troubles. I just hugged him. He hadn't bathed for two weeks, and he smelled of dogs and smoked salmon, but I didn't mind.

The next morning the temperature rose and the big snow started. The little cabins in Fairbanks seemed to sink lower and lower each day into an ocean of feathery snowflakes. I loved to wade down the silent streets, lined with white birches, past the little cabins huddled on the bank of Chena Slough. Fairbanks in the '20's was an orderly village of about 2000 residents. It had never been a real stampede town, even at the height of the gold rush, and the people were easygoing family types, generous and friendly. The houses were made of logs, chinked with white clay and brightened with cretonne curtains and window boxes of geraniums and begonias. The lights burned all day long in winter. As I looked through the windows and saw children playing in front of the fireplace, I began to feel more secure.

Frank had not mentioned any more trips lately, but he had to spend all day in his Fairbanks office. I didn't like sitting around our little cabin alone. I'd become acquainted with other wives in town, and to pass the time we organized a basketball team. One of the substitutes on our team was a striking brunette named Marvel Crosson. Her brother, Joe, was a bush pilot who had come to Fairbanks to start a pioneer airplane service. Joe Crosson became world famous when he brought out the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post after they crashed near Point Barrow in 1935. (Marvel became a noted flier herself; unhappily, she was killed in the Bendix Cup Races.)

When I came home from basketball practice with my hair rumpled and my face red, Frank would look at me curiously. He was too much of a Yankee to ask what I was doing, and I didn't tell him for quite a while. Then we arranged to play the high-school girls' team on New Year's Eve, and I invited Frank to come to the game.

He looked at me in that sort of helpless way he had, and my heart bumped. I could guess what he was going to tell me. "Washington wants me to find out about the winter range of the white Dall sheep. I've got to take a dog-team trip into the high country. We won't be together on New Year's."

"We'll be together," I told him firmly.

"But I just had a wire from Washington, honey. I've got to go."

"All right," I said; "I'm going with you."

Jack (Twin) Sullivan drew big gates in Alaska's gold-rush days.

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Crosson's sister Marvel, herself a flier, played basketball with Klondy.

Will Rogers (left) with Wiley Post at Seattle just before taking off on the fatal flight. Post previously had flown around the world alone—with only one eye.

We set out from Fairbanks at ten o'clock at night because in midwinter it was brighter by moonlight than by day. The moon was full as we drove the dog team along the Wood River bottom through snow-covered spruces. One of us would take a turn at the handle bars while the other jogged behind or rode on the sled. Our team consisted of eleven pure white Huskies, led by Jack Frost, a wise old trail master. The temperature dropped steadily as we left the foothills and started into the high country. Below us in the canyons we could hear river ice booming like salvos of artillery. Occasionally a spruce tree would groan, as its heart sap froze and expanded, and explode like a stick of dynamite.

As the sun rose, Frank nudged me and pointed. A low bank of fog seemed to be drifting over the frozen river below.

"Caribou," Frank explained. "When it's this cold, their breath and body heat form a cloud of steam big enough to hide them." The cloud parted for a moment and I saw fifty caribou trot up the far bank into the spruces.

We halted in the last grove of trees, halfway up the mountain. The short day was almost ended. Ahead of us the chiseled peaks of the Wood River range rose, tier on tier, 12,000 feet into the garnet-colored sky. The dogs lay down, panting, and in the sudden silence we heard a scraping of hoofs on the ridge above. A dozen white sheep paused a moment on the sky line, tossing their amber horns. As I raised my hand to point, they vanished.

Frank cut down a large spruce for the dogs' shelter, lopping off the upper branches to form a lean-to. I got out the bale of dog feed and threw each Husky a dried salmon. Then I helped Frank pitch an eight-by-ten tent with a canvas floor. We set up the camp stove with its stovepipe poking through a metal ring in the roof. While I carried in the grub box, Frank pitched a ten-by-twelve tent over the first one. The air space between the two tents made a natural insulation. At sixty below, the interior was warm and cozy.

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Supper over, we unrolled Frank's double eiderdown sleeping bag, hung our damp outer clothing from the ridgepole, and crawled into the bag in our woolen underwear. The tent walls were tinted with rainbow colors as the aurora borealis filled the sky. A she wolf called in the moonlight—a long, spine-tingling howl. From the other side of the canyon a male answered with a shrill tremolo. I shivered, and Frank put his arms around me.

"What date did we leave Fairbanks?" he asked.

"The twenty-eighth."

"That's four days ago." He chuckled in the darkness. "This is New Year's Eve."

I don't think I've ever been happier in my life. I was with Frank, starting a New Year and a new life. I wondered, as I lay there, what other New Years would be like, after our child was born and I could no longer ride the moonlit snow trails with my husband.

Dog teams blazed new trails between the villages every winter. Apart from the snow trails, there was no road at all between Fairbanks and Nome. In summer the only highways were the rivers. Life on the Yukon began at spring breakup, when the ice cakes swept down toward the sea. The first stern-wheel steamer followed close behind, its stack belching sparks and wood smoke. Deck hands with long red-and-white poles stood in the bow, sounding the depths and shouting back to the pilothouse, "Deep six! Seven! No bottom!"

The captain steered through the twisted channel by landmarks on either bank: an eagle's nest in a cottonwood snag, a high-pole cache, an Indian cemetery on a hill, a burned stump that looked like a black bear. With a blast on his whistle that echoed for miles, he would heave his lines ashore at a native trading post, dump off provisions and take on sacks of furs. Then he would churn on to the next settlement.

Behind the stern-wheelers came a flotilla of smaller craft, bound for the Bering seacoast—homemade naphtha launches, log rafts propelled by long sweeps, poling boats, dories and birch-bark canoes. Frank had his own vessel, the Beaver. It was a powerdriven houseboat, made specially for him by the Alaska Game Commission, so he could navigate shallow Yukon tributaries in search of wildlife violators. Six months after our daughter, Virginia, was born, I made the downriver trip with him.

The Beaver's clean cabin, all polished brass and freshly painted woodwork, was heavenly after the log hut in Fairbanks. We had a private bedroom, a living room and a galley, all separate from the engine room and pilothouse. There was a real toilet that could be flushed with river water, and a hand pump in the sink. It was the first running water I'd ever had in Alaska.

The galley was so small that I could stand in one place and do everything—cook meals on an oil stove for Frank and his engineer, Jack Warwick, wash the dishes and bathe the baby. The vibration of the engine made her drowsy. She would sleep for hours at a time while I sat on a high stool in the pilothouse, watching the ever-changing panorama of nature along the Yukon's banks.

At every turn of the river, flocks of waterfowl would skitter ahead of us and lift into the air. Frank called their names off as he made notes in his field diary: whistling swans, mallard and pintail ducks, Canada geese, sandhill cranes. In the morning—it was bright daylight by three A.M.—we would see hundreds and sometimes thousands of caribou standing on the bank, the forest of horns gleaming red in the early sunlight. They would always plunge into the river and swim across in front of us. We would have to slow the engine to avoid hitting them.

Each Indian village we approached had racks of drying salmon lining the shores. Crude fish wheels turned with the current, and the floating fish boxes beside them were filled with king and coho and dog salmon, ling cod, pike and arctic shee-fish. Following the custom of the Yukon, we would help ourselves to whatever we wanted for supper. If we preferred trout or grayling that night, we would poke the Beaver's bow into a side stream and tie up. Frank would set up his fly rod and cast from the deck. Sometimes I baited a hook with bacon and lowered it through the hole in the flush toilet. I caught a lot of fish that way.

As summer followed summer, I began to worry about Ginny. She was getting old enough to crawl around the boat. I knew that if she ever fell in the muddy Yukon, her clothes would instantly load with silt and she would never come to the surface again. I'd catch my breath when we visited a native village and she toddled up to a chained Malemute dog, which was usually half wolf, and petted it; but, for some reason, no dog ever attacked her.

One afternoon, when Frank had left the houseboat to patrol in his canoe, I took Ginny up a hill to pick blueberries. She got ahead of me. Then I heard her calling, "Look, mamma; a doggie!" She was trotting toward a feeding black bear. The bear lifted its head and took a step toward her. Fortunately I had Frank's rifle—he made me carry it when I went ashore—and I dropped the bear with my first shot. It weighed about 200 pounds, but I managed to kick and shove it down to the water's edge. Frank's only comment when he saw it was, "Well, I guess we'll have fresh meat for a change." But I knew he was proud of me.

I worried too about Ginny being taken ill, until the Martha Angelina began her mercy patrols up and down the Yukon. The Martha was a Government hospital ship, run by Dr. Curtis Welch. His wife, Lou, acted as nurse. Medical service to the natives was free. When the moccasin telegraph sent word ahead that the Martha was coming, the natives would crowd at the river landings to be treated for real or imaginary ailments. One summer the Indian Service seemed to want everybody's tonsils removed. The natives appeared a little surprised at this drastic treatment, but they co-operated cheerfully because it didn't cost anything.

I loved our floating home on the Beaver, even though life was not always serene. One day the engine quit and the boat drifted onto a gravel bar just barely under water. No amount of rocking could work it loose, so Frank decided to lighten the load. We set a couple of iron cots in the shallow water and piled everything on top of them, including Ginny and me. Frank and Jack Warwick worked the boat down the bar until she floated free, and scrambled aboard as the current caught her. I heard the starter whine, but the engine wouldn't fire. The boat drifted rapidly down the river and out of sight.

The Yukon was four miles wide at that point. I was perched with Ginny on a towering stack of oil drums, food boxes

When word reached these Indians that a hospital ship was on its way, they flocked to the banks of the Yukon to have their tonsils taken out.

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and sacks of flour, in a terrifying expanse of rushing water. The sand was being eaten away under the cot, and I could feel the pile teeter a little. By the time the Beaver came chugging back upstream I was shaking with fright, but Ginny was having the time of her life making paper boats and watching them bounce downstream.

As Ginny grew older, I could see more and more of my childhood self in her looks. She had curly flaxen hair and bright pink cheeks, and there was a little birthmark at the nape of her neck, just like mother's and mine, that turned red when she was mad. She also had my knack of getting acquainted with strangers. Every time Frank stopped at a native village to take beaver skins, Ginny played with the Indian children. (I would wrap her legs with toilet paper, to protect them from mosquitoes.) When Frank tooted the boat whistle, she would come back, smelling of fish oil and chewing a black piece of jerked moose meat.

Sometimes I stayed on the boat and helped Frank with the beaver skins. The natives would assemble on the bank as we tied up, and toss armloads of pelts on deck. Frank inspected them one by one, to make sure they were taken during the open season. If the fat on the pelt had gone rancid, it indicated that the animal had been trapped before the law allowed. But if all was well, Frank would clamp a numbered metal seal through the eye of the pelt; it could then be shipped to market. The beaver was the main source of revenue for natives along the Yukon. We often tagged $500,000 worth of skins in a summer.

Once we nearly ran into serious trouble. Frank had heard about some illegal furs around Rampart, and the Indians told him of a wild-looking white man camped at the mouth of Little Minook Creek. They said the man threatened to kill anybody who landed on his beach.

Frank figured he'd better look into it. When we stopped at Little Minook we could see a tent under the trees. I watched Frank walk up the beach. Suddenly a man came out of the tent, wearing a fringed moose-skin jacket and a wide hat draped with mosquito netting. He pulled an ax out of a stump and started toward Frank. I grabbed our rifle, jumped off the boat and ran up the beach. Frank backed a couple of steps, reaching behind him with one hand as he faced the man, and called to me, "Hand me that gun, Klondy!"

The man halted in his tracks. "Klondy?" he said. "You ain't Warren Nelson's little girl?"

He strode toward me, handing Frank the ax as he passed by. "Here, you hold this." He grabbed my hand. "By heaven, y'are Klondy! I can see Warren written all over ya. Ever hear him mention the Scurvy Kid? Why, I knowed ya since ya was a baby." He yanked me toward the tent. "Come on in and have some coffee," he said, adding absently to Frank, "You can come in too."

The Scurvy Kid scaled his hat into a corner of the tent. He reminded me of a spawned-out dog salmon, with a hooked nose and pockmarks all over his face and snag teeth protruding in all directions. He poured me a mug of inky liquid. I took a swallow and choked.

"That's plenty strong," I managed to say.

"I like real coffee," he said. "I like it strong enough so's after I make it I got to rebore the pot."

"Sorry I busted in on you like this," Frank apologized, "but I was looking for a fur trapper."

"Trapper!" the Scurvy Kid snorted. "Hell, I'm a prospector, and I don't want no strangers nosin' around till I get a chance to file my claim."

"I'll be glad to record it for you," Frank said, "as soon as I get back to Fairbanks."

The Scurvy Kid turned to me. "Hell, Klondy, this dude you're hitched to's got a little sense, at that. I like a man with guts and go. Your dad had plenty of guts and go."

"He had plenty of go, all right," I said, "running off and leaving his family all alone."

"That's what I mean. He wasn't tied to no apron strings. Why, him and me belonged to the vigilantes when we was in Rampart. One time this gunfighter Wyatt Earp come into town, and your dad made him take off his six-shooters and leave 'em in Tex Rickard's saloon." He looked at me closely. "How long since you seen your dad?"

I thought a moment. "Over ten years."

"Hell, I seen him just a couple of years ago," the Scurvy Kid said. "He come through here on his way upriver. He was following another gold rumor. You'll catch up with him one of these days."

Somehow I knew the Scurvy Kid was right—sooner or later I would see my dad again. I hated him for deserting my mother. He was a braggart and a liar and he broke her heart, but nevertheless he was my dad. That night, as I lay in my bunk on the boat, Frank seemed far away. I was a little girl again. My dad was holding me in his arms, and I knew I still loved him.

That summer we saw more and more Jennies and Swallows flying up and down the Yukon. They made Frank impatient with our slow means of travel. We knew all the bush pilots by this time—A. A. Bennett and Ben Eielson and Bill Lavery, who took violin lessons from me, and Joe Crosson, of course. Frank recognized all the planes that flew over. "There's Joe now," he would say, "on his way to Nome." We'd be only a few more miles upriver when Joe would fly over again, heading back to Fairbanks. Frank would say, "I'm going to ask the Game Commission to trade in this old tub and get a plane."

"But Ginny couldn't go along in an airplane."

"Klondy," Frank said, "you couldn't go along either, I'm afraid. There'd only be room for the pilot and me. But think how much shorter my trips would be."

"But think how many more of them you'd take," I said.

The airplane was changing Alaska. Dog drivers hated them, because they knew their own days were numbered. Already the pilots had taken most of their passenger business; now they were carrying furs and starting to handle the mail. Resentment was building along the Yukon. Once, as we rounded a river bend at Koyukuk, we saw a float plane stuck on a sandbar. A crowd of boatmen and mushers lined the bank, jeering at the pilot. Nobody offered to row out and help, so Frank tossed the pilot a rope and towed him loose. Even the roadhouse proprietors fought the airplane, since their business depended on feeding and lodging sled drivers. A few of them put up signs: NO DOGS OR PILOTS ALLOWED INSIDE.

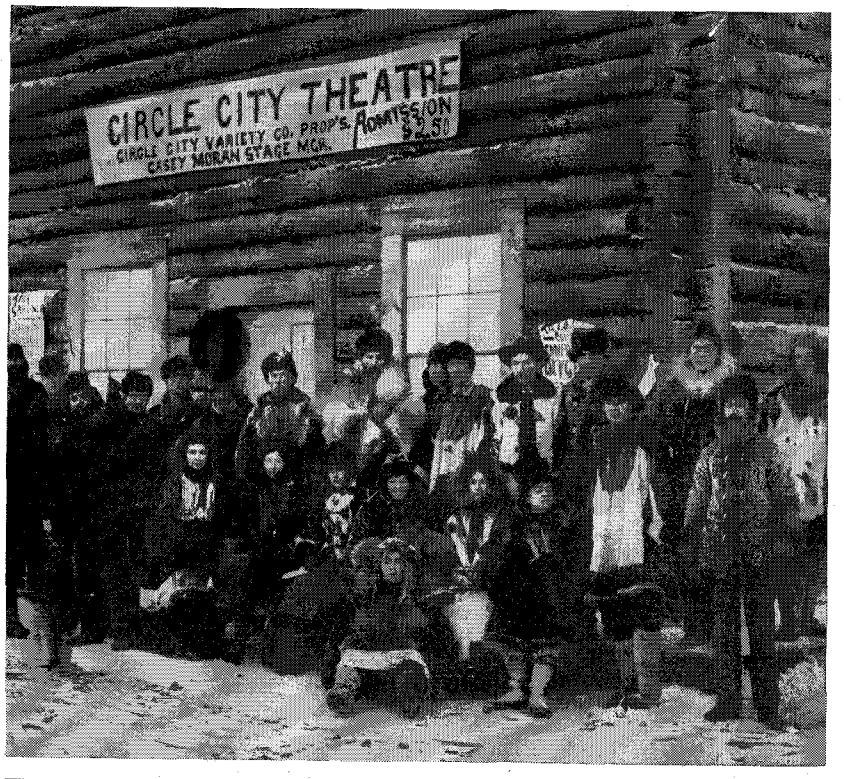
Sometimes it seemed that the only thing all Alaskans had in common was the annual Nenana Ice Pool. The ice went out early in May, and everybody in Alaska would bet a dollar on the exact day, hour and minute that spring breakup would take place.

The total pool ran into many thousands of dollars.

Nenana was nothing but a railhead on the Tanana River, but for a couple of weeks each spring it was the most important town in Alaska. The marker was a tripod anchored in the river ice right in front of the railroad station. A slack wire led from the tripod to the town clock, which was connected by another wire with the railroad-yard whistle. When the moving ice shifted the tripod enough to tighten the wire, the clock stopped, and that blew the whistle. Then the telegrapher in the Signal Corps office flashed the big news to every settlement in the territory.

Excitement built daily as breakup time drew near. People who had bet on an early day would pray for thawing weather. People whose date was later would cheer each cold snap. I had chosen midnight of May sixth. When midnight came and went, I realized I'd lost again. I had just crawled into bed when the bells started ringing in town. A few minutes later, Circle Kitty burst into our cabin, wrapped in her kimono, her eyes shining.

"Klondy, I hit the jack pot!" she shrieked, flinging herself on the double bed and throwing her arms around Frank and me. "I won a big-enough chunk to retire! Look at me, darling! I'm rich!" She started out the door to spread the good news up and down the street. "I'm going to buy a case of champagne and a new mink coat," she called over her shoulder, "and I'll have the biggest damn automobile in Fairbanks!"



This troupe played to free-spending sourdoughs in the rough-and-tumble days of 1898. Promoter Tex Rickard is second from right.

Kitty's automobile arrived from Seattle a month later. It was a huge, black nine-passenger Pierce-Arrow limousine, with velvet upholstery and a speaking tube to the chauffeur's seat. Maybe it was just a little secondhand, but it was the biggest automobile in Fairbanks.

Affluence brought respectability to Circle Kitty, and respectability brought marriage. Like so many dance-hall girls who had come to Alaska during the gold rush, she wound up as the wife of a prominent citizen, a well-to-do widower, and became an esteemed member of the community. Girls who had married like Kitty were faithful to their husbands and loyal to their friends. I knew that if I were ever in trouble I could count on Kitty.

Her wedding reception was the social high light of the season. The glittering soiree was held in her new home, a two-story frame house on Cushman Avenue. There was a case of champagne, which Kitty had obtained through a prohibition agent who was one of her former friends, and a new mink coat, which she draped over the piano so everybody could see it. She moved among the guests with a stately smile, her henna hair freshly waved and the spot of rouge on each cheek modestly reduced in size. She asked me to play a violin selection, so I gave the guests Liszt's Liebesträum, in double-stops.

After I finished, Kitty pinched my arm and whispered hoarsely, "That's beautiful, darling, but how about something with a little more zip to it?"

I started to play The Wedding of the Painted Doll, but checked myself in the nick of time and switched to Cecilia. Kitty burst into happy tears and kissed her husband.

Later that evening, as Frank and I were leaving, Kitty hugged me. "I'm so happy, darling," she confided. "After all these years I been kicking around—Circle and Dawson and Nome, never any place I could call my own—you don't know what it's like to have a real home and settle down."

"No, Kitty," I said thoughtfully, "I don't."

After six years of marriage, I was still practically living out of a packsack. Frank had to travel all the time on his job. Our home was usually the cabin on the Beaver, or a roadhouse, or a shelter hut along the dog trail. Now the time was coming when I couldn't travel with him. Ginny was five, almost ready to go to school, and I was going to have another baby. I wondered when we'd ever settle down and have a real home like Kitty's.

"Why don't you put in for a transfer to Juneau?" I asked Frank, as we walked back to our tiny rented cabin. "You could be the head commissioner for all Alaska someday."

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"I don't want to work in an office," Frank said. "I belong on the open trail. There's hundreds of thousands of miles in Alaska that no white man has ever seen. Why, the surface hasn't even been scratched ——"

"You sound like dad," I interrupted hotly. "You sound more like him every day."

That was the summer of the buffalo hunt. I know it sounds ridiculous to be hunting buffalo in Alaska, but Washington was always transplanting some new species to the Arctic, like muskox or Chinese pheasants or yaks. Frank had to take care of them all. The buffalo arrived at Fairbanks in crates, after a three-weeks' trip from Montana. They had to be transported another ninety miles by truck to Big Delta, the nearest good range. Frank figured that the total cost of transportation would break the Game Commission. Remembering how Tom Sawyer got other boys to whitewash his fence, Frank told the people in town that they had a right to share in the excitement. Everybody provided free trucks, the women made sandwiches and coffee, and a gala caravan set out for Big Delta. E. B. Collins, the mayor of Fairbanks, made a rousing speech, and all cheered as the buffalo were turned loose.

One of the bulls limped as it wandered off. Several days later the Indians reported that a big buffalo had left the herd and was lying down in the willows. Frank decided to put the injured animal out of its misery. I left Ginny in Kitty's care and rode to Big Delta with him in a pickup truck.

We located the herd feeding in a patch of wild peas. The big bull was nowhere in sight. We walked the gravel bars all afternoon, scanning clumps of bushes for any sign. It was getting dark when we came to a thicket of willows. Frank pushed through the brush while I walked down a dry stream bed. I heard a crash in the willows, and I whirled to face a huge bearded head and black horns. I'll never forget how he looked; his emaciated skin hung in folds, and his green eyes were glazed with pain.

He started toward me. I yelled "Frank!" and began to run. The bull kept coming, dragging his injured leg and coughing. Once his leg gave way and he sprawled on the gravel. I made a little distance, but he struggled to his feet again and rapidly closed the space between us. My boots spun on the loose pebbles. I could hear his labored breathing behind me. Suddenly he pitched forward and lay still, and I realized I had heard a shot.

Frank came out of the bushes, his rifle smoking. He was as shaken as I was, but his tone was casual. "You know," he remarked, "that's probably the first buffalo anybody ever killed in Alaska."

That night, on our way back to Fairbanks, I told Frank there was going to be another baby. He was delighted, of course, but he did seem a little disturbed.

"I've been planning a long trip to last the rest of the summer," he confessed, "all the way down the Yukon to the Bering Sea and Nome. It's the last trip of the Beaver this year, and now you can't come with me."

"I'm not that far along yet," I said. "I'm coming with you, and so is Ginny."

I'll never forget that trip. As the Beaver passed Kaltag and moved down the Lower Yukon toward the Bering Sea, the whole character of the country changed. Five hundred miles from the mouth of the river, the Indian camps disappeared. For the next 100 miles there was no human settlement of any kind. Then, at Anvik, the first Eskimo villages showed up. The river broadened until it was ten miles wide in places. The current slacked and the water level rose and fell with the tide. Spruces along the banks had yielded to sedge and giant rye. From the pilothouse I could see for miles in every direction, as if we were sailing over an ocean of waving green grass.

Navigation was getting harder. As we approached the delta, the Yukon split and split again into scores of smaller rivers, fanning out in a maze of sloughs and shallow ditches across tidal flats 150 miles wide. Frank and Jack Warwick pored over charts and studied the turbid water. Sometimes our bottom would drag across a sunken meadow, and I would hold my breath. I knew that if the Beaver went aground at high tide she might never get off again.

It took us two days to grope through the labyrinth of the Yukon mouth, but at last I could make out the milky-green expanse of open water curving away into gray nothingness. Swarms of ducks and geese spattered off the sloughs. Startled cranes leaped from the salt marsh and took off in disjointed flight. Curlews and plovers circled the pilothouse, whistling shrilly, while sandpipers lifted off the mud flats in sheets, their wings flashing in the sun.

Frank was making entries furiously in his field diary, but his eyes missed nothing. He nudged me suddenly. From the pilothouse, looking across the low bank at a brackish pond, I saw a dozen female beluga whales lying in the shallow water. One snow-white cow was nursing her calf. The hulking twelve-foot mother had rolled on one side to expose her breast, and the bluish, cigar-shaped baby floated at right angles to her, nuzzling her with its blunt head out of water.

At the entrance of the bay we saw our first signs of human life. Far on the horizon I made out three poles stuck upright in the mud, with small human figures nearby, silhouetted against the sky. Following a wide bend in the channel, we came to a cluster of empty kayaks. Frank tossed the anchor onto the sloping mud shore. We leaped overboard, slithered through oozing clay and climbed to the dry tundra above. A white-haired Eskimo and two young boys, all dressed in goose-skin parkas, were stringing a fish net around the triangle of poles.

The old Eskimo ran to shake our hands. "*Adegah!* Good! Glad to see you. White man all time my friend." He beamed down at Ginny. "*Kabloona* baby bring good luck today maybe."

I asked Frank what in the world they were doing. He told me they were hunting geese.

"But where are their guns?"

"Probably they can't afford guns," he said. "Most of these Hooper Bay tribes use arrows and spears, just as their ancestors did before the white man came."

I watched the boys stretch the net around the poles in a V shape, leaving one side of the triangle open. I could hear faint shouts from far off; tiny heads bobbed up and down above the grass tops a mile away. As they came nearer, the beaters began to close ranks. The old chief signaled us to lie down and keep very still. Peeking through a clump of sedge, I saw tiny forms scurrying ahead of the drivers. They darted through the open end of the trap, piling up at the point of the triangle, and struggled to poke their heads through the netting. They were young eider ducks and geese, not quite ready to fly. Among them were a few adults still in the molting stage. As the captive birds milled around, the beaters closed in, yelling and waving their bird spears—slim sticks with ivory prongs—and helped the two boys close the gap in the net.

Quickly the hunters wrung the necks of the birds and stuffed them into the kayaks. The old Eskimo chief watched his two boys roll up the net, jerk the poles out and load them in his skin boat. He waved to us and shouted "Goo'-by!" as he paddled upriver in the wake of the other kayaks, bound for the site of the next goose drive. Since the tide was full, flooding all the sandbars, Frank decided it might be safer to stop here for the night.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep when the anchor rope broke. The tide had been going out steadily, leaving the bow of the Beaver resting on the mud-bank and the stern hanging in space. Unnoticed, the rear end had sagged bit by bit until the boat was tilting at a steep angle. Its weight snapped the anchor rope suddenly, and the Beaver slid down the clay bank and dived sternfirst into the river. The first thing I knew, water was pouring through the cabin windows and surging into our bunks.

I grabbed Ginny. Standing waist-deep in icy sea water, I fought my way up the slanted deck, through the rapidly filling living room, to the high bow. Frank helped me over the side and up the bank. It was the clammy moment of darkness just before dawn, penetratingly cold, and a brief squall of rain added to our misery. The Beaver lay half submerged. I could feel Ginny shiver in my arms. Frank got my duffel bag and some blankets out of the forward locker. We changed to dry clothes and wrapped the blankets around us.

The first red streaks of daylight were just showing when I heard paddles. The old Eskimo's voice rang out directly below us, "Plenty trouble maybe." Several kayaks rode the water like a flock of gray geese. The Eskimos looked at the Beaver in silence.

The chief called to Frank, "More better bring white woman and baby village sleep tonight. Daytime fix boat maybe."

Frank and Jack unstrapped our canoe from the top of the cabin, and Ginny an I got in. Jack stayed with the Beaver t bail it out at low tide, so it would float with the next rise. Frank loaded an oil stove and our emergency ration box into the canoe, and groped under the water in the flooded galley for canned food.

"You don't need to bother about all that!" I shouted to him. "We can get along! I've lived with Eskimos back in Nome!"

"Not Eskimos like these," Frank replied. He lowered a sopping carton into the canoe. "These tribes around Hooper Bay are some of the most primitive people left on earth."

Frank had to paddle hard to keep up with the fleet of kayaks bobbing downstream on the outrushing tide. Dawn was coming fast. The whole sky was filling with orange light, and a dissolving mist revealed the village of Kashunuk at the end of a point of land.

It seemed to be floating a few feet off the ground. Directly above it was a second village just like the first, only upside

With a bow and arrow this Kashunuk boy shot a bird almost his own size. The Dufresnes were the first white people he had ever seen.

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down. The inverted mud huts of the mirage rested on the roofs of the real huts, shimmering in the orange dawn. Each kayak skimming ahead of us had another kayak paddling upside down above it, and double strings of eider ducks, flying back to back, rippled across the milky green sea. Women and children hurried out of the huts as we approached, each tiny figure balancing another one upside down on its head. Suddenly the inverted figures vanished. The mirage was gone, and I was landing at the strangest village I've ever seen.

The old Eskimo chief escorted us to his own igloo, the best in the village. It was nothing but a few driftwood logs leaning against one another, thatched with willow and covered with clods of mud in which grass had taken root. I was so cold right then that the hut looked like the Olympic Hotel in Seattle.

A crowd of thirty or forty Eskimos, the entire population of Kashunuk, followed us in awed silence, staring particularly at Ginny. The chief explained that most of them had never seen a white child before. The Eskimo youngsters wore short goose-skin parkas that only came down to their navels, and their bare legs were caked with blobs of blue clay. They touched Ginny's golden curls wonderingly.

We stooped to crawl through the low entrance of the igloo. The only light came through a piece of walrus gut stretched over an opening in the roof. The interior was warm, although the ashes were long dead in the fire pit. Frank told me that wood was so scarce in this treeless country that the natives could seldom afford to light a fire. Around the pit, the clay floor was covered with woven grass matting and seal hides. The chief's two wives sat on either side of the igloo. The younger wife, naked to the waist, was nursing an almond-eyed infant. The older one had a face like a dried prune; she was sewing glossy loon necks together with sinew, holding the bone needle only a few inches from her dimming eyes.

The chief handed us wooden bowls filled with some thick liquid. Frank downed his without batting an eye, and watched me as I gulped mine. I thought the top of my head was going to come off. It was rancid seal oil, smelling horrible and tasting even worse. It burned inside me all the way down, as if I'd swallowed scalding coffee. A moment later I broke out all over in perspiration.

The chief scraped together a few chips of wood and got out his fire-making tools. Holding an ivory drill in his teeth, he bent over the pit and revolved the drill rapidly with a small bow which he sawed back and forth. Frank stopped him, because he knew how precious fuel was. He set up our oil stove instead. The two wives scrambled back in fright as they saw the blue flame shooting upward. Eskimos watching through the doorway gabbled excitedly. Frank put our collapsible frying pan on the stove and opened the water-soaked carton to get a tin of beans. He swore under his breath as he discovered he had brought a dozen cans of strawberry jam. Fortunately we had some soup in the emergency grub box. We heated that for breakfast.

While Frank was busy, the chief produced several raw fish heads and little white squares of beluga whale skin which had been buried in salty clay for six months to cure them. "*Muktuk*," he said, smacking his lips. "*Adegah*, good." I bit into a square of the *muktuk*, but I couldn't finish it. It tasted like fermented chestnuts. The chief shouted something through the door, and handed an Eskimo boy a fine net woven of human hair. The boy was back in a couple of minutes, the net filled with glistening blue sticklebacks no bigger than kitchen matches, all flopping and leaping. The boy grinned at Ginny and popped several live fish into his mouth like peanuts. Ginny took one, but spat it out when it started to wiggle.

To show our appreciation of the chief's hospitality, Frank opened a can of jam and handed it to him. He and his wives dipped their fingers into it and licked them with delight. On our way out of the igloo, we gave the rest of the cans to the villagers. Soon everybody was grinning broadly, their faces covered with strawberry jam and goose feathers; the town was ours.

When the tide turned, Frank took a few husky young Eskimos and paddled back with the strong current, to help Jack get the Beaver started. Before leaving, he warned me that he might not return until very late. Would Ginny and I be all right alone? I glanced around me at the smiling friendly faces.

"Don't worry," I said, "I feel at home here already."

After Frank had gone I went for a stroll through the village. The chief's younger wife came along as guide, carrying her baby slung on her back in a loop of her parka. She knew a little English, and I remembered some Eskimo from my Nome days, so we got along fine.

The paths were gooey clay, and I gave Ginny a pickaback ride over the low spots. The chief's wife, noticing that I was pregnant, confided that we had something in common.

"Me same as you," she smiled, patting herself. "One on back, one in belly."

The other igloos were even cruder than the chief's—just hollow mounds of mud, like muskrat houses. Malemute dogs slept on the roofs. Beside each hut was a rack partly filled with drying tomcod and the skinned carcasses of eider ducks, geese and loons. The only gun in the village was a rusty double-barreled musket. The natives could not afford ammunition. Trading schooners came around only once a year, because the Kashunuk people had nothing to offer except a few crudely woven baskets and an occasional seal hide or fox fur. For food and clothing they depended on whatever they could catch and kill. Hunting was their whole life. Even the children made little arrows and spears, and sneaked through the grass, stalking mice.

At the end of the village was the cemetery, a forest of tall poles on which were tied spears, kayak paddles, a weathered gunstock and a teakettle. These objects were the prized possessions of the departed, whose remains were doubled up and crammed into small boxes at the base of the poles. The Hooper Bay Eskimos do not believe that anyone really dies. He just goes to some other land to start life all over, and he will surely need his spear and paddle.

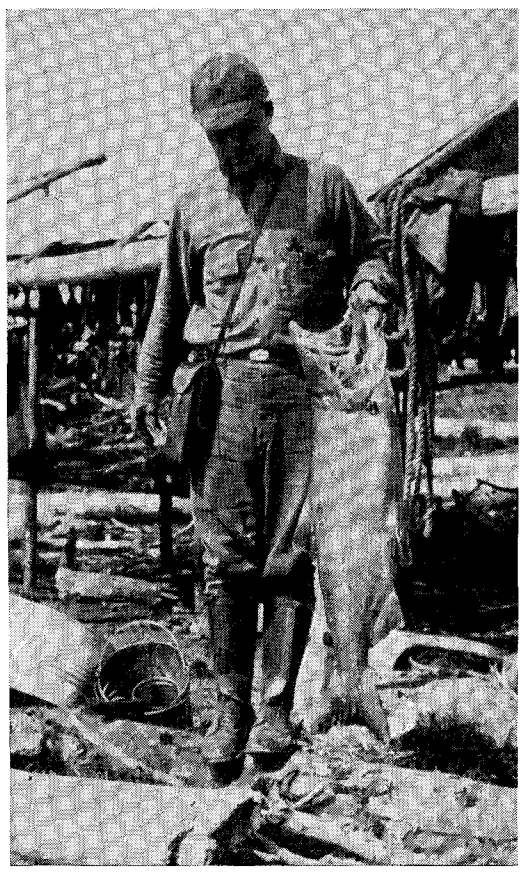
One little igloo was set apart from all the rest. A couple of women seemed to be standing guard over a prisoner inside. This was the home of the virgins, the chief's wife said. When a maiden reaches puberty, she must spend a month in this house alone. Then she is free to marry the man of her choice. If she does not become pregnant in a few months, she is permitted by tribal custom to take another husband.

The chief, who doubled as medicine man, had paddled alone early that morning to a sand island in the bay. Through Frank's field glasses I could see a thin column of smoke on the island. The chief was throwing chunks of blubber on the fire to make the smoke black. He thrust his spear, paddle and kayak into the dark column to "purify" them, and jumped through the smoke himself a couple of times. Then he stared out toward the ocean. Suddenly he sprang into his kayak and paddled back to the village. He told his people that the long-awaited fall run of salmon had started at last.

Everyone threw nets in the river and, sure enough, they were soon filled with fish. I looked through the glasses again, and saw a couple of whales in the bay, driving the salmon upstream. But everyone in Kashunuk was happy to believe that the medicine man had delivered the salmon himself.

That night the chief repeated his medicine-man dance at a celebration of the salmon catch. The villagers gathered in the *kazhim*, or council house, a big mud hut used for tribal rituals. The chief was dressed in his witch-doctor parka of brittle walrus stomach, hung with seal teeth and beaks of loons, which rattled as he danced. His face was concealed by a wooden mask carved in the shape of a fish, with a fringe of black cormorant feathers. Everybody pretended not to know him as he crouched and leaped and stamped his feet on the floor, yelling, "*Ai-yi-yi!*" All the Eskimos rose and chanted in unison, "*Ai-yi-yah!*" The chief bounded out through the door. A moment later he strolled back, minus his medicine-man costume, and hunkered down with the others.

They passed around seal oil and fish heads and *muktuk*, which Ginny and I politely declined, and began to tell legendary stories. The best goose hunter in the village contributed the tale of the Clapping Mountains. This was the native explanation of why fewer ducks and geese came back in the spring than departed in the fall. According to the narrator, all the birds in the world have to fly through a narrow pass between two high



Frank caught this salmon near the village of the Kashunuk Eskimos.

When a girl reaches puberty, Kashunuk Eskimos imprison her for a month in this "igloo of the virgins."

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mountains. Now and then, without warning, the two mountains would clap together. At this point the narrator clapped himself on both cheeks with such force that he sat down abruptly.

The chief had a story about an Eskimo hunter who was always running away from his home and family. I missed a couple of Eskimo words along about here, but the chief began flapping his arms and cawing, so I gathered that the husband turned into a crow. The husband flew home to explain what had happened. His wife shot him. This story sobered everybody, and the party broke up soon afterward.

Early the next morning Frank showed up with the Beaver. He asked me whether I'd minded his being gone all night. I looked at him coldly. "I thought you'd

President Warren G. Harding, the first chief executive to visit Alaska, toured the territory in the summer of 1923. Stricken ill two days after returning to the United States, he died in San Francisco on August 2.

turned into a crow," I said. He didn't know what I meant.

All the Eskimos in Kashunuk gathered on the beach as we boarded the boat to depart. The little boy who had caught the sticklebacks tried to give Ginny his Malemute puppy, but we couldn't let her keep it. I saw Frank slip something to Ginny and whisper, and she gave the little boy Frank's jackknife. All the villagers waved and called "Goo'-by! Come back soon maybe!" as the Beaver's propeller started pounding. Jack took the wheel, while Frank and I stood on the stern watching the village grow smaller and smaller in the orange-red sunrise. All at once a second village appeared above it, the inverted roofs balancing on the tops of the igloos below. I watched in silence as both villages, the real one and the mirage, dipped under the horizon.

It took us a week to get to St. Michael. The engine was fouled with salt water, the knuckle gear grated, and the bent rudder made it hard to steer. The Beaver would have to be hauled out for repairs, Frank said, and that would take a couple of weeks. We would ride the mail boat the rest of the way across Norton Sound to Nome.

The thought of Nome made me tingle all over. I hadn't realized until then how much the memory of my early years there filled my heart. I put my arm around Ginny as the mail boat plowed north hour after hour, and tried to explain the excitement I had known. "I was a little girl just your age when I saw Nome for the first time," I said. "It was a magic city with streets of gold, shining in the sun like a fairy story."

It was getting colder. The Bering Sea wind built steadily, and icy waves slopped against the side of the little mail boat. We stopped at Golovin to leave a sack of mail, and then crossed the Bering Sea toward Bluff. The birds on the high bluffs were restless. Small flocks circled impatiently, waiting for their rendezvous with the main flight from the north. The great fall migration had started; flights filled the sky, drifting like smoke across the horizon clear to Siberia. Enormous flocks of glaucous gulls and murres were coming all the way from Chamisso Island in the Arctic. Little auklets from the Diomedes buzzed past, and tufted puffins pedaled low across the water, their yellow mustaches streaming behind them.

Now the thrilling cry of honkers filled the sky. Straggling flights of snow geese looked like skeins of white lace, and the emperor and cackling geese followed in endless formations. Pintail ducks with shiny white breasts streaked by, uttering shrill whistles. Most spectacular of all were the black brant, barking like beagles as they swept overhead on their way to the beaches of Baja California. A quarter of a million brant must have passed us during the forenoon, Frank estimated.

The red ball of the evening sun was low over the Bering Sea as Nome came into sight. Ginny stared at the drab stretch of sand and the square buildings like packing boxes strewn along the sky line. Her lip quivered.

"Is that the magic city with streets of gold?" she asked me.

The old Golden Gate Hotel was closed for lack of business. We stayed in a rooming house over the Board of Trade Saloon, which now sold near-beer and soda pop. Frank had to leave early the next morning on a short trip to Sledge Island, twenty miles up the coast. The Sinuk Eskimos had reported polar bears there, and he wanted to investigate. He climbed into a skin umiak with an outboard motor, and chugged out of the mouth of Snake River past deserted jetties that had once been crowded with schooners and river scows. Ginny and I walked back up the silent street. The boardwalk had rotted away entirely in places. It was safer to walk in the mud. Ginny wrinkled her nose at the vacant, sagging buildings.

"Come on," I told her. "I'll show you the pretty house with the stained-glass window where I used to live."

Many of the stores were padlocked, and the ones that were still open seemed to be empty of customers. Instead of prospecting outfits and pack boards and miners' No. 2 shovels, the windows displayed tourist trinkets: fake gold pokes filled with sand, necktie clasps of crossed pickaxes, and miniature gold pans with "Souvenir of Nome" printed on them, made in Japan.

Nome was living in its past, I could see; maybe I'd been doing the same. I stopped in at the bank to say hello to my old friend, Grant Jackson.

He tried to be optimistic. "There's no more gold strikes to look forward to," he admitted, "but we're trying to get money from the government to open up a tin mine. And they're talking of trawling for codfish out in Bering Sea; that might bring a little business into town."

Front Street seemed to get dingier as we strolled toward the little house with the stained-glass window. The Presbyterian Church stood deserted; I tried to think how many years ago I had played my seven-dollar violin at the benefit there, and Big Hans had brought all the miners from the saloons to raise enough money to send me to the States. Then I saw ahead of me the house where I had lived.

It was being used as a dog barn. I could hear Malemutes growling, and through the sagging door I saw the dogs chained to the wall of the living room. Part of the roof had collapsed; a buckled sidewall was propped up with slanting poles. I looked for the stained-glass window, but there was nothing there except a gaping hole. Ginny tugged at my sleeve.

"Where's the pretty house, mother?"

"I don't know," I said slowly; "I guess it isn't here any more."

I walked back along Front Street with my head lowered. Someone called my name, and Al Lomen ran across the street and embraced me. The Lomens were a fine old pioneer family of Nome. Al's father had been the Federal judge; his sister, Helen, and I used to compete in the Ladies' Dog Races together. He'd known mother and dad and Big Hans.

I started to ask, "I don't suppose Big Hans is still ——" but I couldn't finish.

"Hans?" Al Lomen smiled. "He's hale and hearty. He's dredge master now with the Hammond Consolidated Syndicate at the Bessie Bench. Why don't you take my pickup and drive out to see him?"

As Ginny and I were driving out, I kept thinking of what dad had said to mother once. He'd predicted that the big syndicates would take over the country someday; that hydraulic nozzles and giant dredges would glean every flake of gold in the country, clear down to bedrock. Now it had happened. On either side of the road I could see a wasteland of tailing piles, the pebbles washed of their last trace of color.

The syndicate was working the Bessie Bench at the foot of Anvil Mountain. The dredge that Big Hans operated was the size of a three-story house, floating in the center of a deep pond it had excavated for itself. I helped Ginny along the gangplank that led to the dredge, and we climbed steep stairs to the control room inside the groaning monster.

Big Hans recognized Ginny first, because she looked like me as a child. He shouted "Klondy!" turned over the controls to his assistant and swung me off my feet. Then he picked up Ginny and kissed her. "She's a ringer for you," he grinned, "just like you are for your own mother!"

Through the window of the control room I could see the lifeless moraine of gray mud and rubble, stretching in every direction. "Where would dad's old Solo Mine be, Hans?"

"Right over there"—he pointed—"under that heap of stones. We worked it last month for the third time. There's nothing there any more."

"There's nothing anywhere any more," I said, staring at the desolate ridges of tailings.

He studied me thoughtfully. "Something you ain't telling me, Klondy? I could always read you like a book. What's the matter?"

I blurted out the whole story of Frank's going away all the time. I wanted to have a permanent home of my own. I told Big Hans about the new baby coming, and how I couldn't go on trips with Frank any more after that. What was I going to do then? If the Government offered Frank a job in the main office at Juneau, I said, maybe he'd give up his field trips and we could settle down.

"I'll send a letter to President Harding!" Big Hans roared. "I'll get all these other old sourdoughs to write, too, and mebbe if he gets enough letters he'll have to offer Frank the job. I met this feller Harding when he was here in Alaska a few years ago and ——"

"Harding's dead, Hans," I interrupted. "Herbert Hoover's President now."

"He is?" Big Hans was taken aback for a moment, but he recovered quickly. "Well, Hoover's a mining engineer; he'll listen to an old shovel stiff like me. I'll write him a personal letter."

I heard later that Big Hans did write the President. By then we were back in Fairbanks, just in time for the big masquerade ball that was held every year on

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Halloween. The new baby was almost seven months along now, but I wanted to go to the ball anyway.

When Frank objected, I asked, "Do you know what day Halloween is?"

"Thirty-first of October," he said.

"Frank," I said, "it's our wedding anniversary." I guess he noticed the birthmark on my neck starting to get red, because he didn't object any more.

I began working on my costume the next morning, remembering the gown that mother had worn in 1903, when she went as the Nugget Queen, back in Council. She had gilded hundreds of pieces of cork and sewed them all over her white satin wedding dress. I figured that if I made a costume just like hers I was bound to win first prize.

I didn't have real satin, so I bought shiny sateen and made a dress. It looked more like a maternity gown than a queen's raiment, but I was sure the gold nuggets would fix that. Instead of going to the trouble of finding corks and crumbling them, I saved time by dunking raisins in the gilt pot. They didn't glitter like mother's corks; in fact, they were on the darkish side. But I set a cardboard crown on my head and assumed that everybody would recognize that I was the Nugget Queen.

It wasn't till the afternoon of the ball that Frank asked me what he should wear. I told him to get out his Tuxedo, which he hadn't worn since our wedding. While he was shaking loose the moth balls, I took the stoppers out of my perfume bottles and stuck them in his shirt front for diamond studs. The top off the vinegar cruet, dipped in green ink, made an emerald ring.

Frank looked in a mirror and asked what he was supposed to be. I wasn't too sure, myself, but I had another inspiration. I stuck playing cards in the band of his wide-brimmed hat, placed a fan of cards in his breast pocket, stuck some more in his vest and stuffed the rest of the deck up his sleeves.

"You're the King of the Gamblers," I said.

We had moved to a new apartment by then, over Rose's Restaurant on the other side of Chena River. Kitty and her husband called for us in her big black nine-passenger Pierce Arrow limousine. They were going as Pierrot and Columbine. "I'm not sure which is which," Kitty told me, "but he's one and I'm the other."

Kitty's husband was dressed in a woolen union suit, with black triangles sewed all over it. Kitty wore a fluffy ballet skirt, and carried a wand with an electric-light bulb in the tip which she could flash off and on.

I couldn't dance, so I sat in a corner of the hall, like a queen holding court. Frank wandered around, greeting everybody. Each time he shook hands, playing cards fell out of his sleeves. At last the Grand March was called. Frank took my arm and we paraded with the other contestants before Mayor Collins, who was presiding as judge. I was sure my costume would win. When the Grand March ended, I waited impatiently for the announcement.

Mayor Collins awarded the men's prizes first. "Best sustained character," he called out, "the King of the Gamblers."

Frank came awake suddenly. "Hey, that's me," he exclaimed, starting forward.

I jerked him back. "Don't be silly," I whispered sharply; "they couldn't mean you."

But Frank walked to the platform and Mayor Collins handed him the first prize, a frozen turkey.

Frank chatted expansively on the way home in Kitty's limousine. All his friends had been congratulating him. His face was flushed, and he was feeling no pain. The rest of us were rather silent. The judges hadn't been sure what the gilded raisins on my costume stood for; one of them thought I represented the harvest. Kitty and her husband said good night briefly, and we climbed the stairs to our apartment. Frank set the turkey on the mantel.

"What a night," he murmured, hooking his thumbs in his vest and teetering back and forth on his heels. "Yes, sir, what a night."

I handed him a telegram I'd found under the door. He read it, nodding complacently. "People seem to be appreciating me everywhere," he beamed. "The bureau says they've been getting letters from all over Alaska, demanding that I go down to Juneau in the main office. They want to know if I'm interested."

"You'll wire them yes, of course?"

"Well, I don't know," Frank said. The perfume-bottle studs were glittering in his shirt front. "It would mean giving up field trips, and who else could take my place up here?"

I controlled myself with an effort. "But you could make a name for yourself in Juneau," I urged, "and we'd have our own home."

"My home is over the horizon." Frank waved an arm, and a couple of playing cards fell out of his sleeve. "I'm an explorer. I want to follow the trail of the wild geese ——"

"Oh, Frank, go take that costume off," I said wearily.

Our son, Franklin, was born early in January. Frank was attending court down in Anchorage when the baby came, but Kitty was right there to help me. She took care of Ginny until Frank got back. Frank had to be away a lot that winter. His territory covered more than half of Alaska, a region almost as wide as from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi. Kitty visited our apartment almost every day, giving me a hand with the housework or looking after the children while I was washing clothes or mixing feed for the litter of sled-dog puppies in the back yard. She worshiped the children; like so many other old-time dance-hall girls, she'd been starved for real affection.

Franklin was about three months old when Kitty came in one afternoon and discovered me changing the baby's diapers and weeping.

She said matter-of-factly, "Here, darling; I'll put those diapers on him. You go slosh some cold water on your face. What's it all about?"

I told her about a telegram from Washington that Frank had just received. "The Bureau of Biological Survey has offered to transfer him to the main office. It's his big chance to be director someday. They want us to move to Juneau right away."

"But that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but he doesn't. He's had another offer to head a survey party into the Canadian Arctic, to locate the main nesting grounds of the lesser snow geese, and band them and then follow their migration all the way down to the Gulf of Mexico. He'd be gone six months at least."

Kitty put Franklin in his crib. "What's Frank going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know." I guess my voice sounded hopeless. "He's starting a little trip to Fort Yukon tomorrow, and he says he'll think it over on the trail."

"I got a hunch, darling," Kitty said. "Go with him tomorrow."

"But I can't," I protested. "Ginny's going to school, and there's Franklin ——"

"I'll take care of the kids. You go, Klondy. I got a hunch."

Kitty drove over to pick up the children as we were leaving next morning. We were making the trip by dog team, because Frank wanted to take a winter caribou count at Eagle Summit on the way. I was wearing my fur parka and mukluks, the first time I'd had them on in over a year.

We followed the new Steese Highway north from Fairbanks, past Chatanika and the Cassiar, and up Twelvemile Hill. The road over the passes was drifted deep with snow. As we reached Eagle Summit, I looked down the white slopes and saw thousands of caribou digging through the snow for reindeer moss. I missed the great spreading racks of the bulls. The males shed their antlers after the rutting season, but the cows carried theirs until the fawns were born in the spring. I watched a big bull paw a hole in the snow to get at the frozen lichens; just as he exposed them, a cow hooked him in the side. He meekly trotted off to dig another hole. I made out the dark silhouettes of five timber wolves creeping out of a draw. Frank took a long shot with his rifle. One wolf spun in the snow and the rest loped away.

As we toiled along through the Crazy Mountains, the going kept getting harder. We stopped at the Circle roadhouse, chained the dogs in the barn and fed them. Then we opened the roadhouse door and stepped inside. My dad was sitting by the oil-drum stove.

"Hello, Klondy," he said.

Fifteen years had changed dad, but not much. His pointed mustache was grizzled now, there was only a rim of snow-white hair around his skull, but he was as straight and handsome as ever.

"I'm on my way to the Klondike," he said. "I hear they've just hit gold at Dawson. Nuggets as big as boulders."

Never a word about mother's lonely death, nothing about leaving us in Nome, nothing about my brother, Ophir, or me. He didn't even ask if I had any children. His blue eyes seemed to be fixed on something over the horizon.

"They say there's a big strike at Ophir Creek. Gold's right there under the grass roots. Got to get a grubstake together; got to beat the rest of those stampeders."

Now at last I understood my father. In his own way, he'd loved mother and Ophir and me, but I realized that we had lived in a world which never existed for him.

He turned to Frank. "Come along with me, young man, and I'll stake you in."

"I'm not a prospector," Frank said. "I'm in wildlife work. I travel all over Alaska."

"Travel," dad said. "That's it, keep going. Going and going, right over the sky line, that's where you'll find it."

Frank looked at him in a very odd way.

We left Circle early next morning. Frank wanted to get to Fort Yukon and back to Fairbanks as soon as possible. He gripped the handle bars, cracking his whip over the dogs and staring straight ahead.

"What's the rush, Frank?" I asked him.

"I've got to send a telegram," he said. "I'm taking that job in Juneau."

Frank was named director of the Alaska Game Commission in 1935. We bought a house with a bay window looking over Gastineau Channel. Armed with knowledge he had gained on the trail, Frank set up new wildlife regulations for the territory, the basis of Alaska's game laws today.

I never saw dad again. In the summer of 1935 I got a letter from the superintendent of the Alaska Pioneers' Home in Sitka. Dad had been living there several months, the letter said, and had just passed away. The superintendent told me later that dad had heard a rumor that there was pay dirt in a creek on Kruzof Island. He borrowed a rowboat and was starting across the sound when his heart gave out.

That same summer Frank phoned me one morning from the office. He said that a writer named Corey Ford was flying to Alaska to do some articles on wildlife conservation for The Saturday Evening Post. Frank was meeting him at the Juneau airport that evening, and wanted to bring him home for supper.

I decided I'd bake a lemon-meringue pie. I spread the filling in the pie shell, and was beating up the meringue when Ginny strolled into the kitchen with her latest acquaintance. Now approaching her teens, Ginny had met a nice boy about her age who'd just moved into Juneau. His father was a pilot, the boy told me, and he was going to have an airplane of his own when he grew up.

Jack London's Yukon tales were real-life experiences to Klondy.

"And he's going to take me with him," Ginny told me excitedly. "We're going to travel everywhere, and never stop."

I looked at Ginny. *No*, I thought, *not all over again.* I started to say something, but checked myself. Ginny could solve her own problems when the time came.

To finish the meringue, I turned the electric beater up to high speed. There was a grinding sound and the beater flew apart. Tiny nuts and bolts and gears landed all over the lemon filling and sank in.

"Quick, mother!" Ginny called. "Daddy's stopping at the curb! Now he and that man are getting out!"

There was no way of fishing out all the little screws and nuts, and I didn't have time to make a new pie.

Ginny's voice from the front room was excited. "They're coming up the walk, mother! They're climbing the steps!"

Well, I thought, *if Corey Ford is going to know me, he might as well know me the way I am.*

I spread the meringue over the filling, nuts and bolts and all, shoved the pie into the oven and hurried to the door.

THE END

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"Don't worry, I'm not going to sing"

THE OLD LADY had lost her voice. That rich, vibrant contralto which had rung through opera's golden age was long gone. And she made no bones about it.

Standing at the network microphones, she'd loudly promise her audience: "Don't worry, I'm not going to sing."

Yet, every Christmas Eve, she did sing. And millions of homes hushed to listen. For *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht* does not demand a big voice. Rather, a big heart.

And Ernestine Schumann-Heink had always had that. From the beginning, when she threw away her budding career for love, only to wind up deserted with her four children. Through World War I, when she sang to sell Liberty Bonds while she had sons fighting—on both sides. Right up to the end of her turbulent life, she stayed warm, generous and brave.

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There could be no better guarantee. So, for yourself, and for your country, invest in U. S. Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them.

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So You Don't Ride the Trains Any More?

(Continued from Page 21)

and every railroad president and passenger-traffic manager in the country is lying awake at night trying to figure out what to do about it. Being ruggedly individualistic men, their solutions are as varied as the regions their railroads serve. To two great Eastern roads, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the answer is to raise first-class fares by 45 per cent and coach fares by 5 per cent—an increase, they say, which would bring revenue in line with costs. To some of the Western roads, this suggestion is evidence that their Eastern associates have taken leave of their senses. Such a boost in first-class fares, they argue, would drive every Pullman rider, no matter how timorous, straight into the arms of the airlines.

The Western roads, which have always had a soft spot in their hearts for passengers, believe the answer lies in providing finer, smoother-riding, more luxurious trains, running on more acceptable schedules, at fares only a fraction higher than they are today. To the Eastern railroad men, this solution sounds like madness. When you put $250,000 into a modern Pullman car, they say, you are, in effect, providing a palatial rolling hotel for a handful of passengers. Such trains could not make money, they argue, if they ran fully loaded on every trip. Lightweight, low-slung trains, cheap to build and operate, running on fast and frequent schedules on short-haul runs, may be a solution, they admit. But, in the East, they believe, the long-haul luxury train will never again pay its way.

However East and West may differ in their views on how to solve the passenger problem, they agree wholeheartedly on one thing—that the railroads today are the stepchildren of the transportation business, forced to struggle along under an antiquated set of regulations that give all the breaks to their competitors.

"The railroads," said one spokesman morosely, "are like an old heavyweight champion who has to defend his title in a battle royal against a ringful of opponents, all of them wearing brass knucks. He has to fight by the rules, but they are permitted to butt, gouge, rabbit-punch and knee him in the groin. And every time he backs one into a corner and gets set to knock his brains out, the referee hollers 'Foul!'"

This somewhat strained analogy becomes more credible when railroad men sit down to talk about their troubles. The main reason for the passenger deficit, of course, lies in the fact that people just don't ride trains any more as they used to.

"The rich folks fly, the poor folks ride the buses, and everybody else goes by automobile," one railroad man said sadly. But the railroad men insist there are still enough people who love trains and like to ride them to make passenger hauling a profitable or at least a break-even business, if it weren't for the multibillion-dollar burden of costs and taxes which the rails have to bear and which, they claim, their strongest competitors escape. The railroads, they point out, spent $23,000,000 to build the Union Station at Washington, D.C., and the station property pays taxes of about $1800 a day. The Washington Airport cost $32,000,000, but it was built with public funds and pays no taxes at all. The railroads spend millions of dollars a year maintaining their signal system, and pay taxes on it in addition, as part of their capital investment. The competing airplanes fly from city to city under a control system that is paid for and operated by the Federal Government. The railroads spend millions to build and maintain their rights of way, and pay taxes to every community through which they pass. Their competitors—the truck lines and the buses—travel on highways built by public funds.

Neither the fees the airlines pay for the use of airports, nor the taxes the trucks and buses pay on gas and oil and tires, cover their share of the costs of the facilities provided, the railroads contend. The barges, of course, ply the Government-supported waterways free.

This, they argue, is gross discrimination, repugnant to the American ideal of fair play. The American transportation system, they point out, is one great interlocking network, made up of various types of carriers—the railroads, the highway carriers, the airlines, the pipelines and the waterways.

Each has certain inherent advantages, which it should be allowed to develop to the fullest in free competition with the others—the speed of the airplane, the mobility of the motor carriers, the barge and pipeline's capacity for transporting certain commodities cheaply, the railroad's over-all ability to haul anything, in any volume, anywhere, any time.

None are infant industries any longer, the railroads argue, and none deserve to be petted and coddled. If the airlines are to receive vast subsidies in the form of fields and terminals and signal systems built and operated with public funds, the railroads feel they should be granted a subsidy in the form of tax relief on their terminals. If the trucks and buses and barge lines are granted the use of the public highways and waterways in return for token payments, or no payments at all, the railroads feel it only fair they should not be required to pay taxes on their rights of way.

It would be better still, and more in keeping with the spirit of free enterprise, the railroads contend, if all subsidies, both hidden and overt, were eliminated. Then every carrier's freight rates and passenger fares would have to reflect the true cost of doing business—which would put the railroads, which can haul a ton of freight a mile for a penny and a half, back in the competitive battle.

Despite last year's huge passenger deficit of more than $600,000,000, the railroads, which earned $8,500,000,000 hauling freight, ended up with a net income of $925,000,000, the highest in their history. This naturally brought howls of protest from the shippers. To make up the great passenger losses, the shippers argued, the railroads were charging exorbitant rates for hauling freight. The railroads blandly admit that rates on many commodities are higher than they should be. That situation, too, they point out, is a result of the ICC's paternalistic concern for the health of their competitors. The ICC maintains that such reductions would "affect adversely the maintenance of competitive motor-carrier transportation."

This, say the railroads, is, in effect, a usurpation of the functions of railroad management. And, according to Mr. W. T. Faricy, president of the Association of American Railroads, it is not in the public interest.

"If one carrier can move a given commodity between two points at a lower rate than a competing carrier," Mr. Faricy says, "and can do so at a profit, without discriminating against other shippers, why shouldn't the low-cost carrier have the business and the public have the savings?"

The current battle between carriers stems from rate-making policies laid

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down in the old predatory days when the rails had a monopoly, and stern regulations were needed to protect the shippers and the public from the railroads, and the railroads from one another. In the beginning, it was the general practice to haul bulk products—ores and timber and products of the farm—at a relatively low cost. Higher rates were charged on finished goods, though it might cost the railroads no more to haul a trainload of plumbing fixtures than it did to haul a trainload of iron ore. It was this high-rate traffic which the brash young trucking industry snatched away.

The result is, the truck lines today get between five and six cents for hauling a ton of freight a mile. The railroads average 1.4 cents and are hungrily eying the higher-rate traffic, much of which they would be happy to handle below truck rates if the ICC would permit.

Eventually, they may get the chance. Recent developments, vastly encouraging to the railroads, indicate that sometime in the future the ICC may relent and allow freer competition between carriers. In 1955, an advisory committee made up largely of the members of President Eisenhower's Cabinet brought out a report urging a drastic revision of the Federal Government's transportation policy. The application of regulations designed to control a monopoly, in a field where a monopoly no longer exists, has resulted in a freight-rate structure which costs the consuming public billions of dollars a year, the advisory committee said. Their report recommended that the ICC stop attempting to allocate traffic between the different types of carriers, and let free competition determine which carrier gets the business. The ICC, of course, would continue to see that rates were neither unreasonably high nor unreasonably low, and that they did not unjustly prefer or discriminate against any persons, community or region.

The railroads greeted this suggestion with the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells. The truck lines and the barge operators viewed it sourly. It would, they claimed, throw the nation's transportation system back into the throat-cutting competition that existed sixty-nine years ago, when the original act to regulate interstate commerce was passed. The railroads argue it would do no such thing. It would merely enable each carrier to give full force and effect to whatever competitive advantages it might possess.

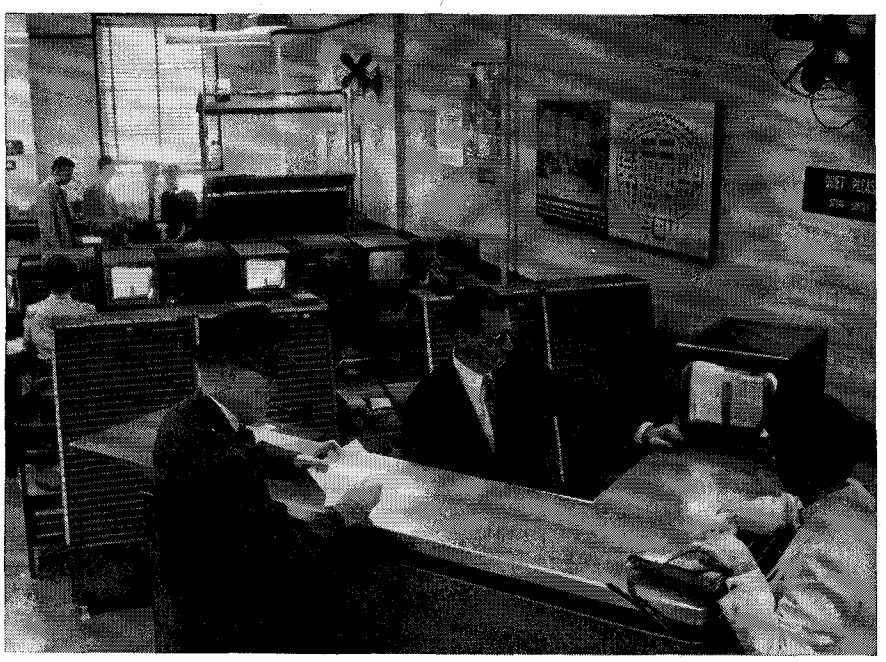
Though cheered by the prospect of freer competition, the railroads have many other complaints which they like to pour into any listening ear. Not only the ICC but other agencies of Government, they claim, have been dealing the railroads deuces from the bottom of the deck.

The Federal transportation tax, for example, which adds 10 per cent to passenger fares, whether travel is by rail, airplane or bus, was put on during the war to discourage people from traveling. It is still in effect, though the railroads are starving for passengers. The effect of the tax, the rails argue, is to drive travelers from the public carriers to the private automobile, which already hauls 85 per cent of the intercity traffic in the United States.

The Congress has also dealt the rails—and the licensed truckers too—a blow below the belt, the railroads claim. Under present laws, unlicensed truckers can haul farm products at whatever rate they choose to charge—the idea behind the regulation being that at harvesttime crops should move to market as fast and as cheaply as possible. The rails have no quarrel with this concept. They do protest strongly, however, that unlicensed "gypsy" truckers, after hauling a farm product across country, can haul whatever commodity they please on the return journey, at rates with which the railroads cannot compete because they are made in secret, and the rails and the licensed truckers have no means of knowing what they are. From legislators, prodded by the mail-order houses, also has come the suggestion that weight and size limitations be taken off packages shipped by the federally subsidized parcel post, which operates at a deficit. This would put parcel post in even greater competition with the rail-owned Railway Express.

The railroads also feel that the Defense Department hit them with a rabbit punch. For a while after the war the Air Force rented hundreds of surplus airplanes to nonscheduled operators, who fueled them with Government gas at reduced rates, and flew thousands of military personnel back and forth across the country on a low-fare charter basis.

The Post Office Department has also struck a low blow, the railroads claim, by withdrawing mail contracts from local trains and turning the mail-hauling job over to trucks. The Post Office's transfer of three-cent mail to the airlines, when the planes had space available, has also hurt.



Closed-circuit television will speed up purchase of reservations in the new electronic ticket agency at New York's Pennsylvania Station.

"The hell of it is," one railroad man said angrily, "we have to keep equipment ready on a stand-by basis, to take over if the other forms of transportation fail. If the planes can't fly, we have to be ready to load on the mail and the passengers, and carry them through. If there's ice in the mountains and the trucks can't run or low water on the rivers that cause the barges to tie up, we have to carry the load."

The railroads complain bitterly that many state public-service commissions have been unsympathetic with their problems; in many instances the commissions have refused to let them take off trains which have been losing money for years for lack of riders. At one hearing in Kansas, fifty-one citizens came from all up and down the railroad to protest the removal of a train. They all arrived in automobiles. Some communities have forced the railroads to spend large sums to widen underpasses, so bigger trucks could get through.

Unless the Government's and the general public's present attitude of "the railroads be damned" changes drastically, there can be but one result, the more pessimistic of the railroaders claim. Eventually the Government will take over the railroads. If that happens, they say—if the country's biggest high-volume, low-cost transport system becomes a branch of a Federal bureaucracy—the nation's capacity to support a booming economy in time of peace and to defend itself in time of war will be greatly weakened.

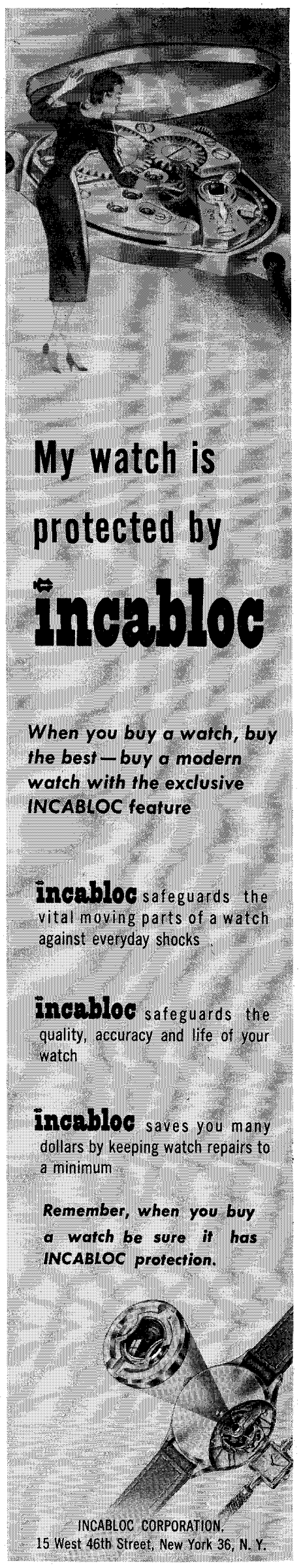
The Government ran the trains in World War I, the railroad men point out, at a loss of $2,000,000 a day, which the taxpayers had to absorb. The railroads did the job themselves in World War II, handling twice the traffic of World War I with a third less equipment and manpower. They netted $3,402,000,000 for themselves, while pouring $6,025,000,000 taxes into the treasury.

The railroad men recall with pride the job the railroads did during the fevered war years, when, by calling back every old brakeman who could swing a lantern and every old locomotive that could turn a wheel, they hauled 97 per cent of all the organized troop movements, and 90 per cent of all the military equipment and supplies that moved within the United States. And they could do it again if they had to, they argue, if given a chance to earn the money for the renovating, rebuilding and re-equipping they want to do.

"The trouble is," one railroader explained, "with the restrictions we must work under, we don't share as we should in the nation's progress. To keep in good health financially we should earn six per cent on our investment. We are in a period of prosperity without profit; we are caught by an inflation whose benefits we don't share."

From the foregoing, it would appear that the railroads are doing nothing but wring their hands and cry that nobody loves them. This, however, is not the case. Every top railroad man, once he has delivered himself of his diatribe against taxes, and competition, which, he claims, enjoys the happy status of teacher's pet, ends his discourse on a note of buoyant optimism. The country's economy is expanding, he points out, and come what may, the railroads are determined to expand with it.

This determination has been reflected in a willingness to spend money for improvements. Since the war, the railroads have spent nearly $11,000,000,000—most of it borrowed—for improved services and equipment, and have eagerly tried any new thing that promised to keep passengers happier and move freight faster. A great evolution in public transport has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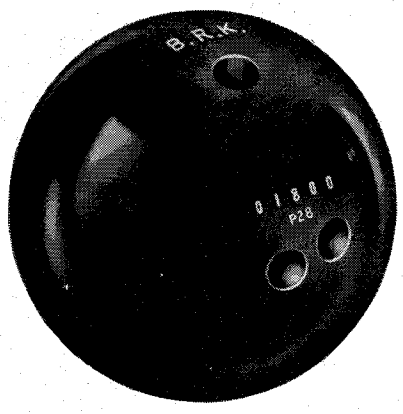

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been going on, the railroad men claim, without the public's being aware of it.

In the passenger field it has been reflected in the establishment of electronic ticket agencies in the bigger travel centers, making it a much quicker and simpler matter to buy space on a train, and in the purchase of new, experimental trains, which the railroad men hope will lure the traveler out of his automobile.

"We don't worry about the airlines. We know we can't compete with them in speed," one passenger man explained. "We don't worry too much about the buses. The man we'd like to get back on the train is the fellow who jumps into his car to drive four hundred miles. We want to convince him it makes more sense to ride a train, and then rent a car when he gets there."

In its efforts to woo the wayfarer back to the rails, the roads, from 1946 to 1954, spent more than $750,000,000 on new passenger cars. These cars had wide windows and glass penthouses on top, so travelers could view the scenery; radio communication and television, so that they could keep in touch with the outside world while going a journey; and more comfortable seats and sleeping quarters.

It soon became obvious, however, that these new cars were not the answer. In the first place, they cost far more than the first streamliners, which briefly captured the public fancy in the '30's. In 1954, therefore, the roads turned to a new solution—low-slung, high-speed, "articulated" trains which weigh half as much as standard cars, cost half as much to build, and require far less pulling power than the old streamliners.

These new trains—the Talgo, a Spanish design built by American Car and Foundry; GM's Aerotrain; Pullman-Standard's Xplorer; and Budd's tubular Keystone—already are being tried out in regular passenger service. None, railroad men will admit, provides the final answer yet. Safe and swift, they are noisy at high speeds, and on rough track they tend to toss the passengers about. Out of them, however, is expected to come the "train of tomorrow," which Mr. Robert Young, of the New York Central, has been talking about for ten years.

Some critics of the railroads feel that in concentrating on the search for a low-cost train that can be operated at a profit, the industry has forgotten that the passenger, basically, does not care about the railroads' financial troubles. He is more interested in a fast, smooth, quiet, comfortable ride than he is in a cheaper operation that can be reflected in lower fares, for nine times out of ten, as a first-class passenger, he is traveling on an expense account. Too great a concentration on low cost, without equal attention to comfort, according to Mr. David Morgan, editor of an excellent magazine called Trains, may cause the roads to defeat their main purpose. There's not much point, Mr. Morgan says, in one railroad president's being able to boast that he can operate his new-type empty trains cheaper than another road can operate its new-type empty trains.

One Western road, in fact, is concentrating on a supercolossal car that makes one of the new lightweight underslung coaches look like a roller skate. On its fast all-coach El Capitan, running between Chicago and Los Angeles, the Santa Fe is using two-story cars that tower fifteen feet six and a half inches above the tracks and weigh nearly eighty tons. The passengers ride and dine upstairs, getting a sweeping view of the countryside, and rest rooms, kitchens and baggage compartments are on the lower deck.

All the long-haul roads are convinced that selling scenery will help them sell passenger travel. The B. & O., for example, puts searchlights on its night trains running through the Alleghenies, so that passengers, peering from their berths, may view the snow-clad hills and occasionally spot a deer standing in a leafy glade.

Another road which has not lost its faith in the heavy, high-cost but smooth-riding standard car is the Burlington, which, on its famous Zephyrs, running from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and San Francisco, uses new glass-topped cars which enable the passengers to peer at the snow-capped peaks while an Indian guide recites the lore and legends of the country. The Zephyrs also offer a newly designed car in which the passenger, for coach fares plus $7.50, gets a small private room, complete with bed, wash basin and toilet—the first break the coach passenger has got in a generation, Burlington claims.

While the long- and short-haul train rider can expect to be wooed, in the future, with all sorts of new devices designed to insure his safety, comfort and all-around happiness, there is, so far, little relief in sight for the harassed commuter riding into New York from the hinterlands or catching the Paoli local into Philadelphia.

The reason for this, the railroad men explain, is simply one of economics. No genius has yet come up with an idea that gives any promise of putting the commuter business in the black, so long as the cars, engines and train crews that haul commuters must remain idle twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four. Of the 432,000,000 persons who rode trains last year, more than half were commuters, but they contributed less than 13 per cent to the total passenger revenue, and nearly all the commuter lines lost money.

"It all boils down to this," the railroads explain: "Miles of track, thousands of employees and millions of dollars' worth of equipment have to be maintained to handle just two peak loads a day, five days a week, for the benefit of a rider who travels less than twenty miles at a substandard fare."

The roads are responding to the commuter problem in various ways—some by cutting off losing commuter trains altogether, others by raising fares, others by going to cheaper, lighter trains, and others by trying to keep trains running during off-peak hours by offering special shoppers' rates to housewives who might be persuaded to ride into town by train instead of going by car.

This helps, but not enough, and all the commuter lines hope that the cities will someday recognize that the commuter train is part of the over-all traffic pattern of a metropolitan area and treat it as such. It would be far cheaper, they argue, for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago or San Francisco to grant them some relief from heavy taxes on stations, terminals and rights of way, thus allowing them to develop better commuter service, than it is to build the expressways, overpasses, clover leafs and parking facilities necessary to handle the automobiles that clog the downtown streets.

The cities have been slow to grasp this idea, and a number of railroads, in their effort to rid themselves of an onerous tax burden, have put their passenger stations and other real estate on the block. On the New York Central's 10,700 miles of track there are more than 500 passenger stations. Of these, 406, including three multimillion-dollar terminals at Toledo, Buffalo and Detroit, are now up for sale to anybody who can make use of them, the railroad retaining the right to lease whatever office space its dwindling passenger business requires.

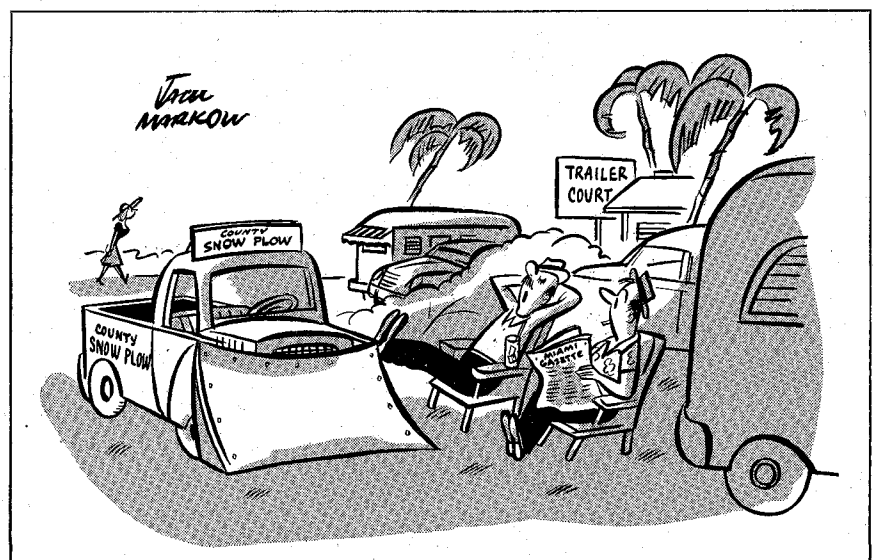
Many railroad men deplore these cutbacks, just as they deplore taking off local trains until every effort has been made, by changing schedules and improving service, to make them pay their way. Selling stations and cutting off trains, they say, reveals a defeatist attitude. It is negative thinking, brought on by the ICC's deceptive reports about passenger losses.

"You are losing faith," one Western railroader told a despondent confrere.

"Losing faith, hell," said the other railroad president; "I'm losing money."

However this may be, there is no evidence that in the freight end of the business the railroads are losing either faith or money. Though the railroads publicize the improvements made in their passenger-hauling techniques, on the sound theory that freight business always follows passenger traffic, the greatest technological advances have been made in the unglamorous activity of transporting commodities. By running longer trains with heavier loads, and running them faster, the average freight train of 1955—sixty-six cars traveling at 18.6 miles per hour, with an average load per car of forty-two tons—turned out three times the ton-miles of work that the freight trains of a quarter century ago could produce.

This increase in the freight trains' operating efficiency is due to many technical advances which the railroads have made since World War II. The biggest improvement, of course, came when the roads switched over from steam to diesel



"There comes a time in every man's life when he kicks over the traces."

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power. The old steam locomotive with its clanging bell, its musical whistle and its great plume of smoke, had romance and glamour, but it was far more costly to operate than the more prosaic diesel. Huge machines that lay rails, replace ties, drive spikes and smooth roadbeds, now do the work of the old pick-and-shovel gangs of the past. Car handling in the yards now is becoming, in many regions, an almost automatic process. Great push-button yards using television, radar, radio and a variety of electronic braking devices, permit one man in a tower, pulling levers and pushing buttons, to break up trains and reassemble them faster than dozens of brakemen and a fleet of switch engines could do it a few years ago. The railroads have been among the first industries to test the virtues of automation. On 25,000 miles of track today, trains meet and pass under the remote control of a handful of experts who throw switches by watching illuminated maps on which trains automatically report their positions.

Under the old theory of "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em," the railroads have made use of the truck to speed their operations. Freight trains now "piggyback" truck trailers over long hauls at rates profitable to both them and the truckers. One bustling railroad, the Rock Island, has modified the piggyback idea so that it is no longer necessary to haul the heavy dead weight of the trailer's running gear and tires. It has developed boxlike containers for all sorts of freight which can be loaded at the shipper's factory, hauled to the siding by truck, loaded on a specially built flat car, trundled a thousand miles by rail, and off-loaded onto another truck. Several railroads operate their own trucks, and one, the Southern Pacific, which considers it the business of a railroad to haul freight by whatever means is best and cheapest, operates pipe lines as well as a huge truck line.

The stubborn individuality of the railroad man has cost the railroads dearly in the past because of his unwillingness to standardize equipment. Every steam locomotive was a custom job, tailored to satisfy the whim of whatever superintendent of motive power ordered it built, and boxcars still are a multitude of sizes and shapes, reflecting the ideas of the various roads. Today there is an increasing trend toward standardization of rolling stock, and the boxcar of the future may be a production-line job, made of standardized roof, side and floor panels that can be repaired or replaced at any railroad shop anywhere in the United States.

Last year the freight trains earned eighty-two cents out of every dollar the railroads received. They carried more than half of all the goods that moved between cities—the equivalent of hauling a ton of freight 3400 miles for every man, woman and child in the country. The roads are determined to hold onto at least this much business, and to increase their share if they can.

It will be a battle, however. In the next thirteen years, at a cost of $33,000,000,000, the country plans to build 41,000 miles of new superhighways. During the construction period, the railroads will profit greatly, for they expect to haul the sand and gravel, cement and steel, that go into the roads and bridges. Once the roads are open to traffic, however, the prospects darken. For the new turnpikes are engineered not only for motorist but for the railroads' chief competitors, the mammoth long-haul trucks of the future.

Before that time, however, the railroads hope that the Government and the public will have recognized their plight, and will have granted them the freedom to compete that will let them stay in business. They believe this happy day will eventually arrive. For most of them, in thinking of railroading and its future, still share the views of Diamond Jim Brady, famous boxcar salesman, playboy, gourmand and boundless optimist:

"Just remember," said Diamond Jim, shortly before he died in 1917, "there ain't nothing wrong that ain't only temporary."

The Last Days of a Cop

(Continued from Page 19)

was in the clear when I showed him the badge, and nobody would have known if it was a real one or a phony. I'm glad it happened; he learned a couple of things about being a cop: Don't get nasty with a civilian, and, most important, you do what you're getting paid to do, and you don't argue with yourself about it."

No one looked less like a scholar than Eddie Palmer, or acted less like one, but he was a learned man. I was late for a luncheon date with him one day, and when I came into the restaurant he was sitting alone, a thick handful of filing cards spread out before him. They were covered with Chinese ideographs. He was teaching himself Chinese. In time he read, wrote and spoke classical Chinese, one of the world's hardest languages.

By the time he was forty Eddie Palmer had a bachelor-of-arts degree, most of the credits for a master's degree, and a start in law school—all of this study done in the time he could spare from an exacting job. His written examinations for patrolman, lieutenant and captain were the highest recorded for each test. He became an expert in inks, paper, printing, forgery. He was an expert in the use of the polygraph—the lie detector. During the war, with Naval Intelligence in China, he had done things supposed to be impossible for a non-Asiatic: flawless forgeries of Chinese documents, passes, identification papers and the like. He entered the service a chief yeoman and came out a lieutenant. He went back to the Navy during the Korean war to do a police job involving dope peddling and homosexuality. He helped to "put away" 700-odd men. He had a personal commendation for that, and he was proud enough to frame it. He hung it on the inside of a closet door in his bedroom.

Eddie was full of contradictions, but they were all explicable in the realities of a policeman's business. There was about him an aura of gentleness and serenity that was almost tangible, and I have seen a shy five-year-old girl, meeting him for the first time, walk up to him and climb trustingly into his lap. Still, he could be tough.

One time I called Eddie at a precinct in upper Manhattan. He sneezed three or four times, and I asked if he had a cold.

"No," he said. "The plaster keeps drifting down from the ceiling. Gets in my nose."

"Are they finally tearing that dump down for firewood?" I asked.

Eddie laughed. "No," he said. "A couple of the boys have a guy upstairs and they keep asking him the same question."

"To understand a thing like that," Eddie would say, "I guess you have to see a cop take some hood into the back room to shake him down, and then see the cop five minutes later needing thirty-two

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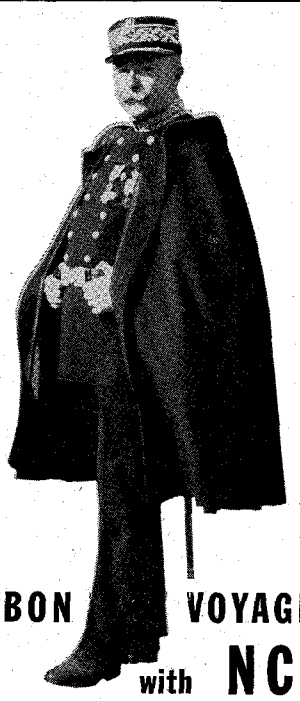

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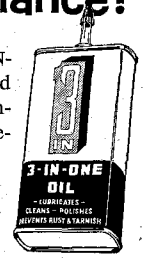

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stitches in his face because he forgot to look for razor blades in the bum's pants cuffs. An incident of that kind makes subtle changes in a man's point of view."

In 1953 Eddie Palmer had a sudden and severe coronary attack. Like most heart attacks, his was completely unexpected. He had always thought of himself as a husky individual, had never had any trouble passing Navy or police-department physical examinations. When he was released from the hospital, pale and thin, he was told that his heart had been seriously damaged and that he would have to consider that his active life had ended. He would have to give up his Navy Reserve commission; he would have to retire from the police department. As a starter, the doctor said, he should go to Florida and fish for a year.

"We'll see," Eddie said, "we'll see." When he felt strong enough, he went back to work.

Eddie's wife, Gertrude, a policewoman with almost as much time on the force as he had, did everything in her power to persuade him to retire. So did his friends. If he would stop working, take care of himself, the chances were good that he'd live for another twenty years. He paid no attention to anyone.

I tried—but only once—to tell him he was wrong.

"Oh, I settled all that the night I got sick at the station house uptown," he said, "the second time it happened.

"I knew what it was, right away," Eddie said, "so I told the sergeant to get a car and some oxygen, and I flopped down on the bed in my office. I kept passing out and coming to. No one came in. Then I realized I was afraid of dying, and it was the first time for me. At least it was the first time I had had a chance to be scared and think about it at the same time. I thought I was probably going to die right there, and I asked myself why I was afraid. I've had a good life, I've done everything, I am what I wanted to be—well, I suspect as much as most of us ever are. I could go. I hated the idea of leaving Gertrude, but I knew she'd have enough money, she's young, she'd be all right. So I stopped being scared. It was as simple as that.

"Finally they got an ambulance from somewhere and this young doctor came in with the sergeant. I couldn't see him clearly, but I could see that he had a stethoscope, and he didn't use it. He went out after a bit, and when the sergeant came back alone, he told me the doctor had said I was in delirium tremens, and to let me sleep it off.

"All of a sudden I got a big shot of adrenaline from somewhere and I could move. I got up, I ran for the stairs, yelling like a crazy man, chasing that doctor. I wanted to kill him. But he was gone when I got to the street.

"I wasn't sore for my own sake. After all, I knew what was wrong with me. I was thinking about the poor slob taxpayers, I was thinking about some poor slob dying alone in a dirty dust bin of a hole in Harlem, and this jerk kissing it off without even taking out his stethoscope. If he'd do that to a cop, what would he do to a civilian?

"Anyway the car came and the oxygen, and they hauled me off to the hospital. But you see the point, don't you? At least I had to live long enough to see to it that the next time that medic went out on a call, he tried, at least, to do what he was being paid to do. When I could, I sent him a little message, and I imagine the next time out he was more careful. But insignificant as it was, it was something left to do. And that's why I'm not going fishing. I'm not saying that there are things left to do that only I can do, although you never know. But I've been a long time learning to be a cop, and there's more point in my being a cop even for sixty days than there is in my being a bad fisherman for twenty years. So don't argue with me; it's all settled."

I never raised the issue again. Like most policemen of all ranks, Eddie was a cynic and he wouldn't let you see that the word "duty" meant any more to him than any other bit of cop's jargon: on duty, off duty, D.O.A., tour, turn-out—the rest of it. Others could do as they chose. For him, he would do what he was being paid to do.

Finally there came a time when Eddie's own doctor told Gertrude Palmer that no possible avenue of hope remained and that Eddie could not possibly live ninety days more. He didn't tell Eddie. He probably knew, and it wouldn't have made any difference to him anyway.

Eddie was working out of the 35th Street station house at that time and I used to go to see him, upstairs in the creaking, ramshackle building, the oldest station house in the city, a Civil War relic. His desk was always piled with papers and books. The books would have titles like The Law of Evidence and Theory and Practice of Police Administration. There was a bottle of whisky in the medicine cabinet of the captain's bathroom and we would have a bite of it and a cigarette. Eddie was not supposed to smoke or drink—as he was not supposed to move faster than a slow walk—but he gave the prohibitions only token respect. The last time I saw Eddie was in that office, on a cold, wet day in April, 1955. His ninety days were running out. He looked like a sick man then, pale and thin, but his conversation was as brisk as ever, and as cheerful.

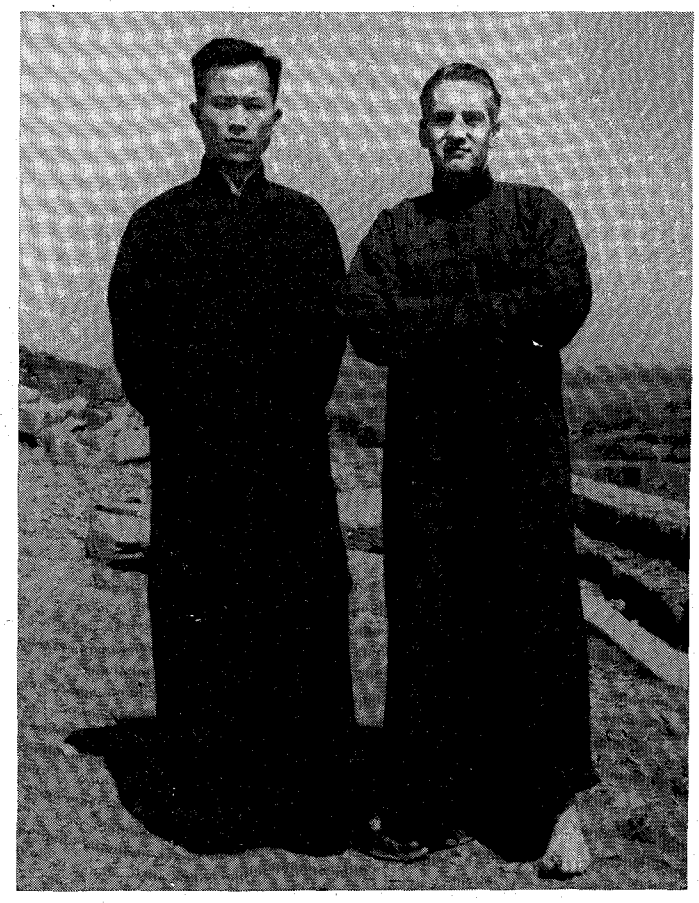
A few days after that, on the twenty-fourth of April, he got into a squad car in front of the station house at eight in the evening. His responsibility was for the 15th, 17th, 19th and 23rd precincts in midtown Manhattan. Patrolman Joseph C. Egelhofer was his driver. It was raining. They were leaving the 19th, on East 67th Street, when a call came over the radio reporting a holdup at the Fine Arts Theater on 58th.

"We'd better take a ride over there," Eddie told Patrolman Egelhofer.

Fifty-eighth is a one-way street carrying east-bound traffic. The squad car was coming from the East Side. Eddie told Egelhofer to stop at the corner, let him out and go around the block. He jumped out of the car and ran up the block toward the theater. The holdup men had got away, and there was some reason to think they might have run inside to hide in the audience. Eddie took a couple of patrolmen and went into the theater to look for them. A few minutes later an officer came out to tell Patrolman Egelhofer that his captain had had a heart attack. Egelhofer found him back of the rail in the inner lobby. He was dead. He had traded his chance to live for twenty years for a few months of being a good cop. I suppose he knew, when he was running that half block to the theater, that it was unlikely his heart would take it, but he ran no slower for that. I thought of what he had said about the young cop in the park, "You do what you're getting paid to do, and you don't argue with yourself about it."

A week after Eddie's death, a police official said to me, "If you give me my choice between doing what Palmer did or going up a tenement staircase after an armed killer, I'll take the staircase. I know I can do that. But what Palmer did takes a kind of guts so special that most people don't even know about it. There was a cop who really knew, down in his heart, what it means to be a cop."

THE END



During World War II Eddie Palmer (right) was a U. S. Naval Intelligence officer in China.

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We Took the Kids to Europe

(Continued from Page 27)

my fellowship was granted, we read up on history, rented our house in St. Paul, Minnesota, got passports and immunization shots, farmed out our dog, George, and cat, Flower, hopped a Northwest Orient Airlines plane for New York City, and there boarded a Pan American World Airways Clipper for Shannon, Ireland.

As the plane's public-address system played Alice Blue Gown, the steward came up in a life preserver and showed—as regulations say he must—how to put one on.

"Gee!" said Brandon, watching, entranced. "Aren't people good to us?"

We smiled then, but his remark has become almost a byword since. A few days later in Limerick, near Shannon, Kay mentioned wistfully at breakfast the birthday party she'd have if we were still in St. Paul. When I asked a Limerick newspaperman, Jack Kneafsey, about getting a birthday cake, it was like touching a match to a skyrocket. We were shopping in a minute flat; then he invited us to his home for the evening. He had four daughters, it turned out, about the ages of our youngsters.

Those six pairs of blue Irish eyes sparkled as brightly as did our American ones that night when the cake, ablaze with twelve candles, surprised Kay. We adults talked before the fireplace of cars and culture, groceries and greatness. In another room our foursome learned their children's games, dances and songs; theirs learned ours. A "show" by all eight climaxed the evening—a lively mosaic of Irish reels and American tap dancing. It was not hard to applaud.

Soon after, in Dublin, when I learned that the then Lord Mayor, the Honorable Denis Larkin, was to visit Minnesota soon, I wondered aloud to Paddy Glendon, a newspaper columnist, about the chances of an interview for my newspapers.

"Why not?" said Paddy, grabbing a phone.

"But I've got to meet my family downtown," I said.

"Bring them along," he said. And we did, for probably the liveliest interview ever in Dublin's Mansion House. Jane and Brandon even halted their sculpturing with modeling clay on the settee when Mayor Larkin brought out his four-pound gold chain of office. They took turns lifting it. While the children fired questions, the mayor rang for soda pop, let them bang the big brass dinner gong, put his golden seal and autograph in Kay's book and led a tour of the mansion. We learned far more about Dublin than if I alone had come. But one of Jane's queries did stop the Lord Mayor. As he showed us portraits of the mayors of early times, she pointed to a chap in the very tight breeches of the day and asked, "Is he bare naked?"

Something about four children attracts friendliness in Europe. We've pulled up to the red-and-white-striped boundary barriers with our roomy Volkswagen bus crammed with everything from birdcage to badminton set, seen weary tourists unpacking suitcases for customs examination, and wondered how we'd ever get our fifteen bags laid out and repacked before sundown. Each time customs men have taken our passports, blinked at our entourage and paraphernalia, then said with an understanding smile, "Oh, a family!" and waved us through without a question.

A dozen times we've asked European motorists for directions, gone awry—only to have them suddenly pop up ahead, flag us and lead us to our destination. A fellow with three children in his little car shepherded us two miles to an out-of-the-way hotel near Florence, Italy. In Holland a motorcyclist escorted us five miles to Madurodam, that enchanting city of toy houses, "because my children much like it and yours maybe too."

Another display of this magic wrought by children came in a little hotel near Friedrichshafen, Germany. We arrived in a cold rain and the proprietor showed us two clean but chilly rooms. We went down to a typical *Gasthaus* dinner of *Wienerschnitzel*, a dish we all like so well that Bob II calls us "the *Gasthaus* gang." The waitress dropped a fork, and Jane said casually, "*Macht's nichts*," an all-purpose German phrase meaning, "Think nothing of it." The proprietor, at a nearby table, laughed heartily, began talking to the children, and later said something aside to the waitress. When we went upstairs, he came along and showed us electric heaters glowing in our two rooms. "Price same as before," he said, smiling. "*Macht's nichts.*"

Of course, you're bound to have some headaches traveling with children. We stayed five nights at the Denham Court in London because of its advertisement: "Breakfast in Bed." Well, Corinne and I didn't have breakfast in bed once.

"Brandon's locked in the bathroom by a funny English lock!" yelled Jane in my ear the first and most spectacular of those mornings, at six A.M. I raced down the hall, yanked open a door—and stared airily over London's chimney-bristling roof line, five stories up. I shuddered, and closed the door. On it was: OUTSIDE LIFT. DANGER. DO NOT OPEN. As I stood there, Brandon extracted himself from the bathroom behind me and went whistling back to his room. I didn't say anything. Who could go back to bed for a leisurely breakfast?

Brandon's nonhereditary habit of early rising brought even wider repercussions in the Hotel Vienna, near Venice. He spied a black puppy outside his window at five A.M., began barking at it, and, when I arrived, was getting responses from the puppy, quite a few other dogs and irate Italians in surrounding windows.

At breakfast a natty fellow came to our table, grinned and said to Brandon: "*Piccolo*, you are a funny one. I have been awakened by dogs barking at boys, but never before by a small boy barking at a small dog." Many travelers, however, did get early starts that day.

Our most embarrassing moment came in England, after driving in the rain an extra hour to locate a "farmhouse inn, excellent for children"—the ad had caught Corinne's eye. She'd envisioned a country estate; this was a wet building in a village. We had only to step inside and see a big mud-and-manure puddle out the back door to make up our minds, despite the gracious couple who greeted us. But a minute later Jane and Brandon burst in, seeking the ever-needed toilet. Both immediately wrinkled small noses.

"Don't let's stay here," said Jane distinctly. "It stinks."

All a parent can do is turn numb. But our faces still were burning when we reached Bridgwater. There a fine family, the Walter Carys, and Mrs. Cary's mother got talking to our children while Corinne and I were knocking vainly on the closed tourist-information office. The Carys recommended a hotel that proved excellent. They also invited us for an evening of good talk, and our foursome received bags of England's fine candy and jars of jam.

Jane also caused some of my most frustrated moments. Touring England's lovely coastal area of Rye, Winchelsea and Hastings, we'd just recovered from Bob's pun—"There's Hammond!" Other children: "Hammond who?" Bob: "Haven't you ever heard of Hammond, Rye?"—and were absorbed in the scenery when Jane said, "What can I do now?" She has asked this question amid breath-taking Swiss Alps, along the pink-and-blue Riviera, in lovely Innsbruck. Each time words fail me, I'm so filled with astonished exasperation.

These are the headaches of traveling with children. But the important thing is that we feel the children have helped us see Europe more clearly. We arrived in a vividly green Ireland from a snowbound United States, and Brandon, an ardent crayon user, said it best: "It looks like someone colored here real hard." At an outdoor table in Rome one night, Kay said, "In England and Ireland, people push food on their forks with their knives. Here they push food on their forks with their spoons."

Jane, eying a family dining nearby, observed, "These kids don't speak English, but they sure cry in English."

Each evening's stop, while Corinne and I relax to talk over the day, we have four energetic observers reporting to us on every interesting activity near our hotel.

Their questions, too, have stimulated our thirst for knowledge. Our first day abroad, after saying "I don't know" a dozen times, Corinne and I got books from Limerick's public library and spent the evening reading. We've done that in every country. While we've been inside only one night club, it's amazing how satisfying it is to offer answers instead of vagueness when a child says, "But why did they put up all these fire towers in London, daddy?" We obtained historical, descriptive pamphlets and had Bob and Kay read them aloud in our car as we approached cities and regions. It intrigued even Jane and Brandon—they tried to be first to spot landmarks.

The children's enthusiasm made us see more and do more. We had to stop and "see up close" Italy's flame-red poppy fields and Germany's solid-yellow acres of dandelions. We never would have walked half a mile and climbed high up spiraling steps to kiss the Blarney Stone, had it not been for Bob. He won his case with: "I'm thinking of becoming a lawyer, and legend says kissing the stone gives you the gift of gab." Our children are the four reasons for our having climbed an Alp, explored Lake Como in a steamer on a hot day, and soared across a Luxembourg river in a sort of terrifying swinging love seat. We also saw endless village carnivals, festivals and street markets. Corinne and I always were glad we went, but we'd probably have been taking a nap if the children hadn't furnished the go-power. Bob, a Latin II student, read guidebooks and conducted our breathless tour of Rome's Forum, Colosseum, Antica Appian Way and temples. Rome was only a pleasant stroll, though, compared to some of the museums we've visited.

We were completely unprepared for our children's reactions to Europe's museums—although I don't know what preparations we should have made, except maybe bring wheel chairs. Jane and Brandon flitted along tirelessly, passing four or five paintings or pieces of sculpture to halt for minutes before one that impressed them. They attracted almost as much attention from spectators as the works of art. Bob and Kay were even more thorough. If the test of art is universal appeal to all ages, Europe's old masters passed with flying colors. We almost had to pull the children from some museums—how my feet ached in the Louvre!

Attendants enjoyed telling the children interesting facts, except in Antwerp's Royal Museum. There they eyed Jane suspiciously, warning us repeatedly not to let her touch anything. Jane obviously didn't care for this attention. So, aware of her dauntless nature, we watched her closely. Near the exit, though, stealing a look at the guard out of the corner of her eye, she poked a soft finger on the toe of the Rodin bronze, Youth, and rattled off, "'This little pig went to market.'" Then she skipped gaily out, all frustrations gone.

Youthful enthusiasm is wonderful, but it sometimes overlooks reality—which is what I tried to tell Kay in England after she said, for the tenth time, "But we simply must see Queen Elizabeth." Skeptically, I drove to Windsor, we rounded a bend, and there was the incredibly huge castle, pennants flying.

Jane shouted jubilantly, "That's where we stay tonight!"

She settled for a Tudor-style inn, the Star & Garter, which caters more to prize fighters in training then royalty in reigning. There we breakfasted next morning with Lew Lazar, a ranking middleweight, and his manager, Whitey. Children break Europe's conversational ice quickly. Soon after Kay promised Lew she'd be rooting for him in his next fight—she was elated when he won—Whitey was telling her, "Be at the castle gate by the copper 'orse about ten thirty A.M. We see the Queen leave there for the stables when we're doing roadwork."

At the gate we found only a grumpy gateman in blue uniform and red nose, who said, "No! The Queen isn't riding, and I wouldn't tell you if she was!" He seemed uneasy, though, so we sat down to admire Windsor Castle, sparkling in the morning sun. Suddenly a black limousine emerged. The gateman snapped to; then almost smilingly told the children, "Stand here if you want a good look."

Both the Queen and Princess Margaret were in the car's rear seat.

"Aren't they beautiful?" exclaimed Kay. "So much prettier than their pictures! And what lovely complexions!"

"Wah-h-h!" bellowed Jane. "They didn't stop! I didn't see her good!"

The changing of the Windsor guards and then our picnic at nearby Runnymede, where she could feed the swans on the Thames, took Jane's mind off her woes. Corinne and I again were happy we'd reviewed our history—what with questions about King John, the barons and the Magna Carta with our sandwiches, oranges, soft drinks and cookies.

Even though traveling, we tried to preserve some family customs. Good Friday found us in Bexhill-on-Sea, where we'd gone to see small-town England and let the children run on the seashore. Easter-egg dyes seemed unobtainable. So Corinne bought red, green, yellow and blue poster paints, nonpoisonous, and the cook at the Lawn Court hotel hard-boiled two dozen eggs after being assured they'd be eaten—"Since the war, eggs have been precious to me," she said. Our foursome polka-dotted and portraitured eggs all Saturday afternoon. That night Corinne and I hid them in the hotel lounge. Next morning, during the wild egg hunt, we explained the custom to astonished residents, who dropped their Sunday newspapers to watch. They decided "It's a jolly good go."

The breakfast gong summoned us to the dining room, where Corinne had arranged four Easter baskets of candy. The diners seemed to enjoy the surprise as much as did our children, especially when

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Jane said, "The bunny found us in England, after all!"

Mother's Day and our wedding anniversary, both May thirteenth, caught us in Switzerland. "Let's stay at a snazzy place, dad," said Bob. "You and mother don't have a seventeenth anniversary in Switzerland every year."

So I investigated hotels, and as evening neared, we hit upon three top-floor rooms in Bellinzona's Hotel Gampers. Each had a balcony looking smack-dab on the surrounding Alps and three illuminated castles that suddenly floated in blackness as night dropped into the valley. The children ransacked the town in vain for wrapping paper for Corinne's gifts—rhinestone, copper, silver and shell earrings they'd bought previously as typical of four countries. Then we found a flower vendor with pink and yellow carnations, which we had on the breakfast table the next morning before Corinne came down.

She found only me at the table. Then the children came in grinning like imps, but Corinne noticed nothing unusual until the foursome burst into laughter. "Happy Mother's Day!" they said, handing her the earrings each was wearing. Since then we've celebrated Memorial Day in Germany with the children coloring and raising an American flag, and Fourth of July in the American embassy in Luxembourg, where Bob claims he saw the prettiest girl—an American—he's encountered in Europe. The three others got bigger bangs out of their Belgian cap guns, German caps.

Besides holidays, we've kept up on Sunday church services, part of our family life. When we attended London's huge St. Paul's Cathedral, Brandon said, "Wasn't it nice of the British to name this big church after our home town?" Both there and in Westminster Abbey the services must have impressed the children—they are the only two European buildings in which we've spent some time that we don't know the locations of the toilets. We've also attended services in Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Italy and in our house in Luxembourg, where we've been worshiping God lately because there's no English-language church nearby. The children make up their own prayers. We sing a hymn, say our prayers aloud, and then close with the Lord's Prayer. Maybe this isn't really a church service, but it seems so to us.

Another family-life thread we pull after us is the visit of the Good Fairy, that nice lady who picks up from under the pillow the "baby tooth" that's come out during the day and replaces it with a quarter. Her international character amazes Brandon and Jane. She leaves twenty-five cents in the currency of whatever country we happen to be in, and she even knew about Brandon's tooth that came out atop the Eiffel Tower, although he lost it before bedtime.

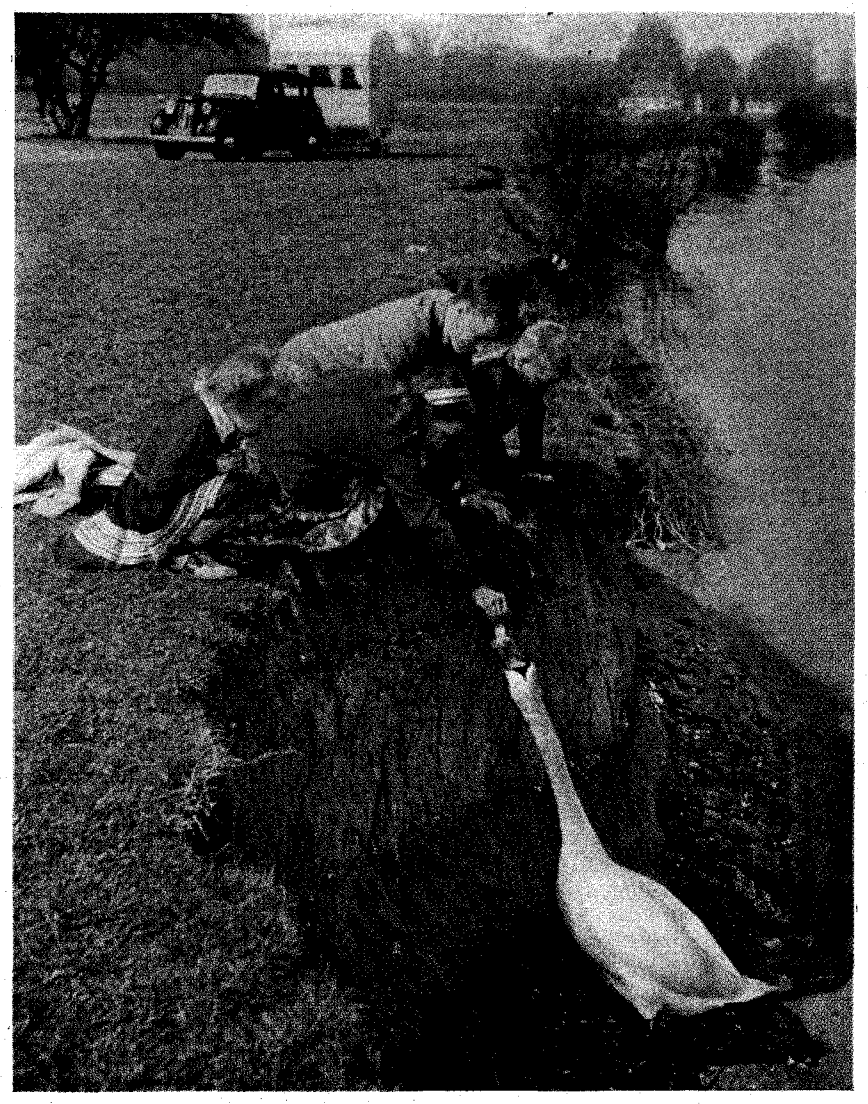
Some of our most intimate glimpses of Europe and Europeans have come because we wanted to give the children relief from the "hush-hush" tension of hotel life. Our first experiment was in Bexhill, where we rented a furnished apartment for a week. We enjoyed shopping with the English, seeing what they were buying and paying, learning local customs and dishes. And we spent some fine evenings with neighboring families we met through our children's friends.

Living like natives, we've found, enables us to see a country more deeply, to experience Europe. And we have our children to thank for making the plunge. We liked apartment life so well that we asked friends, the Capt. George Hawleys, to look for six-bed quarters near Ansbach, Germany. They responded spectacularly with seven furnished rooms for $120 a month in thirteenth-century Sommersdorf Castle, complete with a moat and eleven mummies in a catacomb under the castle chapel. Baron Bernulph von Crailsheim and his gracious mother occupied one wing, we the other.

Our children didn't care much for the mummies, but they did for the village children. They played with them and each evening reported to us on life and customs in a Bavarian town. Sundays we attended services with the villagers in the castle chapel—Jane demanding long braids and earrings after seeing the little German girls so ornamented. We were there seven weeks, and the children were sad when we left. Suddenly the baron bowed and kissed Corinne's hand. I saw the children's eyes bug and gunned the car out of the courtyard just as all four burst into convulsions of giggles.

"From riches to rags," cracked Bob a day later, as we pulled up before our twenty-five-dollar-a-month house in a Luxembourg forest. But the countryside is beautiful. We bought a bicycle and a yellow bird named Lux; the children catch trout, swim and pick berries between our trips from this centrally located country. An outdoor toilet and lack of a bathtub can't destroy our pleasure on our returning here to our temporary home—it has taken on a real homelike quality, somehow. Lux in his cage, incidentally, attracted almost as many startled glances in Rotterdam as did Jane in a costume of her own devising—Bavarian hat, yellow wooden shoes, white gloves, nylon dress and Italian shoulder bag.

One evening in Rome I wondered aloud to Corinne what it would be like touring Europe without four children. We had had some frantic moments that day. After admiring Michelangelo's magnificent dome in St. Peter's in the Vatican, we had suddenly missed Jane and Brandon. Corinne had finally found them, noses against a floor grating, in the midst of some fifty tourists they had attracted. Jane had said in hushed, vibrant tones, "Look, mother! There's a light bulb down here!" Corinne, too, had just told me how irked she was getting at the fascination Jane's platinum-blond hair held for some Roman men, who seemed unable to resist running their hands through it.



The four Eddy children, of St. Paul, Minn., feed a swan on the River Thames. The place: Runnymede, England, where King John signed the Magna Carta in 1215.

After a moment's thought, Corinne said, "Well, when we weren't worrying about the children at home, we'd probably be chasing to night clubs, living in hotels that are the same almost from Ireland to Italy, seeing a lot of other Americans who'd be doing the same as we—talking about Europeans instead of living with them. And when the trip ended we'd probably arrive home rested, but we wouldn't know nearly as much about how these peoples eat, talk, play, act and live."

Thinking back, I'm struck by how warmly informative the Old World's been to us. We'd expected hotels and restaurants to greet children coolly. It's been just the reverse. We've received excellent service, price concessions for our children and, invariably, a well-lit table with a view instead of an inconspicuous corner.

Another surprise has been the children's adaptability to travel. Bob efficiently superintends baggage, sparing me from a tiring chore. Kay and he assist with packing and help care for Jane and Brandon. All four run many of the innumerable errands—for films, stationery, stamps, and so on.

Nor do our doubts about taking the children from school plague us any more. Each has averaged an hour daily on schooling, plus writing letters, an exercise helpful in grammar, spelling and expression. They calculate weekly allowances in francs, shillings, guilders, marks or lire faster than I. Kay and Bob have learned enough German to be indispensable on shopping trips in some countries. But their greatest growth, like Corinne's and mine, has been in history, geography and understanding. Brandon, who likes Europe immensely, says, "Big people tell me things here. At home they don't have time to talk to children."

Vivid memories crowd my mind when I think of our tour—and most are children-associated. I shall never recall vast St. Paul's Basilica in Rome without hearing Brandon's awe-struck remark to his big brother, "Bob, do you think you could hit a baseball clear to that other end?" Or Venice, without picturing the astounded gondolier whose asking price dropped from five dollars to eighty-five cents as Bob and Kay bargained. Or Ireland and the Limerick Festival that Kay discovered, where the colleens jigged and hornpiped, their feet flying like blackbirds as the girls skimmed about the stage.

People ask, "But what will Jane and Brandon retain?" Perhaps only a wild photomontage of Yorkshire pudding, the chemist fellow diner who gave them Italian pens, the fifty shoes set out in a Frankfurt hotel corridor for the porter to shine that they rearranged "like a train," and the consternation resulting therefrom. Maybe they will recall zinging up and down in the self-service Swiss hotel elevator, while maids bearing armloads of bedsheets despairingly punched buttons on every floor. But, as I write, I hear them trying to talk German to the gardener next door. And both talk often of things they've seen and learned.

The travel lady's advice to "park the kids" would have cost us much of the treasure we've stored up on this trip. A family seems to engender a spirit of helpfulness, to be met with understanding and camaraderie—as a family, not as strangers. Our youngsters' questions and comments have sharpened our focus. A picnic and pondering over the "why's" of children at Stonehenge, or Pisa, or Waterloo, or Bastogne tends to make history as real as the sandwich in your hand.

Sure, the children give you a bad time once in a while traveling, just as they do at home. I won't forget searching Rome for an elusive hotel after nine P.M. We'd had no dinner and I'd got out of the car five times to ask directions. Each time a passer-by would join the conversation, then another, until a dozen Romans would be waving and shouting—leaving me hungry, desperate, forgotten. My ire rose when I looked back and saw my family grinning at the scene. Corinne encountered something similar when the children told her she was getting fat on European cooking. I could laugh at that one.

It's something like what our New York cabbie said to the Idlewild Airport porter when we left. The children had scampered off. The porter saw only Corinne, her corsage, me and our stack of luggage.

"They goin' to Europe on a honeymoon?" we heard him ask.

"They're going to Europe," said our cabbie, "but it ain't no honeymoon."

Well, it hasn't been, either—but I'll bet there'll be more thoughts, smiles and "Remember that ——" conversations around our house about Europe than there've been about most honeymoons.

THE END

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Treachery at Rock Point (Continued from Page 15)

moment, yet had been anxious to face it. And now, as the uneasiness slowly died away, leaving him unruffled and no more than mildly interested in what he was seeing, he dryly told himself, *You've grown up, man. Wouldn't even matter if they're married.*

Some subtle transformation had taken place deep within him over these past few seconds. And it was with a keen relief that he realized his long absence had worked the much-needed alchemy of leaving him with a changed outlook. In his mind's eye he could even summon up the vision of a fair and dark-haired young woman and remember her only with tenderness and affection, and not with futile longing.

He came erect with the satisfying sense of somehow having been cleansed of an unwanted and time-hardened bitterness. Such an emotion had always been foreign to his nature; to know that he was finally rid of it was like rising from a sickbed after a long fever.

In several more minutes the light breeze wafted to him the tantalizing aroma of coffee and frying bacon. And Will Speer, all at once ravenous, swung down the ladder to the deck below.

The three tiered streets of Rock Point were alive with a heavy traffic even at this early hour, just short of nine o'clock. Four-team ore wagons, headed for the mill out at the end of Front Street down along the river, rolled along paying scant respect for the right of way of lesser rigs—buckboards, flatbed wagons, a scattering of surreys and buggies.

Caroline Knight reined her bay horse aside and hard against her father's sorrel in getting out of the way of the lead team of one of the Oriole's high-bodied wagons overtaking them, thus avoiding being run down.

Her parent, eyes blazing, stood in the stirrups and bawled a ripe oath, shouting to the driver, "Harness 'em side by side and you could take over the walks!"

The girl quickly reached across to lay a restraining hand on his arm. "Easy, Tom. He's half your age and almost as big. You've got to learn to get along with these roughnecks."

"Gold!" Tom Knight blazed. "Why couldn't they have found it at the other end of the territory?" He gave her a disgusted glance, tilting his head toward a saloon awning and the crowded walk beneath it close ahead. "Things're going to pot. Used to be Charley Forrest didn't have two customers of a morning before eleven. Now look. Bet you he hasn't closed his doors in a month, Sundays included."

"Isn't Charley due his share of this easy money?"

The elder Knight sighed gustily in irritation. "He can have it. Thank the good Lord we don't come in often."

"But I kind of like it." The girl laughed at his scowl of disapproval, afterward shifting her slender figure so as to sit the sidesaddle more comfortably. "Next time we come in, though, I use my regular rig. This one's hard. And it's too proper."

"Wear pants in front of all this riff-raff?"

Caroline assumed a look of mock innocence and reached down to arrange the folds of her russet riding habit. "I'll carry a forty-four if you say, Tom, but pants it is."

"We'll see about that."

Knight's gruff words gave mere lip service to his nonagreement. Well aware of how surely his headstrong daughter took after her mother, who had been in her grave these three years, he accepted the matter as having been settled in Caroline's favor. Father and daughter saw eye to eye on important things, sometimes disagreed on trivialities such as this. So now he consoled himself with the sure understanding that, so long as he held her trust and knew that she had more than her share of plain common sense, he was indeed a fortunate parent.

Presently they were riding down on a gap between one rank of the false-front stores, a long stretch of slab fence bisected by a wide gate with a high archway bearing a new-painted legend:

OAKES AND DANBO
BURNT HILLS STAGES
FREIGHT, CONTRACT HAULING

And Tom Knight, startled on reading the sign, asked sharply, "So Ned's made Lyle Danbo his partner, Carrie?"

The girl, not understanding, followed his glance. Stiffening, she breathed in wonder, "Ned hasn't mentioned it to me."

"He could have waited a decent length of time," Knight caustically remarked.

"For what?"

"Don't know exactly. Only I hate seeing the name changed."

Carrie eyed her father obliquely, her look troubled. "So do I. But keeping Will Speer's name on a sign isn't going to bring him back."

Knight shrugged. "You'll be asking Ned to eat dinner with us?"

"Not today. It's Monday. He's riding the Leesville run."

"Forgot." Knight noticed that Carrie was still eying the wagon yard's sign in strong puzzlement, and the thought struck him, *He doesn't tell her everything, which is mighty odd.*

This moment the deep-toned wail of a whistle echoed back from the rocky ridge rising sheerly beyond the eastern edge of town. Cocking his head and listening to the whistle's continuing short blasts, Tom Knight's hawkish face took on a slow, delighted smile. "River boat. Probably the Belle. Want to go down and watch her come in?"

"You go, Tom. I have to stop in at the Emporium and pick out that drapery material before they've sold it all."

Knight had an abrupt thought then that made him say, "Y'know, now might be the time to get down to the Elkton ranch with Ned and drive back those mares and geldings. We could ride the Belle and be on the river two, three days. You'd come along and share the work."

Carrie smiled. "Sounds like a lark. Let's do it. See you at the hotel for dinner, will I?" She took in her father's nod and added, "Make it by half past eleven or we get caught in the rush. And I'd thank you not to keep me waiting."

"Never do."

He was about to touch the sorrel with spur to pull on ahead when all at once she said, "And don't worry about the bank, Tom. You and Baker just put your heads together this morning and you'll lick this thing."

"That we will, Carrie. Now I'll run along."

He put the sorrel on at a brisk jog down the crowded street, and by the time he had taken the steeply pitched alley from Grant to Front the Belle had rounded the upstream bend and was swinging broadside to the current, nosing in toward the levee, making for a point immediately downstream from where the Star, Lee Mears' single-stack ferryboat, lay moored in slack water.

Sight of the small but stately sternwheeler invariably had its strong effect on Tom Knight. He and Ada, Caroline's mother, had four years ago made the trip to Omaha and back on the Belle, to meet Caroline after her graduation in St. Louis from Miss Stanhope's Academy for Gentlewomen.

That had been the late spring and summer before Ada's sudden decline. Memories of the moonlit summer nights and of the many relaxful days with the woman who had meant so much to him were always strongest when the tidy white-painted packet lay before his eyes, as it did now.

He presently rode behind a small crowd of townspeople gathered on the levee, then up to the river side of a warehouse, just now preferring his own company to that of others. Coming aground, he watched the Belle make the landing, eying the debarking passengers with strong dislike. For he had never ceased regretting the day, fifteen months ago, when Joe Starles had traded his new-found nuggets for a gallon jug of whisky at the War Paint and thus started the rush up Needle Canyon that climbed through a notch in the ridge three miles to the east of town.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

New Year's Resolution
Made the Week
Before Christmas

Once home, I pat each
purpling bruise,
Eye my packages and muse
That though not bloody, I
am bowed—
Next year no mangling with
the crowd!

By Mary Alkus

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Over that interval of little more than a year, Rock Point had mushroomed from a comfortable and quiet settlement to become a bustling, at times bawdy, boom town. As a cattleman and part owner of the town bank, Tom Knight cast a jaundiced eye on all this, seeing the Point's future as being insecure in spite of the bank's increased business.

Just now a figure moving shoreward along the steamer's stage caught his eye, a figure standing nearly a head taller than the others. Something about the way the man handled himself, the ease with which he swung aside to let a roustabout past him, gave Knight a twinge. "Looks a little like Will," he mused aloud, adding regretfully, "Wish it could be."

He eyed the man more closely, taking in his buckskin shirt and tight pants, his short red-hued beard. All at once he dropped the sorrel's reins and hurried out along the embankment, calling stridently, "Will!"

He knew that his voice couldn't be heard over the racket down there. The man in buckskin disappeared behind a dray, and it was when he moved out of sight that Tom Knight slowed his stride, then stopped as he told himself, *Hold on. This one's got a beard. And didn't I read it in the paper with my own eyes? So it can't be.* And as he turned back to his horse he muttered sheepishly, "Saved yourself from playin' the fool."

Last night's game of high-stake draw poker in the ornate parlor of Lyle Danbo's house on upper Lupin Street had broken up slightly later than usual, not until well after two o'clock. For that reason Danbo was late in shaving and dressing this morning. He was putting the imitation-pearl studs in his white-pleated shirt when he heard the Belle whistle its signal for the landing.

That sound, as always, had its strong and unwelcome effect on Danbo, making him think back across the years to one late spring at Stinkin' Landing, far down the Missouri, when he had been the sole survivor of a group of eight hide hunters headquartered inside a crude and smelly stockade along the river's bank. The pox had almost annihilated the group, bringing down all but Danbo—who had been stricken with the disease and recovered from it as a youth—and one other, a man well advanced in age.

By the time the runoff had stopped, when a boat made the landing to load upward of four tons of buffalo hides for market, Danbo had simply pointed out the seven wooden crosses in one corner of the small compound. His explanation, never questioned, had taken less than a minute. He had, of course, neglected mentioning that one cross marked the grave of an elderly man who had quite recently died of suffocation following a hard blow on the head.

Those bales of prime hides, sold in Omaha, had marked Lyle Danbo's beginnings as a man of substance. Small in stature and patently unable to make his mark by sheer brawn, the man had used his keen wits, along with a remarkably sensitive pair of hands that had proved equally adept in handling either a gun or a deck of cards. As a gambler, Danbo had long ago learned that skill, not cheating, was the means to a most satisfactory end. He had also learned that a man's winnings varied according to the potential, this being the precise reason he had five months ago picked this boom town as the next in his long series of temporary residences.

Danbo was thirty-three years old. He had been twenty-seven back in '71 when he quit Stinkin' Landing. So unpleasant had been his memories of his life as a hide hunter—the ever-present stench, the griminess, the flies and the heat, the bitter cold—that he had since come to relish deeply his creature comforts. More than that, he had become truly fastidious in dress and in what he ate, the latter being his reason for permitting himself the luxury of a personal servant, a Negro who cooked for him and looked after his rented house.

This morning as he walked down the hill and turned along Grant Street toward the stage yard, he was nattily outfitted in a black suit and an inconspicuously embroidered gray vest that matched the shade of his derby. His shoes shone with a mirrorlike polish and he wore a fine linen handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat, which bulged slightly from the bulk of a shoulder holster beneath it.

Coming down along the yard's slab fence toward the gate, he glanced up to examine the sign on the high archway which had been painted only yesterday. He and Ned Oakes had had a slight argument over replacing the name of Speer. Danbo readily understood that Ned attached a certain amount of sentiment to keeping the name. But, as usual in their disagreements, his cool insistence had finally won out.

He glanced idly back into the big wagon lot as he passed the gate, taking a certain pleasure in thinking of how surely he had deceived Ned in claiming total ignorance of what went on back there. Actually, he supposed he knew as much as his new partner did about the workings of the yard. But it didn't interest him particularly. What did interest him, what brought him here on his infrequent visits, was the account books.

Yet just now he couldn't help but notice a thing or two as his glance swung

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back along the lot. Two men were forking hay from the barn loft into the corral that held upward of a dozen animals. A hostler was making a two-team hitch to one of the husky freight wagons that weekly made the Elkton haul. The rhythmic ring of hammer on anvil sounded from the blacksmith's shanty at the lot's rear, where blue wood smoke rose in a thin streamer from the forge chimney. Over by one of the open-fronted wagon sheds the carpenter was bolting a new axle onto a battered ore wagon that had its rear hoisted by a logging chain and block and tackle secured to a roof beam.

The office, flanked by a long loading platform running back into the yard, formed the far side of the gate. Danbo entered it by way of the street door, finding Bailey, the bookkeeper, talking to a tall, bearded man in buckskins across by the railing and cashier's cage that closed off the room's rear working space. A saddle, bedroll and booted Winchester lay on the floor at the stranger's feet.

Danbo was approaching the gate in the railing, headed for the back office, when Bailey called to him, "Mr. Danbo, you better handle this."

Danbo had no sooner glanced at Bailey than the man's thinly veiled look of alarm warned him of something being wrong here. The next moment the stranger was looking at him and saying pleasantly, "I stopped in hoping to find Ned. Since he's away, I'd like the loan of a horse to get me out to the layout and ——" Pausing in midsentence, the tall man smiled sheepishly and hastened to explain, "Forgot to mention it, but the name's Speer—Will Speer."

For an instant Danbo wondered if the name should mean something. Then suddenly it did, and he stood dumfounded, momentarily wondering if his hearing had deceived him. When he was sure it hadn't, a hard alertness crowded out his surprise. *Now what can this joker's game be?* he asked himself, at once positive that the stranger was lying.

Convinced that he had a brazen impostor on his hands, he nonetheless managed to say heartily, "Not Ned's partner!"

"The same." The stranger appeared relieved as he nodded to indicate Bailey. "Your friend here wasn't so sure about me. Maybe it's the beard." He laughed, reaching up to run a hand over his curly close-cropped whiskers.

"Now why the devil couldn't Ned be here?" As he spoke, Danbo was thinking, *So he's a horse thief;* his quick mind weighing various ways of dealing with this situation.

Suddenly he thought of a way and, eying the bookkeeper, told him, "Bailey, get out and have Abe put a bridle on the bay for Speer. And while you're about it, tell Kelso and Worts to bring me those tally sheets."

For a moment he thought Bailey might spoil this, for there was no man by the name of Abe among the crew, and Kelso and Worts had nothing to do with tally sheets. He saw the bookkeeper's brows arch briefly in puzzlement. But then, to his vast relief, the man gave him an owlish look of understanding and turned to leave the room by way of the platform door.

Danbo opened the gate in the railing now, went through it saying, "So you're Will Speer!" He chuckled, his glance taking in the stranger's high-built frame and the gun he wore along his thigh. "Ned's going to think he's seeing a ghost. How come you didn't let him know you were headed home?"

"Figured I'd make better time than a letter."

Danbo nodded. And the stranger, looking slowly around the room, remarked, "At least this hasn't changed as much as the town. How's the yard doing?"

Danbo shrugged, deliberating for some seconds in his answer, for he wanted to kill time. "Pretty good, all in all. We do a steady business bringing in ore from the mines to the mill, then hauling the concentrates across to the railroad. But the stage end of the business is getting tricky. Been losing an express box now and then. Lost a heavy one last week, in fact. We're lucky we haven't so far lost a man. Had one winged a while back, but he was back at work the following week."

The tall man's look had sobered. "Can't you hire a good shotgun rider?"

"Not for under fifty dollars on the run to Bend and Leesville. Which is why Ned's away. He's riding shotgun."

Danbo just then glimpsed two figures hurrying past the platform window, the sight bringing him a feeling of such keen relief that he turned away momentarily, afraid his expression might betray him.

The street door creaked open, and at that sound Danbo swung around to see burly Matt Kelso and Clyde Worts—who had never been known to unbelt his low-slung Colt's except when he went to bed—stepping into the room. Danbo couldn't hold back a thin smile then as the stranger glanced idly around at the two yard men.

"Boys," Danbo loudly announced, "want you to meet Ned's partner, Will Speer."

The stranger nodded to the two, his look gradually turning impassive when neither of them said anything. They were staring at him in such open hostility that Danbo knew the moment had arrived for a showdown.

"Friend, your luck's run out on you," he said tonelessly, hearing the door behind him open and shut as Bailey returned.

The tall man looked quickly around, strong puzzlement written on his dark face. "My luck? Afraid I don't get you."

Danbo was through pretending now, and he swore softly, letting go the rein he had been holding on his temper. "Just how could you play us for being such suckers? Because you knew Ned was away? Because you found out there isn't a man left in the yard that ever laid eyes on the real Will Speer? I'll have to hand it to you, though. This is a slick try at stealing a horse."

The stranger's face had gone slack in such seemingly genuine surprise that Danbo told himself, *He should've been a gambler.* Then the stranger, with a baffled shake of the head, was saying, "You've got me wrong—dead wrong. I really am Will Speer. All you've got to do to prove it is ——"

"All I've got to do to prove it is to be able to read!" Danbo cut in curtly. "The paper had the story two months ago. About Will Speer being buried over on the reservation at Fort Lapwai. Along with thirty or forty other poor devils the cavalry lost in that ambush back in June."

"Then the paper had it wrong. I took a bullet through the shoulder, but ——"

Danbo's patience was at an end. It was the curt nod he gave Worts that made the tall man check his words and, sensing that this was some sort of signal, wheel quickly around. By this time Worts' .44 was lined squarely at him.

"All right, Kelso," Danbo snapped. "You know what to do."

Kelso at once moved in on the stranger, circling so as to come in on his right side. He was smiling in a gloating way as he breathed, "Stay set, neighbor," and reached out to lift the tall man's gun from the holster.

Suddenly then, in a wickedly fast move, he arched the weapon up and swung it at the stranger's head. Yet, fast as he moved, the tall man lunged back out of the way with catlike quickness, caught his down-swinging arm and with surprising ease twisted it sharply behind him.

Kelso cried out in agony as his arm was bent upward and the gun wrenched from his hand. His cry had barely died away when his solid bulk all at once hurtled across the ten feet separating him from Worts. He slammed into Worts, who stumbled, threw both arms about him and somehow managed to keep from falling. Worts had momentarily forgotten his .44. By the time he let go his hold on Kelso he found himself staring into the bore of the stranger's weapon.

Danbo, as Kelso cried out, had reached in under his coat to draw his flat double-barreled derringer from its shoulder holster. In a swift, sure lift of his arm, he now reached out across the railing and jabbed the derringer hard against the back of the stranger's neck, saying with ominous softness, "Don't make me use this!"

For an instant he thought the stranger was going to turn on him. But then he felt the tension go out of that high frame. The next moment the stranger's gun thudded to the floor.

"Now, boys, have your fun! Come get him!"

Caroline Knight spent forty minutes at the Emporium looking over the store's new shipment of drapery materials, choosing several yards of it and arranging to have it sent to Ruth Moore, the seamstress. Leaving the store, she turned up Grant Street, having decided to walk rather than ride the short distance out to the Moore house, so that she could give Ruth the measurements for the living-room windows.

Though modestly, even plainly, dressed in contrast to some of the women she met along the street, there was an unconscious air of grace about her that set her apart from most others. Today her ebony hair was topped by a small and saucy square of maroon velvet edged with white braid. That bit of cloth, a token of her rebellion against the current fashion of large and ornate hats, was as typical of her as the light bronze tone of her skin in this day when women prided themselves on having fair complexions untainted by overlong acquaintance with the sun.

Had anyone told Caroline Knight that she was beautiful, she would have laughed outright. For she knew, for instance, that her mouth was too wide for real prettiness, that her thick eyebrows marred the otherwise delicate make-up of her features. In spite of this, there was as positive a quality of beauty about her as there was of high spirits, this last being quite evident in the lively and straightforward look of her dark brown eyes.

She was a girl possessing abundant vitality. And this, so evident to anyone glimpsing her tall and slender figure moving along the walk, made her the target for the interested and respectful glances of most of the men who passed her.

Half a minute after leaving the Emporium, she was glancing obliquely ahead across the street and soberly reading the new sign on the archway over the stage-lot gate. Hardly able to define why the

The Perfect Squelch

The crowded train neared the end of its long run. Its weary conductor relaxed as it speeded through the countryside in a final spurt toward its destination. But an energetic lady who had peppered him right along with unnecessary questions kept it up: "Are we on time?" "Will there be redcaps at the station?" "Is there any chance of delay?"

Suddenly the air brakes hissed and the train jolted to an abrupt stop. "What happened?" the lady shouted at the conductor. Ignoring her, he went to find out. On his return, she repeated her question.

"We hit a cow," he said.

"Oh, was the poor thing on the track?" she asked.

"No, lady," he replied patiently. "We chased her through a field."

Paula Norton

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sign displeased her, she nonetheless told herself, *It's part of all the rest. Ned hasn't been himself lately, and I wonder why.*

The thought troubled her. And she was thinking back to the time she had last seen Ned, remembering his high nervousness, when abruptly across the way she saw two men run from the stage-office door and one turn upon the other to hit him full in the chest.

The man who had struck the blow was Matt Kelso. The other, taller and wearing buckskins, now moved in at Kelso with surprising quickness, caught him about the waist and lifted him bodily from the walk to throw him out against the office tie rail.

The rail snapped, broke with a crack she could hear quite plainly. And as Kelso fell awkwardly into the dust, she saw men running along the walks and across the street to watch the fight. This moment a third man lunged out of the office door to leap upon the tall man's back. The two of them staggered out off the walk's edge, fell alongside Kelso and out of sight behind the gathering crowd.

Caroline hurried on along the walk, briefly glimpsing Kelso and the tall man through the fog of dust lifting across there. She saw the tall man's head suddenly drop from sight behind the onlookers. Then abruptly she could see him lying in the dust, and see Matt Kelso aim a solid kick at his chest.

It was over then. The crowd moved in and two men pulled Kelso away. A moment later Carrie saw Lyle Danbo appear briefly in the office doorway to heave a saddle and bulky bedroll out onto the walk. Then Kelso and the man who had helped him in the fight went into the office and the crowd thinned and started breaking up.

She had stopped to watch all this, and now a man standing near her said to a companion, "Took two to do it. Good scrapper, whoever he is."

Carrie's glance strayed back to the tall man, who was on his feet once again and had picked up his hat and was using it to beat the dust from his buckskin pants and shirt. She watched him step over and lift the saddle and bedroll to his shoulder. And suddenly she was staring at him incredulously, her eyes wide in outright bewilderment.

He had started on down the walk when an irresistible impulse made her turn and run out into the street, calling, "Will! Will, is it you?"

She saw him hesitate and turn to face her. The street became a blur and she realized that there were tears in her eyes. She ran on a few more steps, then abruptly slowed her stride as doubt struck her. For this man wore a beard, as Will never had. She was mistaken.

Yet this moment the tall man smiled broadly, eased the saddle down from his shoulder and laid it on the walk. He stepped off the edge of the planks and came toward her. And as suddenly as her doubt had come it was gone, and she started toward him again.

"Will. Oh, Will! You aren't ——"

She choked back her words as they met. She reached out and took him by the arms. She looked up into his blue eyes and was shocked and stirred to her depths by the tenderness and bridled longing she saw there.

He said gently, "Carrie, I'm back."

It was the sound of his voice, its fullness and steadiness, that shook her and broke the dam of her restraint. She was trembling as she came into his arms. Unashamedly bursting into tears then, she kissed him full and hard on the mouth.

The Leesville stage was two hours late that afternoon, having been delayed by the tardy arrival of the narrow gauge's noon local at the rail town.

Ned Oakes, on hearing the news of Will Speer, was so incredulous that he threatened the man who first gave him the word. Then, finally convinced, he let out a delighted yell that rang half the length of Grant Street, afterward roaring, "Boys, watch out! This'll be a night to set the calendar by! Where is he?"

Amazed and delighted as he was, his exuberance lasted little better than an hour. It was as he and Will were eating their supper at the hotel that the first damper was clamped on his high spirits by Will asking about Danbo, about the new partnership, and finally about affairs at the stage yard.

At length he waved Will to silence. "We'll hash the whole thing out in the morning at the office. I'll get word to Danbo to be there. Now let's get caught up on things with you. What about the chunk of lead you stopped in that brush with the Nez Percés?"

As the evening wore on, as he and Will made the round of their old hangouts—the War Paint, Amos Soule's faro parlor, Daisy Kemp's Rosebud Lounge—Ned gradually sensed that this wasn't going to be a night to mark on the calendar after all. Except, of course, that he'd always remember it as the day Will Speer returned from the dead.

That same feeling of old, of respect and liking and complete trust, still lay between them, based as it was on eleven years' close acquaintance. But as the hour grew later Ned became increasingly restless and uneasy in the presence of this tall and quiet-spoken man who seemed in so many ways so much older than he,

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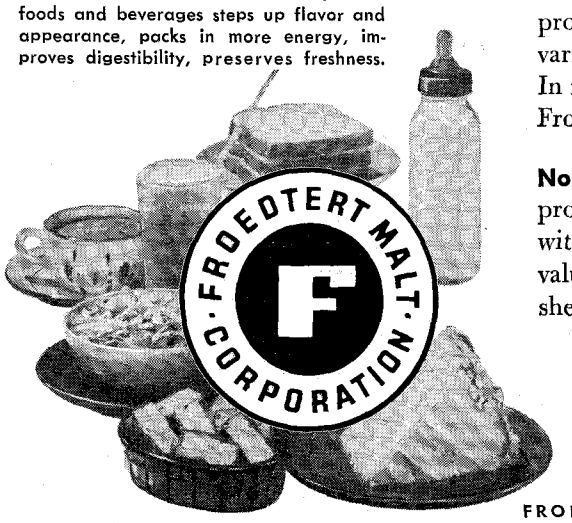

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WHERE RESEARCH IS UNLOCKING THE SECRETS OF MALT

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though there wasn't a year's spread between them. The past twenty-three months had brought a maturity on Will, a surprising one in spite of his always having been the more serious of the two.

There were things that had happened during Will's absence, particularly during the past few weeks, that Ned would never be able to explain to his friend. Half ashamed of this, half angered by it, Ned drank far more heavily than his partner, who seemed to be able to make a glass last a full hour.

Finally they found themselves in Ned's upstairs room at the back of the hotel, an open bottle on the table. They got to talking about the old days, about Crow Track and the homestead, and most of Ned's uneasiness ebbed away. Presently he left the table and lay back on the bed, a glass in hand, and began expounding on something that forever afterward remained a mystery to him, though later on he did distinctly remember having closed his eyes as he talked.

He wakened with a start to find the room's lamp turned low and Will gone. He looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past midnight. Suddenly he thought of something that sobered him to an alarming degree. He quickly left the room, went down the stairs and out onto the street, turning up along it toward Lupin Street and Lyle Danbo's house. Walking fast, the night's chill air ridding his brain of its fuzziness, he found himself thinking back and remembering things he had come close to forgetting for a long, long time.

The picture that stood out clearest of all in his mind was of a summer day, close to ten years ago, when he and Will had returned to the wagon camp after a long day's fruitless hunt for game. The smell of the charred wagons and the look of the sprawled bodies came back to him tonight as sharp and clear as though it had been only yesterday or this afternoon.

After dusk that evening, he remembered, two other survivors of the party, grown men, had come out of the pine forest to join them. The four had buried their dead in the dark, his mother and father, Will's father and sister with the rest. They had been long gone from the spot by dawn the next morning, two sixteen-year-old boys turned men in a twelve-hour span of time.

Traveling only by night, they had struck north for the Missouri. Five long rides had brought them quite by chance to Crow Track, Tom Knight's new ranch. Knight had offered them good wages and safety. They had worked on the layout for four years, until the country quieted down under one of the many uneasy truces with the hostiles. Then they had struck out on their own, mainly at Will's insistence, and homesteaded a choice piece of land between Crow Track and the river, where lay the new-built settlement of Rock Point.

They had been close as brothers throughout those years, closer perhaps because they lacked the blood tie that so often creates friction and envy. Even now Ned could honestly tell himself that he would do more for Will Speer than for any other man alive. A part of him that had withered two months ago on reading of Will's death had come alive tonight. But with that part of him made whole once again, a host of troubled thoughts, of uncertainties, had come alive too. Which was why he was on his way to see Lyle Danbo at this midnight hour.

Albert, Danbo's aging colored servant, let him in the door and showed him into the small sitting room across the hallway from the big parlor where the click of chips told him the nightly game was in full swing. He began restlessly pacing the broad window alcove overlooking the night-shrouded street. Less than a minute later, on hearing the hallway door open, he wheeled around.

Worry was plainly written on his slender and handsome face as, without preliminary, he asked, "Lyle, what do we do now?"

Danbo was smoking a thin cheroot and didn't answer until he had reached up and taken it from his mouth. "You've seen him, then?"

"Spent the evening with him," Ned answered, nodding nervously. "And don't ask if I gave anything away because I didn't."

"Wouldn't hurt anyone but you if you had." Danbo's smile was thin, distant. "So you patted him on the back, told him the greatest thing that ever happened was finding out he was still alive. You bought him drinks and supper. You said, 'Now, Will, let's wait till tomorrow to talk business. Danbo's easy to get on with and we'll straighten this whole thing out in five minutes. Nothing to worry about at all.'" Pausing momentarily, Danbo asked, "Is that about how it went?"

"Just about," Ned admitted. He couldn't overlook the other's heavy sarcasm, and added, "Quit pushin' at me. I'll take just so much!"

Danbo shrugged, turning away to grind out his half-finished smoke in a tray on the room's marble-topped center table. "All right, Ned, this is for you to figure out. Since you're the one that's in the bad spot."

Ned sighed gustily, his habitual lightheartedness having deserted him completely. He lifted a hand and ran it across his wavy, ash-blond hair, afterward saying, "One thing's got to be understood. Will's never to know the truth about our deal. The same as you agreed Carrie never would."

"Know the truth about what?" Danbo asked blandly. "It slips my mind."

"It damn well better not! He's not to know why you put up the five thousand to buy a partnership in the yard."

"But I did put up the five."

"In a way, you did, yes. But ——"

"In a way?" Danbo echoed dryly. "Those slips of paper we burned had your name on 'em. You owed the five, didn't you?"

"Money I lost at that confounded table across there." Ned gestured angrily in the direction of the hallway.

"Don't blame your luck at cards on me, my friend." The gambler peered intently at Ned a moment, trying to decide if too much drink was responsible for the man being so high-strung and testy. In the end he decided it wasn't, and said, "You blame me because you lost. So suppose I take credit for the last two times you sat in the game. You packed away a fair chunk of cash each time."

"Is eight hundred dollars big money?" Abruptly Ned's ill-humored expression softened, to be replaced by a look of contriteness. "What the devil, man! Let's quit clawin' at each other and get our heads together on what we're going to do about this!"

"Let's," Danbo agreed readily enough. A thought just then made him chuckle softly. "You should've been there to see it. He handled Kelso like he would've a youngster. Your bearded friend can take care of himself."

"I missed the beard. Carrie had made him shave it off and shed his buckskins by the time I met him. She and Tom told me about it, though, said he looked like something straight down out of a cave in the hills."

"He did, for a fact. Which is why I couldn't begin to believe his story. When do we get together with him?"

"In the morning at the office."

"Ought to be interesting."

"Don't worry. Will never bears a grudge." Thrusting hands deep into his pockets, Ned stared worriedly at the room's flowered carpet before looking up to ask, "Lyle, will you take my note for that five thousand again and call it quits on the partnership?"

Danbo's only answer was a smug smile, whereupon Ned asked in a pleading way, "If you don't, then what 'm I to do? Think of something!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Once again Danbo eyed the blond man speculatively. This time a look of guile tinged his glance, and he shortly said, "Stay set. I'll be right back," and without further ceremony left the room.

He was gone less than a minute, during which time Ned resumed his pacing of the window alcove, presently pulling aside the lace curtains so as to draw the shades. Danbo appeared as the last blind was being drawn and nodded his approval, saying pointedly, "I was going to suggest we do that."

His words carried a meaning that escaped Ned, who asked, "Why?"

For his answer, Danbo reached into a pocket of his coat, drew out a fat leather bag the size of his fist and tossed it onto the table. Ned, frowning, came across and picked up the bag, his eyes coming wider open as he hefted it.

He took in the crude outline of a bird burned in the leather. Outrage tinged his glance then as it whipped across to the gambler. "Gold!" he breathed. "This is an Oriole bag!"

"So it is."

Ned was staring at the man incredulously. "That box of Red Byrd's we lost last week! This came out of it!"

Danbo only shrugged, whereupon Ned brandished the pouch close in front of his face, asking hoarsely, "You rigged that steal?"

Danbo's tone sounded almost hurt as he blandly answered, "Now let's don't go off half-cocked, friend. You've seen Red Byrd pay his poker losses here in gold. You've seen him hand me one of these pouches more than once."

Suddenly Ned's free hand stabbed out and caught a tight hold on the other's coat front. "Lyle, last week you and I and Red and the bank were the only ones that knew the box was aboard that stage! You knew the other times too! You've known what our rigs were carrying every time they've been stopped!"

Lyle Danbo nodded sparely. Yet there was an unmistakable intentness in the look he gave Ned as he said, "And if I backed out of the partnership I wouldn't know from now on, would I?"

His words carried a deeper meaning than Ned at first realized. Then, as Ned abruptly became aware of exactly what he was hearing, the gambler lifted a hand and almost gently broke his grip, saying quite casually, "By the way, how's the little widow across in Leesville? Did you happen to drop in on her again last night?"

Ned Oakes that moment had the appearance of a man all at once feeling violently ill. His face lost its healthy amber hue and took on a sickly pallor. His eyes mirrored naked fear. And his voice was hollow, without life, as he asked, "How —— You've known it how long?"

"Does it matter how long?" Danbo lifted his hands outward from his sides in a mocking gesture of humility. "Now, Ned, I'm enough of a man to understand your liking the looks of a pretty woman. Especially as good a looker as Grace Drew."

"If Carrie should ever ——"

"Carrie never will," Danbo cut in, his tone silky soft. "Not from me, she won't. Not unless it's by a slip. Or ——"

As the man's words trailed off, a look of loathing briefly hardened Ned's expression. But then the starch went out of him and he reached up to run a hand across his eyes, afterward muttering lifelessly, "Carrie never will know. Or Will either. Because there'll never be a reason for your telling them. So what is it you want me to do?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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Our Weakest Spot (Continued from Page 35)

ordinary drills." Or, if he chooses, he may very well say, "What's it to you, Jack?"

Either way, the result is the same. Americans continue to watch, doing nothing. What can they do, on the high and free seas, in peacetime? Just watch, track, hover, annoy with their presence. Just keep the charges ready, the guns trained, men with their fingers near, if not on, the crucial triggers. Anything more than that, and war is certain. More than that, and one fairly junior officer, with no orders, can bring down the holocaust.

There is no great mystery about the hooded devices on the deck of the Lenin. These—I think there would be at least two—are guided missiles, very probably armed with hydrogen warheads, certainly with atomic explosives.

Of course, the suspense builds toward the intolerable. At each alarm on the Russian craft, the Americans sweat more profusely. Each time the Lenin surfaces and the deck crew emerges, the American commander ages another year, and the crew comes out, once or three times a day, week after week.

Then in the cold predawn of one day, there is another clangor of bells and one more rush of the Russians to their stations. Perhaps, by now, the Americans are almost relaxed about the whole thing. But this day is a little different. This time, at a moment decided weeks before, the Russian commander gives a different signal. There is a flash, an enormous sucking of air, the screech of projectiles.

Of course the Russians don't stay alive if they have neglected to dispose of the Americans watching them. Now the killer team does its job. On the Lenin, there is not even time for screaming. But it doesn't really matter. The war has begun—with much of the United States flat on its back.

Those two missiles from the Lenin headed for New York and Philadelphia. It's unimportant whether they missed their targets by two or three miles. Already, enormous flashes are over the cities. The waves of heat and blast spread out to flatten everything within five-mile circles. The clouds with their deadly fall-out form—not just over these two cities, but similar flashes, blasts and fall-out over each of the targets, simultaneously. In five or ten minutes, not only are New York and Philadelphia smashed; but London, our bases on Iceland and Greenland, Maine airfields, the Panama Canal, Columbia River ports. Pick yourself seventy hydrogen-bomb targets within 200 miles of the sea, and see what's left.

See what's left and then ask yourself: What difference then the enormously expensive radar lines across the Arctic, what difference the fleets of bombers capable of flying from Spokane to Moscow, what use hundreds of thousands of loyal ground observers, air-raid wardens, dispersed troops, underground shelters which might have saved lives if the people had been given even twenty minutes to get into them. What, then, of our ability to wage any kind of war for our freedom?

In the last half dozen years of fear, all the fright phrases have been overworked. It is not my intention to try to wring any further shock from them. That it—meaning war—can happen here; that development of atomic weapons has made war the business of everyone, old and young; that war may come without warning and in direct contravention to political statements even then being made—these are things we now accept. Equally beyond argument is the fact that the Russians can wage quick and devastating nuclear warfare—atomic or hydrogen explosives—and have planes and ships to deliver the missiles. Russia's Bison bombers and others very probably equal our own or, at the least, are efficient enough to do an intercontinental job. Since World War II, Russia has built more cruisers, destroyers and submarines than all the rest of the world combined. Jane's Fighting Ships estimates the current Russian submarine strength at 475, with 100 to 125 modern—a strength considerably higher than our own. We have about 110, and build three or four a year. A fair estimate of Russian nuclear strength includes about 1000 atomic warheads—not necessarily bombs—and 100 hydrogen missiles.

Note, please, that I'm not especially concerned with comparative figures. Whether the Russians have more bombers or more submarines than we is not terribly important. To be on the receiving end of a hydrogen missile is so catastrophic that I'm sure the Soviets will not start using them unless they can make quite sure we won't be capable of using hydrogen bombs on them. This means that nuclear war, if it starts at all, surely will start with an attempt at complete surprise.

I didn't invent the theory that surprise is all-important. Nor do I maintain that the probability of surprise hasn't been considered by our defense planners. A few years ago an intercontinental bomber could have arrived over our cities before it was discovered. Because we did recognize this most probable method of surprise, great radar lines have been built and now are being extended to curve the warning radar system down around Hawaii in the Pacific and the Azores in the Atlantic.

Several hundred thousand ground observers now keep watch for planes which might slip underneath this radar search net by flying very low.

It's hardly necessary to add that interceptor planes, circles of killer-missile bases and other defenses also are in being. It's no secret that portions of our defensive air forces are in the air at all times, with hundreds of other planes ready for the first alarm. Actually, these things don't concern me. I'm willing to accept the statements of military officials that our sky approaches are guarded and that chances for a successful attack against them are slight and probabilities of complete surprise virtually nonexistent.

But have we covered our sea flanks? Are we being lulled by our own publicity as were the French by the published strength of their Maginot Line? Have we in effect built such a line, at the same time inviting disaster from another source?

Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, chief of the Strategic Air Command, some time ago made one of the year's prize understatements. Said he, "I think we must avoid the first blow if at all possible."

I resort, therefore, to an old method of military thinking. For the moment, let's say that I am the Russian commander in chief. My country either is actually or assumes itself to be under such pressure at home or abroad that war against the United States and her allies is essential. My duty is to win that war—by the first paralyzing stroke. I must not permit the retaliation by nuclear weapons, of which the United States is quite capable. How shall I accomplish complete surprise? That is, delivery of the blow in such a way that no effective retaliatory base will have more than thirty minutes' warning?

The first thing I'd do would be to get two pairs of draftsmen's compasses. One would be set on a 500-mile radius. With the center on each of the known United States bases, especially overseas, I'd draw circles. If any circle intercepted Soviet-controlled territory, that base would automatically become a target for aircraft. Modern bombers move in excess of 550 miles per hour. Therefore, bases in Turkey, Okinawa, Japan, Formosa and possibly Subic Bay in the Philippines would be assigned to my air force.

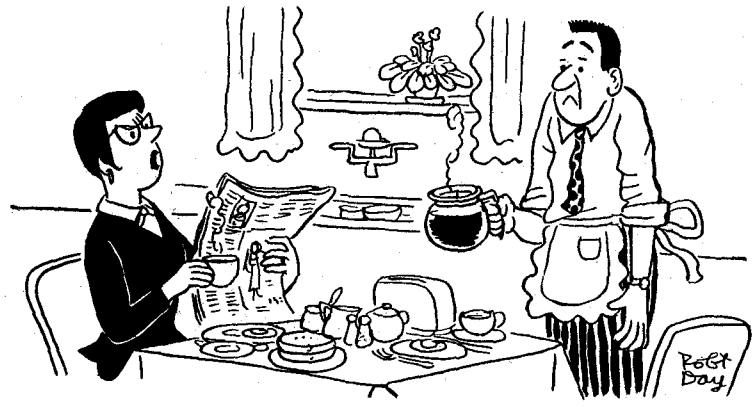
They could be reached and destroyed by aircraft with virtually no chance of sufficient warning for the defenders to take action.

This much coincides with American defense thinking. Fast bombers carrying nuclear bombs which could destroy bases or cities even though they missed their targets by a country mile: as Soviet commander, I couldn't improve on that. But with my second, 200-mile-radius pencil, I'd draw more important circles around bases, cities and factories. Wherever those circles intercepted any sea I would mark as submarine targets the cities named earlier in this article, the North African and Spanish air bases, Caribbean oil and aluminum centers, and some 60 per cent of America's population and industries, plus at least half the strategic-bomber bases on this continent. The remainder—cities like Chicago, Wichita and Detroit, vital spots like the Kansas City rail center, Oak Ridge and Grand Coulee Dam—would be assigned to delayed aircraft or, just possibly, to agents who succeeded in smuggling nuclear weapons into the United States. (Actually, I doubt whether any nation ever would take the chance of providing advance information on such a plan to any agent, no matter how reliable he was believed to be. By nature, agents simply can't be trusted sufficiently.)

I'd set D day and H hour months ahead—or set four or five of each, to be identified later by code words, such as the "winds" message which sent the Japanese fleet into action on December 7, 1941. My agents would go out immediately. My submarines would slip away from Archangel or Vladivostok—just thirty-five of them, according to my quick calculations, with perhaps three or four more to find and follow any American naval fleet at sea.

Certainly I'd be risking my country's all—70 of my 100 hydrogen missiles, a good portion of my atomic warheads. Many of these would go out on the subs, which could be refueled at sea as necessary.

There would be no critical problem. Some of my submarines would doubtless be seen or tracked. I could expect American ships to watch them closely as soon as they approached American shores. But those submarines would be on the open sea, and there would be no legal action the Americans could take against them in peacetime. At H hour, four things would happen: (1) all thirty-five subs would fire their seventy terrible missiles; (2) streaking from the safety of Soviet territory, planes would head toward Japan, Okinawa and Turkey, their bombs being dropped before effective action could begin against them; (3) my agents would set off their smuggled explosives; and (4) across the radar line in the arctic, additional fleets of planes, headed for Kansas City, Detroit and other inland bases, would sweep with a good chance of being in time to deliver the *coup de grâce* to the major part of America's industry—and, especially, its ability to fight back—in three or four hours.



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Casper, a low-income-bracket boy with a crew cut, married a high-salaried woman executive with the fond expectation of living effortlessly ever after. But his bride ran him the way she ran her office staff. Further, she refused to continue to live at his mother's. When she built a new house and moved into it, Casper sued her for a divorce on grounds of cruelty.

"She neglected me for her business, she talked me down, she embarrassed me in public, she always attempted to dominate me," he complained. "No husband should have to put up with that."

"Casper was willing to accept the benefits of my being the breadwinner," his bride replied, "so why should he complain when I act like one? A wife is as much entitled to be the boss as her husband is, anyhow."

If you were the judge, would you grant Casper a divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Casper failed to win a divorce.
The court said that his bride was no more domineering than many wives who do not even work for a living.

Based upon a 1955 Kentucky decision.

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So much for being even a hypothetical Russian commander, a role I dislike. From an American standpoint, there are many questions. Would it work? I see no guaranty that it would not. Search international law as you will, there is no legal positive action Americans could take against Russian submarines in the open sea in peacetime, even though they were in position to fire on important installations of the United States or its allies. For nearly three years, guided missiles have been fired from our submarines, at ranges in excess of 200 miles, with an estimated error of less than one per cent. Our present effectiveness may be considerably more. So may that of the Russians.

Russian Admiral L. Vladimirsky recently indicated publicly that the Soviets can fire guided missiles from submarines, as do we. Our Army began firing atomic shells from 280-mm. cannon some time ago and since has reduced the caliber to about eight inches. So it's safe to say that guided missiles with atomic warheads or hydrogen warheads should not be much larger than torpedoes. Therefore they could be transported and fired from submarines. Pinpoint accuracy is no problem with an explosive so powerful. Perhaps some of the attacking ships would be sunk by killer vessels immediately after firing. But even that isn't certain.

Would this attack prevent retaliation? The loss of nearly all overseas bases, plus those within 200 miles of our own coasts, would certainly cripple our strategic-bombing force. Communications would be disrupted. For a moment, put yourself in the shoes of the commander of an air base—perhaps in South Dakota.

Nothing has hit you. But suddenly you can't get through to anyone—not to Washington, your own commander in Omaha, anyone. At H hour you had bombers in the air, but they were not armed with nuclear weapons. They must be called back. Bombs must be hauled from their hiding places in the hills and you must decide whether to launch a retaliatory bombing attack upon Russia—on the strength of the fact that you don't know anything and can't find out anything. Your bombers have been accustomed to some protection and to refueling in flight. But now there is no protection and you have no way to summon aerial tankers. Do you think you could make up your mind and get the planes away to Moscow before an atom bomb with your name on it tumbled out of the sky? I think there might be some suicidal, disorganized missions, some of which might even hit Russian targets. But I doubt that any really effective retaliation could be mounted after all that destruction had been accomplished in this country. (Even our great air base at Thule, in Greenland, could be hit by a submarine operating under the polar ice and coming up through holes in it.)

True, the efficiency of Russian naval operations may be questioned. They have had little or no combat experience in this half century. And, historically, they're not a sea-fighting people. But any merchant seaman could get a submarine into position in peacetime and with no opposition. The critical skill involved here is in the launching of the missiles. We have no reason to believe that the fine Russian artillerymen of World War II would be any less effective with new weapons.

Have Russian submarines really been seen off our coasts? Whether they have or not actually doesn't matter. In peacetime, all large navies include submarine patrols off foreign coasts as part of regular training. By their own announcement, we know Russian submarines have been to the antarctic. There are dozens of military and civilian reports of strange subs sighted off our coasts from time to time. If some of them were not Russian, I'd consider their naval command incredibly lax.

Of course it can be argued that while all this is theoretically possible, it isn't likely. Should such a collection of submarines appear off our coasts, we *would* do something—and fast. But please remember that as our Government presently is constituted, only one person has even a vestige of authority to order action in such a situation. The President of the United States could and perhaps would order immediate attacks upon such ships; but he would thereby be accepting personal responsibility for the beginning of the next war. There could not possibly be any business of referring the decision to Congress for approval; there would not be any time for delay or diplomatic representations. One man, sick or well, ready or not, would have to order out the planes and ships and start the war.

No man in this nation wants that sort of responsibility or should be asked to accept it. But at present, the President is the only man who possibly could decide whether this time the submarines were

... ...

Garment of Grace

By Katherine Edelman

Women wear silence well:
A veil of wordless moments
Lends new grace
To even the loveliest face.
Where such a woman dwells
There is repose,
Days move in harmony,
And happiest of mortals,
those
Sharing the same rooftree.

... ...

on maneuvers, or this time they must be destroyed.

What can we do about all this? As a civil-defense director—for the state of Washington—I must put near the top a shift in emphasis in our thinking. I have no intention of criticizing national civil-defense planning. But many of these plans are based on the expectation that we shall have an hour or more of warning before actual attack. As I see it, this just isn't so on the coasts or within 200 miles of them.

It's essential to have evacuation plans for cases in which cold war develops to hot war slowly, and for those areas outside the presumed range of submarines. But in such areas as New York, Boston, Washington, Los Angeles and New Orleans, there is no cruelty in recognizing that a warning period is unlikely—and that no safety can be assumed for those in the areas of direct blast and heat. Rather, the problem is to be sure that people who are not immediately killed, and who cannot get away anywhere in time, will know what to do after an attack. This means emphasis on shelters, and the proper use of what shelter is available—the basement of a house, if nothing else. This is no place for involved discussion of fall-out, where it can be expected and what can be done about it, nor of exactly what to do in the seconds between the flash of a nuclear explosion ten or twenty miles away and the arrival of concussion and heat—but millions can survive, if they do the proper things, immediately, without panicking or attempting belated and dangerous evacuations in the wrong directions. Sweden, within such close range of bombers that no real warning is possible, has faced the fact recently and embarked on a program of shelter planning. We—in the coastal areas—may have no more warning than the Swedes.

On the retaliation side, some things are possible. I don't know—nor want to know—whether our aircraft carriers now go to sea carrying nuclear explosives. I do know that the fleet is useless as a retaliatory weapon against surprise unless these bombs are carried all the time, ready for use without a return to port.

The same is true of long-range bombers, which present a more complicated problem. There have been unofficial reports—promptly denied by officials—that some of these, too, always are in the air and always armed, like the interceptor planes. Frankly, I doubt that planes are droning overhead carrying hydrogen bombs. I can't conceive of a command which would entrust a weapon so catastrophic to any one plane commander or any one squadron leader in peacetime. An aircraft is a comparatively small unit, the man operating it generally quite junior. I would not wish to be this young man, with such a weapon on board. Nor would I care to be the commander who had entrusted it to him, with all the dangers of accident, communications error or faulty judgment.

If we choose to take the terrible risks, we can have nuclear weapons always under way, in sky or sea, for use if our bases were quickly destroyed. I doubt we want to take the risks involved, however. But there is another thing we definitely can do—a simple thing, which costs nothing, hurts nobody and risks nothing. We can keep submarines away from our coasts. And we can do it now.

A foreign military aircraft which approached New York City now would be shot down within moments after it was sighted over the land or contiguous waters, if it could not satisfactorily explain its presence in the area. The history of the last decade is full of incidents of American or foreign pilots who blundered toward one of our major cities or over atomic-production areas, not guessing they were in trouble until jets whined past them, with pilots' fingers on the gun controls. In such a situation defensive action is nearly instantaneous, and can be deadly.

No foreign warship now may enter our territorial waters—within the three-mile limit—without due notice and authorization from us. But submarines can lie off our shores submerged, or even on the surface outside the three-mile limit, although they are every bit as capable of launching nuclear attacks as are aircraft. These may come right up to our three-mile limit with no fear and remain there for weeks, figuratively thumbing their noses at us.

I propose a simple peacetime announcement to the nations of the world that any foreign submarine venturing within 500 miles of our coasts without due notice of its legitimate business will henceforth be considered an aggressor, and dealt with on that basis—immediately. This notice could be sent tomorrow, without consulting anybody. No nation would have a legitimate complaint against it. And no nation could thereafter complain about what happened to its submarines when sighted where they had no business to be.

Obviously, we could not enforce this in the Bering Strait or off some Caribbean islands. But the exceptions are minor and of no real importance. Off our mainland coast we have both the right and the power to make the rule stick. Such a ruling would not bother any nation's legitimate training activities or interfere with travel to its own or outlying friendly bases. It would simply protect us from a surprise attack of the most treacherous and devastating sort. Of course we must expect retaliatory declarations of the same sort, but they will bother our necessary submarine operations and training not at all. We have plenty of ocean in which to work without approaching any foreign shore where such approach might be resented.

Can we do it under international law? Of course, we can. H. A. Smith, professor emeritus of international law in the University of London, has pointed out, "The basic principle upon which the right to exercise jurisdiction rests is that of self-defense . . . for example, a foreign ship may be approaching the coast with the manifest purpose of starting or assisting an armed revolution. Nobody can seriously maintain that the authorities of the shore state must wait until the ship is within three miles of the coast before taking action. . . ."

I maintain that a submarine which could have on board nuclear weapons is a much greater danger three miles—or 300 miles—off our coast than the largest ship in the world choked with revolutionaries.

There are plenty of precedents for the action I propose. Even in 1736, Britain's "hovering acts" were enforced against ships in international waters to cut down smuggling. Russia, claiming twelve miles absolute territoriality, and France, claiming four, are international deviationists from the three-mile rule. Several years ago President Harry Truman announced that we claimed the subsoil of the continental shelf, often 100 miles out to sea. This was to prevent international underwater oil exploration. But on the basis of it, we have proceeded to build Texas Towers, purely defensive installations loaded with radar equipment, 100 miles offshore. Peru today insists on the control of fishing rights 200 miles out in the Pacific. Mexico also claims fishing jurisdiction far beyond the three-mile limit. And, despite 1941 abrogation of an international treaty, we continue to protect—with warships—the migration of fur seals all the way from California to the Pribilof Islands, sometimes hundreds of miles at sea. So we can do this additional thing if we please.

The Russians are continuing to build up their submarine navy. They now have 475 submarines—Germany had only fifty-seven at the start of World War II. Obviously, the Russians recognize the importance of such offensive possibilities as I have described. We ourselves have the new atomic-powered submarines and have commissioned the cruiser Boston and other missile-carrying surface ships.

But I believe air-thinking is insidious. From Winston Churchill to our own civil-defense planners, leaders almost everywhere continue to talk exclusively in terms of what would happen under air attack. We're building an atmosphere of perpetual fear, all on the specter of planes coming and bombs dropping. Meanwhile, we neglect our own sea flank, so exposed, so vulnerable.

I'm well aware that a 500-mile-security-zone announcement against submarines is a temporary stopgap. Against missiles of 1500-mile range and reasonable accuracy—say in three or four years—such a zone may be useless. But no more useless than a radar net and legions of loyal ground observers, today our Maginot Line against the present danger.

I don't know whether any submarines at this moment are lurking off our coasts. I do believe that we should announce to the world—in advance—what we intend to do about them on sight. And allow nobody to doubt that we mean what we say.

THE END

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Christmas at Piety Corner

(Continued from Page 18)

apple tree there, sang out the same question, and out of the cedars came the big hare, the one that always turned white as soon as the snow came over the mountains on the other wind. The hare sat up, raised his droopy ears and pretended he could easily answer Patrick's question, if anybody asked it again.

Neither Miss Elder nor the children answered. They gazed at him silently, their ruddy faces solemn, their hands quiet. One child ran forward, her yellow hair lifting in the wind. He heard her crying his name over and over again. Soon he saw the tears gleaming on her cheeks.

"Greta! Greta! What is it?"

She couldn't answer. All her cry was, "Patrick! Patrick!" and not a word else, even when their frightened hands met, and he smiled to comfort her because she was so very young, only seven. He ran by her side until they came up to Miss Elder, who just stared at him and didn't even ask if his poem of summer was all finished.

Miss Elder whispered, "Oh, Patrick, he's dying. He's floating in his bowl and hardly breathing. There was nothing I could do. Poor Sir Golden."

Because he was a man now, Patrick had to keep the tremble out of his lips. He had to take the blame because the care of their goldfish had been his duty. He had always renewed the water and pulled fresh plants from the spring to grow in the globe and thus keep their golden friend in health. Miss Elder and his schoolmates had always looked to him in time of trouble because he was a fisherman and very learned in the ways of all fishes, birds, animals and the strange creatures underground, moles especially.

"I guess it's my fault all right, Miss Elder."

She shook her head, over and over again, and they all followed Patrick into the schoolroom. There, seeming lifeless on the surface of his glittering, round home, Sir Golden lay, his bright hues fading into sallowness, his tiny gills scarcely opening.

"Sir," whispered Greta, "you must swim around—you must!"

She began to cry again so sadly that Patrick had to look away along the blue walls, adorned by crayon drawings of Sir, Sir, Sir—Sir rising in joy, Sir descending, Sir loafing in his green vines, rainbowed bubbles for their fruit. Patrick tapped his pencil against the rim, a signal that Sir Golden always had answered by a swift rise to be fed and to be admired.

Now in came Patrick's father from his carpenter shop, carrying a chair he had repaired. He nodded to his son, and gave him that certain look which means among men: "I know. But we must take it in our stride. These things will happen. That's the way the old ball bounces."

To Miss Elder, he said, "I'm going to Albany tomorrow, miss. Happen you want to order anything?"

They all knew he meant a new goldfish. Nobody said anything, except Miss Elder, who thanked him.

After his father had gone, Patrick said in his firmest way, "It won't do, Miss Elder, to have it really happen here. The young ones would be very unhappy. So I'll take Sir away now." After that, he added something to encourage her because he understood that she was young too. "You know, we have to take things in our stride and without con-ver-say-shun." It was a big word, that last one, but the occasion called for it, so he said it all complete.

"Yes, Patrick," said Miss Elder just as firmly. Nevertheless, she couldn't help bending until her dark hair fell along her cheeks, and she kissed Patrick because he knew what to do under all circumstances. Cir-cum-stances—he could say that word, too, if there was need of it.

Patrick took up the bowl, walked carefully out of the door and into the schoolyard. Sir Golden must be put away in a fitting place very soon. It couldn't be long now. But where? Were fishes buried properly? What was the best thing to do? Should he write a song for the burial? He sent his quick thought here and there, everywhere, keeping his eyes away from his friend because he couldn't stand it very well, being all alone at such a sad moment. Yet his hope forced him to look down. He saw nothing good in the faint beat of the silver-edged gills. He was so surprised when something splashed—like a raindrop—into the water. This was his first tear.

"Oh, I mustn't cry here. In fact, I mustn't cry at all. Too old for that, I am."

He began to think even harder. He asked, over and over again, the question nobody had yet answered: *What is wrong with Sir Golden?* The wind lifted the leafy maple boughs and let down a shower of dappled sunlight.

The sun? Can it be the sun he needs? No, he hasn't needed it all this time. And yet—he deepened his frown because men always frown over hard thinking—*when I bring him new water from the spring, it is the sunlight in it that is good for him. What else is in the spring that is good? What makes the froggy so bright and cheerful?* At this advance, Patrick found far deep in his heart a little spring of hope flowing.

The great hare hopped solemnly out of his sleeping place under the cedars. He leaped into the meadow and hopped away up the hill.

"Where's he going?" Patrick asked the question aloud.

You know very well he's going to the spring to drink and eat some water cress. This answer came quite pertly from that somebody inside Patrick who was always telling him things, especially difficult parts of poems. *Don't you remember, Patrick, that water cress grows only where the water is sweet and pure?*

His new hope rose so strong that Patrick laughed in joy. He spoke to Sir Golden tenderly, urged him to cling on to life a little longer, and he followed the hare up the hill, holding the globe close in his arms.

A doe and her two fawns were drinking at the spring, where it bubbled, deep and greenish clear, with a rift of water cress waving along its edge. They looked up and moved off to let Patrick drink. Patrick heard the three notes of a mourning dove, deep in the woods. He knew very well the dove wasn't mourning at all. It was a sad sound, just the same, and he made up his mind that, if Sir Golden did die, he would make a funeral song like the dove's chant.

He gazed far down into the water. Out of the depth, the frog came slanting up to pass the time of day.

"How are you, Mister Frog?" asked Patrick politely. "Quite well, I hope sincerely."

The frog replied by a gay dive across his pool. His green jacket glittered bravely. The ivory hue of his waistcoat changed to gold in the underwater sunlight.

Patrick knelt by the pool and gently lowered the globe into the water until the sparkling flood passed over the rim. Sir Golden floated out and, without a fin stroking or even a bend of his tail, slid slowly down, only to rise again weakly, this time with his tummy gleaming paler than ever. The curling water seized Sir Golden. A bubble sped up from the depth and burst against his head; and down, down he sank, and up he came again in a slow, lifeless manner.

Gliding skillfully from a hiding place in the strands of water cress, the handsome frog rose to Sir Golden's side and floated there, his yellow fingers stretched out in a friendly way.

"How about lending a hand here, Frog? This is Sir Golden, and he's very sick and nobody knows what's the matter. Not even the vet. Do you know?"

"I certainly do," signaled the frog, and he swam gaily around Sir Golden, dived a distance, and came up again, a string of tiny bubbles pushed ahead. "Fresh bubbles—and lots of them. That's what he needs."

In a sign fainter than the hope in Patrick's heart, Sir Golden's tail trembled. It was just enough to turn him down a little—less than an inch—from the surface. He tried again when he came rolling up, quite out of control of his fins. He sank languidly. This time—no doubt of it—his gills opened wider. Three times the gills lifted and closed. Apparently in keen excitement over this success, the frog slid forward again, his train of bubbles all around him. Sir Golden sucked in a lot of the bubbles. His tail waved in a brisker stroke. Down, down he went and vanished. In a moment he rose to the surface, now in a livelier glide. This time he kept himself well covered with water and he gulped it in.

That strange somebody in Patrick's heart at once began saying a wonderful poem:

You are saved, Sir Golden, and in the nick of time.
Lack of fresh bubbles, I see, have made you pine.
Now you are O.K. and I'm mighty glad to say
'Twas Patrick, nine, that done it.

"Did it," whispered Patrick.

I'm not so sure, said the somebody doubtfully, *but we'll let it go. Did it.*

All the morning Patrick sat happily by the spring. When the noontime bell rang in the schoolhouse, he knew that Sir Golden was all better, and he ran down the hill to see Miss Elder and the children clap their hands in joy.

Three days later, at supper, Patrick's father showed him the front page of the Piety Corner Chronicle. "See that, Patrick?"

Patrick read: "WELL, WELL! OUR SCHOOL GOLDFISH DOING WELL IN WELL." And when the editor wrote the story of graduation, everybody in Piety Corner knew why Patrick received A-plus in social science. They all agreed with Miss Elder that what he had done was certainly science and very social, indeed.

When school opened, Patrick told Miss Elder that Sir Golden had passed a pleasant summer and that he had become his old, gay self again. His sides were plump and he had made friends with the frog. In the first study period Patrick added a good line to his poem for the Christmas poetry prize of which the first two lines said:

How strange! cryed Sir Golden to his Froggy friend
First thing I see is Evening star and Moon yonder

and the new line said:

What strange lights there be in your water, Sir Froggy!

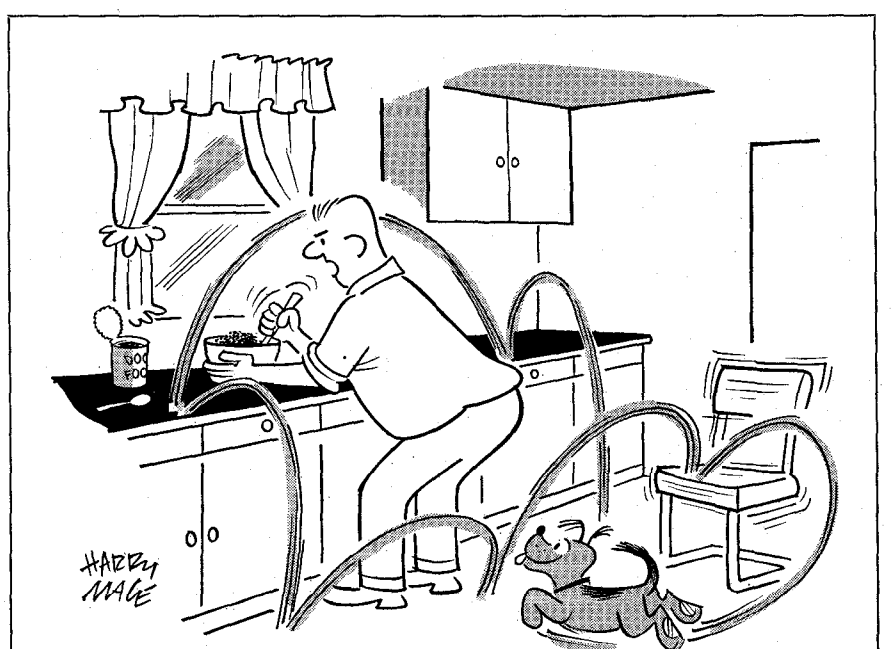
And there his pencil broke and everything came to a stop because many frosty images bolted, one after another, into his heart, so that he fell to wondering while the first autumn leaves whirled by the window. Every time he had a chance to wonder, he wondered what he must do now because he feared the coming of snow, the coming of ice. He looked up "Goldfish" in the big books, but nothing was said there about how and where they wintered well. He knew that frogs made themselves cozy in the mud below the frost line and dreamed it out until spring. Night after night, he tried to stay awake to wonder some more.

Soon he heard the passage of the first wild geese, looking down from the clouds for the Hudson River marshes below Piety Corner. One evening their honking vanished in a whirl of hailstones, rattling cold against the window of the parlor.

"You got something on your mind, Patrick?"

"Yes, daddy."

"I don't know a better place to keep it, my boy, and that's a fact. Far as I know, that's what minds are for." He winked and said, "I've something on my mind too. Struck me all of a heap yesterday in Albany. (*Continued on Page 78*)



"Just a minute . . . just a minute!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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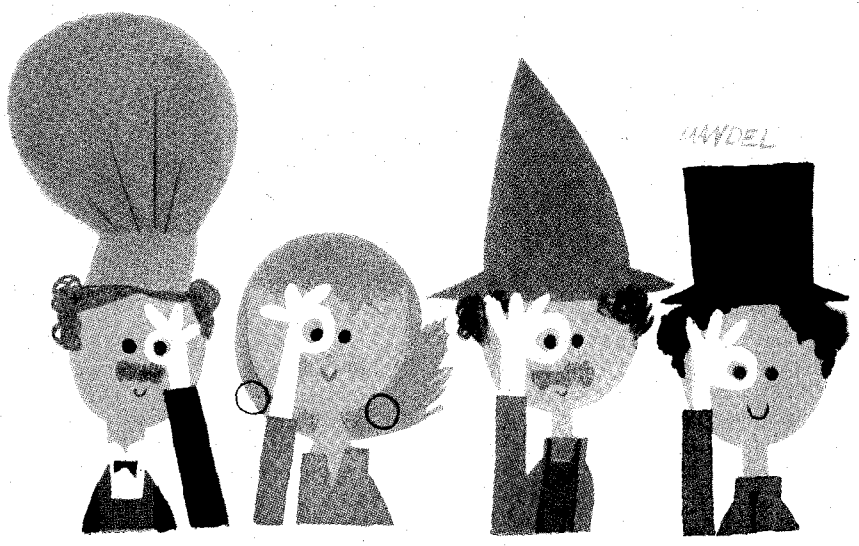
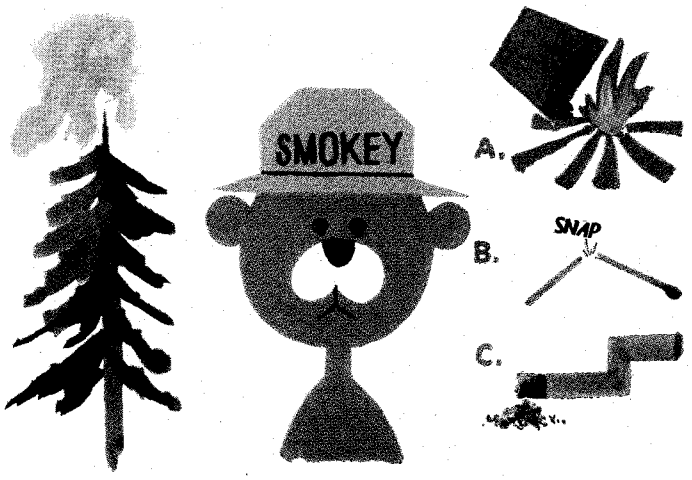
ANSWERS

1 U.S. Savings Bonds **6** American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods **7** (a) TRUTH (b) FREEDOM **8** In Ground Observer Corps **9** American Business CHILDREN, TEACHERS, 8 MILLION **2** THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN **3** See you at the polls **4** (a) Douse Fires (b) Break Matches (c) Crush Cigarettes

TEST YOURSELF: How many of these simple puzzles can you solve without turning this page upside-down to see the answers? Take a bow for every one you solve —but give American businesses some credit, too. They donate millions of dollars of advertising each year to make you aware of these public service messages.

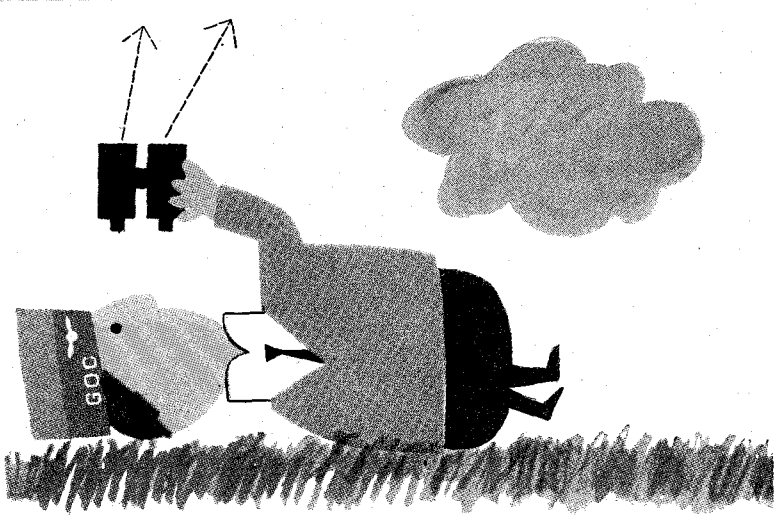


3. Last November, this gesture meant:
☐ See you later, alligator ☐ See you in church ☐ See you at the polls.



4. To prevent forest fires, Smokey asks us to Ⓐ _____, Ⓑ_____, and Ⓒ_____

7. Behind the Iron Curtain, on Radio Free Europe . . . Ⓐ Your dollar sponsors One Minute of TR_TH Ⓑ Send your dollar to Crusade for FR__D__.



8. This American Citizen Is:
☐ Watching Horses ☐ Bird Watching ☐ Watching Girls ☐ In Ground Observer Corps ☐ Watching Moon

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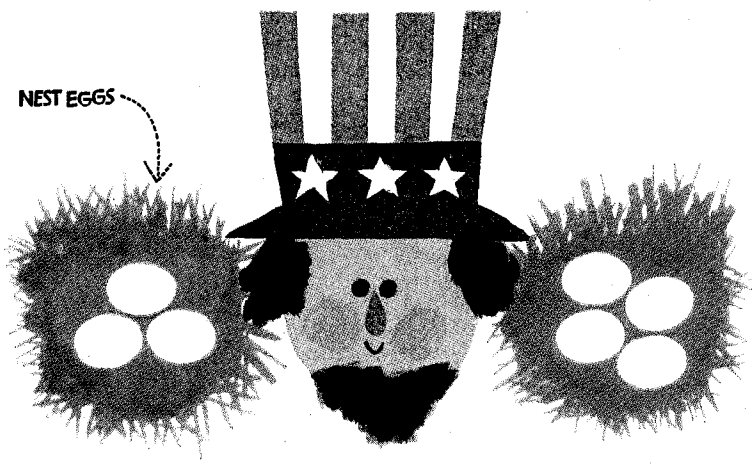
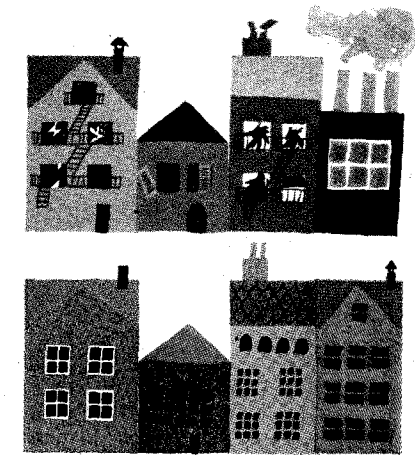
1. Many of our schools have too many CH_____N and not enough T__CH___. By 1960 there will be ☐ 1 million, ☐ 3 million, ☐ 8 million, more children in our nation's schools.

2. Complete the following slogan: Be careful . . . THE LIFE YOU SAVE ____ ____ ____ ____!



5. Riddle: What is it that for every three you invest, in ten years you get back four?

C OUNCIL
O UR
T O
I MPROVE
N EIGHBORHOODS
A MERICAN



6. Can you put the words together so the first letters spell ACTION? The slogan of this organization is, "Good neighborhoods are our nation's strength."

9. Find the Twins: The two identical money bags tell you who sponsors and pays for all these public service programs.

HERE'S WHY YOU SCORED SO HIGH

There probably isn't a day that goes by that you haven't heard or read at least one of these vital public service messages. Why? Simply because American businesses, recognizing the importance of these projects, gladly donate space in their printed advertising and time from their radio and TV shows to bring you these messages. And the magazines, newspapers, radio and TV stations, outdoor poster and car card companies all contribute free time and space, just as this magazine has done.

The Advertising Council, along with the nation's leading advertising agencies, directs and prepares these campaigns – free of charge. *Not one penny of taxpayers' money is used to pay the cost of this million-dollar advertising.*

Thank you for your time and attention. Your biggest contribution to this effort is to *continue* to be aware of these public service activities.

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(*Continued from Page 75*) But it's a secret and I must whisper it—if mother will let us have a secret."

"You may have just one—you two," she said.

Patrick listened until his eyes began to shine. "For his Christmas gifts? Oh, is she pretty too? Like mother? Like Miss Elder?"

"You'll see when the time comes. Lonesome—that was his trouble. Alone in that bowl. For the rest, I'll leave it to you. As usual, Patrick."

The first snow came early. It was nothing much; only a few flakes circling slowly through the bare boughs, settling into empty nests, melting against windowpanes.

Soon the snowfall ceased, yet the sky stayed overcast and chilly. Patrick ate his breakfast early, took his bucket and his net up to the hillside, where he found the pool darkened by the dark sky. He gazed down into the water, waiting for the gleaming shapes to answer his call. Neither the one nor the other slid up to greet him. He dipped his finger into the water. "Oh, how cold it is!"

He picked up a stone and rapped against the square granite blocks, ruins of the old well. "Sir, come up!" He rapped again, very hard. "Sir Golden, the frog friend is gone into the mud for the wintertime. Come up, come up!"

At this news, up came Sir Golden in a great hurry, and around and around he glided, looking for his companion. Patrick filled the pail and held his net down into the water. "Listen to me, Sir. Summer's long since over and winter is here. Didn't you see the gray geese crossing the moon?"

Sir Golden heard all this. A lot he cared! He gave a flirt of his tail and went down, down, down, and didn't come up again until Patrick had rapped three times. "Didn't you understand? The wild geese flew over in the night—hundreds of them, Sir. You can't stay here."

"Geese?" Sir Golden stared up thoughtfully. Ah, well! A lot he cared what silly geese might do. He turned over and made a show-off dive clear out of sight. Yet, to the signal, he rose again and, this time, came close to the net. He wouldn't go in. Not he. Plain as day, he meant, "I like it here. No more schoolhouse for me, thank you just the same." Off he went into the shadows and down he glided; and then, in a sudden, obedient turn, he flashed again to the rim of the net.

"Get in, Sir! Do get in. The water may freeze over, and where will you be then, poor thing?"

By a gay twist of his tail and a curving rise and fall, Sir indicated that he would be perfectly all right where he was.

"Come to school this minute!" This did no good at all, so Patrick bent close to the water and whispered, "Sir, I have a secret. Come closer and I'll tell you." There being no harm in that, Sir swam up to the surface. Patrick spoke severely, "Sir Golden, you will have a little wife in your bowl. 'Husband goldfish,' she says, 'be home when I come. I will be lonely in an empty house.' Now, Sir, get into the net or ——"

He pushed the net deeper. Sir Golden, who didn't even dream that he was happily married until that very moment, swam over the rim.

By the time school closed for the Christmas holiday, Piety Corner had made its plans for the Christmas party at the schoolhouse. This wasn't difficult, because the plans had been the same for a hundred years or so. A tall tree had to be cut on the mountainside, applewood and birch had to be sawed for the special Christmas fire in the school's ancient fireplace. After the carol singing, the Christmas gifts would be given out, and then there would be the covered-dish supper, each family bringing its best cookery. The Night Before Christmas would be recited and, at the last, a prize for the best poem would be awarded.

Patrick had his heart set on winning the prize. He had added a pretty good line to the first three:

What will Sir do when winter slides over
the Catskills, Miss Elder?

and there had stopped again. He knew that the somebody within would write the other lines in time.

At the last moment, after his father and mother had gone to the schoolhouse, Patrick decided to copy his poem over in red ink and make a blue picture of Sir Golden listening to the frog's instructions on what is good for the health. When this was done, he ran out into the Christmas night, all sparkling with stars above and starlight glittering on the snow. He jumped along, kicking the snow with his new four-buckle overshoes, until he was around the cedars.

There, in sudden fright, he stopped and stared at the dark windows of the schoolhouse. All the people were standing in the yard. He heard a man shout. No smoke rose from the blue chimney of the fireplace, where his father and grandfather had won their A's long, long ago. Around the smaller white chimney—the one for the furnace—snowflakes shone in a thick crust.

A girl left the others and came toward him. It was Miss Elder. Patrick didn't like the slow way she walked. He took a step backward. He knew the applewood and birch had been laid in the fireplace, and that Bartley Green, the high-school boy, had a binful of coal for the furnace which he tended. And yet he could see that Jack Frost had been hard at work on all the windows, drawing wonderful summer ferns and boughs heavy with odd fruits. All to make fun of summer and to show who was boss now.

Just as in the springtime, when Sir Golden was ailing, he cried, "What's the matter? What's the matter, Miss Elder?" The wind tossed his words away into the chanting cedars. The snowshoe rabbit, beautiful in winter white, raised his head against the low boughs. Patrick plunged forward to her outstretched hands.

She bent down and whispered, "Oh, Patrick, he is dead—he and his little wife. Frozen in their globe. Patrick dear, the fire went out and nobody noticed until just now."

Patrick looked down awhile at his new overshoes. When he could speak evenly, he said, "It is very un-fort-oon-ate the fire went out."

Behind her, the school windows filled with yellow candlelight, and out of the two chimneys small sparks flew. In the Jack Frost vines on the windows a flower of red flame bloomed. His father came out of the cellar doorway, his eyes turning toward the chimneys.

He said to Miss Elder, "Now you'll be all right, my dear. We'll be cozy now." And to his son, grave and seeming slightly more than nine years old, he gave a long look that said, "Well, not all perhaps. Well, it's up to you again." The people began to go in.

When Patrick entered the room, the children were standing together, all showing the same set smile, their eyes on Miss Elder, who was being very brave indeed. The fathers and mothers were near the fireplace, chatting with Father Berry and Pastor Holmes, and they were all admiring the tree and its old-fashioned ornaments, its silver-winged angel flying at the top. They were all making believe nothing had happened, that they were just waiting for the warmth to spread.

And there, close to the glowing tree and next to the mound of gifts wrapped in green and gold, Patrick saw the cruel home of ice in which Sir Golden, firmly imprisoned, stared out at the glittering streams of tinsel. In the rising firelight, the reddish gold of his scales shone prettier than ever. He seemed like a lovely toy. The ice held his silvered tail in a graceful stroke, the one he used to rise for a nibble at Patrick's finger. At his side, where the bitter chill of night had caught her, his little wife lay twisted, fixed in a crystal vise, her mild eyes astonished.

Patrick closed his own eyes a moment, and kept on going until he was near Miss Elder's desk. He took out his Christmas poem and, after a brief hesitation, laid it there, and turned again, smiling in the way Miss Elder—he knew—would wish, especially because there were guests. When he came again to the globe of solid ice, he bent down, lifted it slowly, settled it in his arms and, without a word, walked to the door and through it. He did very well until he heard the door close; then he couldn't help it. He sighed. His lips trembled. The piano played the first notes for The Star of Bethlehem.

What now? He wished to go home, but there was nobody there. He knew he must go back soon and join the singing, and he must put his poem back in his pocket because it was all about poor, dead Sir Golden. Yes, and the home of ice had to be melted and Sir Golden and his wife put away in a fitting place forever. Where—in winter?

He heard the door open, a rise of voices in the carol, and the door closed again. His father had come out.

"I'll melt them out, daddy," said Patrick, "and I'll bury them in a box in the ashes until springtime when the frost is out of the ground."

His father nodded, said nothing, and followed Patrick down the stairs to the furnace room. Halfway across the floor, while Patrick was sending his desperate thought here and there, his heart stirred with the hope that never can be stilled. He remembered something. "*Osprey!*" This strange word he whispered to himself. He remembered the osprey, dark wings outspread against the wintry clouds, flying down to Piety Pond while he and his father were fishing through the ice for pickerel. Hope rose so swiftly in his heart that he laughed in sudden joy.

"The osprey!"

His father smiled and took a swift step toward Patrick. He stopped short, but Patrick knew his father wished to kiss him. For some reason.

His father said, "I thought maybe you'd remember the osprey. I figured you wouldn't miss a trick, 'specially when there's only one left. Didn't want to say anything. Didn't want to raise false hopes upstairs—oh, no!"

"I thought of the osprey, daddy, and the fish he clawed out of the ice he broke with his beak. And I could see that the circum—oh!—cir-cum ——"

"'stances?"

"—— cir-cum-stances were just the same. Just as I was wondering where I could bury Sir Golden and Mrs. Golden—and the frost six inches in the ground—just then I thought hard and I remembered the osprey and the live fish he dug out of the ice and the fish I found alive in the ice and put back in the water."

He placed the bowl near the furnace. His father opened the draft door, where embers fell from the grate. Patrick pushed the globe nearer the hot glare. He ran his hands around the chilly glass. He heard the inner globe of ice whispering. One by one, the bubbles of air—tiny globes of gilt within the great one—began to vanish. Water formed. The ice spoke a little louder. A crack ran from one bubble to another, close to the fixed inhabitants of that polar world.

"I didn't know then and I don't know now for sure," said his father, "but it strikes me that fish—cold-blooded as they are—can stick it out a long time in ice. Like woodchucks sleeping for the winter, they take less air. And there are bubbles around them—that's air, Patrick, and maybe there's a little more around their gills."

After many minutes all the ice turned into water. At once Sir Golden floated to the surface in a queer, dead way, and then, without a sign of the gills working, he turned over and sank. So his companion rose, following him up and down. Patrick was ready. He took a dipper of water from the tap and, holding it high, poured a thin stream into the bowl. It made bubbles all over. He poured again and again. At the fourth pouring, Sir twitched his tail and began to gulp in a good supply of bubbles and water. At the fifth pouring ——

"You can see their gills working, Patrick?"

Patrick couldn't get out even one syllable.

"They're all right now, Patrick, and I guess you don't need me any more." He quickly added, "Not that you needed me in the first place. You being nine years old now." He turned to the stairs.

Sir Golden and his wife began flashing round and round so gaily that Patrick had to dip out some water lest they leap over the rim. This done, he looked down at them and—just as before—a drop of something splashed on the surface. But this was a drop of joy.

He took up the bowl, carefully climbed the stairs and—the singing loud about him—entered and went down between the long tables set for supper. One by one, the voices left off singing. Miss Elder had to stop playing the piano because she saw his little miracle. Thinking she ought to be very prim, like the schoolmarms she used to read about, she said most primly, "Ah, I see! Very good, Patrick."

That was about all that kind of nonsense she could manage. She jumped up the way she was supposed to jump and shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Hurray! Hurray!" cried Greta. "Hurray for Patrick!"

Everybody else said much the same thing, and Bartley Green, who had let the fire go out in the first place, said it louder than anybody else. He came up to Patrick and gave him his own best Christmas gift—a book wrapped in holly paper.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Miss Elder, "the winner of the Christmas Poetry Prize of the Piety Corner School will honor us with a reading of his composition." She handed the wonderful paper to Patrick. He read it gravely all the way through the last lines:

"What will Sir do when winter slides
over the Catskills, Miss Elder?
When Jack Frost steals with his icicles
into the spring-hole?"

He looked up from the paper quivering in his hand. Was it finished—the poem? Not quite. That same always-working somebody within him, in a big hurry, added three more lines that weren't scrawled on the paper at all:

Leave it to Patrick who's just turned
nine,
And now at Merry Christmas Time
Patrick sings his Christmas rhyme for
our dears.

THE END

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Playoff Game

(Continued from Page 29)

"Fine. How's the ankle?"

"Good. You'll be all right, Charlie."

His stomach muscles tightened. They all knew about Cuozzo's knee—that it wouldn't take much pounding. Walt patted his shoulder pads. The fullback would be entering the ministry next year. His was a quiet influence on the Stags.

Charlie got up, tested his cleats, sauntered to the table where Cuozzo lay while the trainer bandaged the famed knee. It was a metal brace today, and that was bad. The star runner looked up, met Charlie's gaze, looked away.

Magruder was saying, "Guess it's time."

Charlie's stomach fluttered, his hands shook a little. He watched Mike bend the knee, nod and walk out minus a limp. He followed, bringing up at the end of the line as they awaited the customary introductions, standing at the mouth of the tunnel. When Caporelli carried out the ball, the crowd opened up.

It was like a sonic boom from a jet. Tex Hawkins, deceptively lean, built of steel and whipcord, nudged Charlie. "That's a heap of folks paid their way in here, *amigo*."

Charlie could not respond. The sea of bobbing color was overwhelming. The din was unbelievable.

He looked blankly at the Stags. Swanson, Revere, Cuozzo were all frowning, blinking a little. Never before had he seen them show the slightest interest in the crowds. Now they were actually fidgeting.

The introductions over, he trailed to the bench with the defensive team and the reserves. He found Alice by her red hat and his knowledge that she was in the twelfth row behind the bench. She and Dolly Mae waved, and he responded. He sat down, painfully aware of his uselessness, his unearned salary.

The game began with the Bears receiving. The sound swelled, then gradually lessened as the Chicagos began their deadly work. First they passed for a score; then they stopped the Stags. Their blue jerseys seemed to outnumber the orange ones of the home team. They ran for another touchdown and made it 14 to 0.

The fans began to plead. Cuozzo got going. Revere threw a long one and the Stags got 7. Again the sound ascended.

Chicago again took over. Strong, polished, young, tough, they ran over Swanski and the defenders. The quarter ended, but before the half was over, it became almost a rout at 28 to 7.

Then Cuozzo got loose. He hurtled one man, jarred past another, tin-canned like the great runner he was, staggered—and was jammed on the goal line. He took it over, but failed to rise. Oskowski went in.

The Bears raced down on three plays, kicked a field goal to lead, 31 to 14.

Oskowski took a pitch-out and ran sixty yards. The safety man hit him low and Oskowski soared, came down on the side line without the ball.

A Bear fell on it. Magruder stood up, walked four strides toward the bench, his lips compressed, his eyes sunken. Charlie came up as though drawn by a magnet. Oskowski had fumbled once too often. The half ended.

Tex fell into step beside Charlie as they walked off. He looked at the tiered ranks of nearly silent spectators. "Never saw so many people at once in my born days. Those folks deserve better."

"Yeah," said Charlie. The next half it was his turn. Oskowski had blown his chance high as a kite.

"Sorta gets you, don't it?" Tex pursued.

"Not especially," said Charlie, thinking of Alice, of what depended upon him.

"Well, it's your first young un," said Tex unexpectedly.

He started, then was hurt and angry. Had Alice told?

Tex shook his head. "Can't fool them gals. Dolly Mae was over to your place one morning when Alice took sick. Lordy, we had three already, you know that."

Charlie said, "I'm not telling it around." If they ever kidded him about it, he'd kill a couple of them, the weary, cynical old jerks, he added to himself.

In the dressing room it was now like a meeting of the department heads of a mercantile establishment. All efficient, intensive business, comparing notes, making diagrams on the board. Charlie felt completely apart from it all.

Detachedly, he saw the team physician check Mike's knee, shake his head. Oskowski was silent, alone in a corner. If this were college, someone would be talking to him, bolstering him, there would be some emotion—something. "I'll die for dear old Rutgers" had been dead for generations, but this, he thought, was automation. Machines—they were supposed to be machines.

What did he mean, fathering a child into such a world? What had he done to Alice, that bright girl, bringing her into the aura of his disillusionment?

He was aware of a hush. Magruder stood at the door, and alongside him was Walt Jackson. Everyone had started to leave; now they stood, silent.

Magruder never raised his voice. "Just got the attendance figures. Ninety-seven thousand people out there. Asking for a ball game. They provide our salaries, remember? We're all pros. Let's act like it."

Charlie winced as though he had been guilty of error on the field. He felt the waiting behemoths stir, sensed that they were deeply stung.

Walt Jackson was saying in his mellow tones, "Should we pray?"

For a moment Charlie was frightened that someone would laugh. His toes curled, he felt a tingling running through him, his fists damply clenched at his sides.

"God protect us and our opponents from harmful deed and evil thought. We don't ask to win, Lord, only to do the best we can do for our friends. Help us, Lord, and thank You."

There was an unforgettable moment when no one breathed. The big men stood tightly together and Charlie felt, like a revelation from within, what went between them.

When they moved, filing out, no one spoke in other than normal tones. Still, it was there, he knew it was there. They acted like pros, he thought wonderingly, because they were pros. Win, lose or draw, they knew their jobs and did them as well as they were able. Win, lose or draw, they would take it big—that was their way.

And what had Charlie Fort been dwelling upon to distraction? His own troubles. When the coach touched his arm, he started.

"Warm up. You'll start."

He began to loosen up his muscles. He deliberately went in front of Alice, nodding to her, letting her know. He saw her brighten, wave her small, clenched fist. There was no doubt in Alice, no fears for him, only confidence. Picking up his helmet, he saw Oskowski's face, shadowed, bitter. He could feel sorry for Oskowski. He ran on the field.

The Bears kicked it far and away, and the referee brought it out to the twenty-yard line of the Stags. Revere, a chunky, pale-eyed man who had been unable to untrack his great passing arm that day, looked at Charlie. "We got to control it. Number Forty-seven Red on the eight."

The ball was snapped. Revere faked to Walt, faded behind blockers as the Bears tried to red-dog him, turned and flipped the ball, one-handed, to Charlie, who ran.

There were a lot of blue jerseys. They came at him with the abandon of juvenile delinquents in a pack. They smothered him and clawed at the ball and kicked him a few times. He curled up and was grateful for the forearms and hands with which nature had endowed him. He arose and went into the second of the series which was 47 Red. Walt hit them for real and got six yards. The Chicagos began to growl and tighten up.

The next play was the halfback reverse, and when Charlie headed for the corner which he must turn, he had a big start. Tex sprinted and threw the key block and Charlie hit the side line.

Now he could run. It was a pleasure as Caporelli decapitated a would-be tackler. He saw the safety man and put on a burst, and sensed another man coming up and thought he was caught despite his fleetness.

Tex's voice said, "Left, *amigo*," and he spun port side, and Tex rubbed out a blue shirt and he flew over the goal line.

Caporelli reached him first, snarling, "That was steppin', Rutgers! That was steppin'!"

He started off the field and Swanson, from Alabama, met him, grabbing him, saying, "That's what I call runnin' through the pea patch, busher."

Magruder smiled thinly at him walking to the bench. He could see the girls jumping up and down, and wondered if it was all right for Alice to be so excited.

The coach said, "You hung onto it good. Keep hold of it; we got to control the ball."

Tex converted the goal to make it Chicago 31, Stags 21. When he came off, Charlie said to him, "That wasn't my score; it was yours and Cap's."

"And eight other guys," grinned Tex. "It's all in the way you cut the hawg, *amigo*."

It was up to the defensive team now. The Stags sat or knelt on the sward, statuesque, silent, watching their mates afield. In Charlie's eyes they seemed magnified in the rays of the slanting sun. The crowd had begun its enormous blood call.

Swanski became the focal point. He was everywhere, backing the line, plugging each hole. The Bears punted out of bounds. They battled on as time unreeled. The going got rough. When the ball changed hands the Bears showed their teeth, and one of them took a twist at Charlie's ankle.

Immediately Caporelli was on him, his voice thick, "Start that and we'll take you apart and see what makes you so dumb."

Charlie got up and said, "That's all right, Cap. He'll eat teeth the next time."

He had never felt so good. On the following play he took a short pass in the flat, and it was pick your way and pray for blockers, and instinct alone mattered because there was no time for thought. Cap hit the offending Chicago and put him out of play for the day. There was a sudden, unexpected hole and Charlie let out all his speed.

It was sweet to run and it was what the people had paid for. They stood and howled like banshees in the wind. The safety intervened and Charlie ran the man down and took him across and scored another touchdown.

When he could hear and see and make sense again after the mauling he received from the Stags, it was 31 to 28, and big scarred, craggy men were yelling like high-school kids. The fourth quarter began, and if there was cynicism or world weariness among them, nobody would have detected it.

Magruder murmured, "If only they didn't have so many horses."

Fresh, eager reserves were streaming on for Chicago. They began trampling Stags underfoot. Magruder responded with what he had, but his bench was thin. The battle surged back and forth and no crowd had ever seen such hairbreadth escapes as the Stags, led by Swanski, prevented further scoring, until at last the Bears kicked another field goal to make it 34 to 28.

Charlie looked for Alice. She sat tight to Dolly Mae, unhappy. It wasn't enough that her husband had scored twice, handled himself at last as a real pro. There was no compromise with defeat.

She was right, he knew. He picked up his headguard, looked at weary, sweaty teammates. He piped, "Anyone want to die for dear old pay check?"

Tex guffawed. Caporelli snorted, laughing. Revere's eye glinted, he smiled. In Walt Jackson's glance there was a look which belied his devout beliefs.

It was near the end of the line. The Stags had it, third down at midfield, eight to go. Hope wore to a nubbin when Revere stared at Charlie and said, "They expect a pass. Give them Green X on the spinner."

So it was Charlie, a forlorn hope on a quick opener. If it worked, he would be free to run.

"You again?"

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It almost went, at that, only a wise Bear spotted the hole and went in. He hit Charlie, slowed him. Then the rest of the Bear linebackers converged and pinched him as in a gigantic vise. An awful realization came to him: He could not go down; they were supporting him. The ball felt like a basketful of eels. He was going to lose it. He was going to fumble.

Caporelli flung himself beneath the heap of Bear tacklers. Two other Stags joined him. Charlie felt himself going into the air, looked frantically about.

"Right here, *amigo*," drawled Tex.

Charlie got rid of the ball as though it were a searing spheroid brand. Tex, slightly bowlegged, ungraceful but sure, began to run.

The Bears pursued. The Stags began gleefully knocking them about.

Charlie recovered and tore downfield. Tex looked at him once, but Charlie shouted, "Run, you cowboy!" and blocked out a man in blue.

Cap got up there somehow. They made an escort. The Bears went down in order, like tumbling tumbleweeds.

Tex stumbled past the thick white chalk mark and it was a tied score and the Stags lost years and dignity, leaping like kids to the repeated waves of monstrous noise which flowed down from the stands. Charlie raced to join Magruder and the others, lined up to watch Tex try to win the game with the conversion.

Magruder said conversationally, "Had you wrong for a while, Charlie. Thought you didn't care much about playing."

"That was my fault," said Charlie, knowing the truth at last.

"Partly mine." Magruder paused. He plucked a blade of grass and stuck it in his teeth with steady hands.

The sun was still warm. Tex was back; Revere knelt to take the snap. The Bears had every available giant in there to block the attempt.

Magruder asked, "Your wife like California?"

"Loves it." Charlie was choking with suspense, watching the twenty-two men on the field.

"Good. We like to have our regulars live here, if possible. There'll be a job for you."

Not until later was Charlie to understand. The ball was coming back hard and fast. Revere took it, set it delicately on its blunt end. Tex stepped and swung his leg. The ball arched over reaching blue-clad arms. It went all the way into the arms of a happy small boy in the stands behind the end zone.

An official threw up his hands. The Stags had won another ball game.

They came down out of the tiers, happy, mad people. Charlie felt his breakaway jersey go and was grateful for a sturdy policeman who got him through and into the dressing room. It grew quiet in there; the ceremony of the game ball remained.

The game ball was something to cherish, to letter with the date and score and someday hand down to a son. The captain bestowed it upon the player of the day, and even an old pro coveted the game ball.

Caporelli paused where Charlie and Tex dressed together. The ball was in his great, sinewy paws.

Charlie said, too loudly, "I fumbled on that last one. If Tex hadn't been there, I'd have lost it."

The silence was awful for a moment. Then Cap drawled, "Sure, I know." He handed the ball to Tex, but kept his gaze on Charlie. "We all know. We know a helluva lot we didn't know yesterday, for instance."

He slapped Charlie so hard on his bare shoulder that it stung for hours, and plodded away. Tex was turning the ball over and over, murmuring, "Now, ain't that somethin'? That's really somethin'!"

Swanski called mockingly, "That bush from Rutgers is honest, huh?"

"He'll learn different!" yelled Revere.

"Don't know a fumble from a lateral!" Cap gibed. "What a yokel!"

Charlie pulled on his pants. The glow within him had nothing to do with the December sun. He stood up and said carelessly, "Like to give a little party. Alice is going to have a baby."

"Whoops!" yelled someone from the shower room. "That's the fortieth among us!"

Cap boomed, "We give the party; you and Alice just be there!"

On his way out they pounded him some more. He saw Alice and Dolly Mae waiting, and began to run, Tex following. There were a thousand things he had to say—first of all that she had all along been right. Today was the day.

My Dad, Walt Disney (Continued from Page 24)

an embankment and half of the car hung over space. This time it was a tow job, and I didn't get back into the saddle again.

Dad was very understanding about that mishap. He blows up over little things, but if there's a crisis, such as an auto accident, he's a girl's best friend. Once I skidded on a rainy street and turned around three times. Then I bounced onto the curb and smacked into a palm tree. My first instinct was to get Dad on the phone.

"It's all right, kid," he said. "We'll come and get the car and take care of everything." He couldn't have been more comforting. "Everything will be all right," he told me. "Don't get upset."

Maybe all fathers are that way, but I doubt it. Not every girl can be this lucky.

One of the things that made it possible for Dad and Uncle Roy to try new things—and try them successfully—was the fact that the Disney studio has always attracted artists and technicians with unusual personalities. The Fire House Five Plus Four, a musical combo which grew, apparently, by spontaneous combustion, was typical. It was a group of Dad's boys who began to get together during the noon hour to play a little barrelhouse Dixieland.

"That band was really Ward Kimball's baby," Dad says. "Ward's the one man who works for me I call a genius. He can do anything he wants to do. Certainly he can do anything around our studio that needs to be done. He's not only a wonderful caricaturist but he learned to play the trombone in his spare time. At Santa Barbara College, which he attended, they advertised for students to play in the band. Ward went up to the fellow who was organizing the group and asked, 'What instruments do you need?'

"'Which do you play?' the fellow asked.

"'I don't play any,' Ward said.

"'I need a trombone,' the band organizer said.

"'O.K.,' Ward said, 'I'll learn to play one.' He did and he got into the band.

"He has many hobbies. He collects everything. He even bought a full-sized locomotive which had been abandoned as junk. He moved it into his back yard and put it up on rails, and he built a shop in which to make the parts he needed to put that locomotive in first-class condition. Before long he had five hundred feet of track in his yard and a couple of day coaches. He'd steam up, run that five hundred feet, then slam on the brakes.

"And he's a better-than-average fine-arts painter. He knows color, his canvases show a lot of feeling. I remember a painting he did of his family called Sunday Morning. It showed Ward reading the Sunday paper in bed in a bedroom with no walls. It was open to the world and his half-dressed children were clustered around his bed. You could see his wife's seminude back in the picture as she combed her hair. When you looked at that painting, you thought, *Why, that's any man's bedroom on Sunday morning. It's just a Grand Central Station with the whole family trooping through.*"

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In addition to Mr. Kimball, the Fire House Five Plus Four was manned by some of the top men in Dad's studio. For a while they gave dances during the noon hour in one of the sound stages, and well-known musicians came out and played with them just for the fun of it. Benny Goodman joined them once. Then, to their surprise, they began to make money and became famous. More for kicks than anything else, they played Monday-night engagements at a little Los Angeles night club on the regular orchestra's night off.

That club was the Beverly Cavern, a famous Dixieland joint. Soon the Fire House Five moved to the Mocambo and filled in on Monday night there. Monday night became known as their night, and before long they were very popular with prep-school groups, and they went off on weekends to play at high-school dances. Their next step was to become a recording ensemble.

People said to Dad, "Aren't you afraid to let those boys do that? They may get so popular you'll lose them."

"I think it's swell," Dad said. "It's good for them and it's good for their work here at the studio. Besides, they've all got wives, and I don't think their wives are going to stand for this evenings-away-from-home routine very long." And that's the way it worked out. The Five got tired of the late hours and the extra effort and all the frenzy involved when they were already making good money working for Dad. They still have a ball at noontime, but the pressure is off; the heat has cooled.

Dad knows that people must have a release like that and a complete change of pace. He tried it himself when he built a workshop at home and started fooling around in it.

"I needed to get away from the things I was doing all day," he said. "Some friends of mine had a miniature train. I visited them one Sunday and I thought that all my life I've wanted a miniature train, and I decided to make one. I went to the head of our studio machine shop and I told him what I wanted. Ward Kimball had given me a blueprint of an old-time engine, and I asked, 'Do you think we can build a scale model of this?' The shop foreman said, 'Sure, why not?'

"'But I've never worked on a metal lathe,' I told him.

"He asked, 'Can you give an hour a day or an hour and a half a day to it? If you can, I'll teach you.'"

So Dad and the shop foreman began. They got a draftsman to help them make the scale drawings, and every day Dad took an hour off, or maybe two hours, and went to the machine shop. He worked there Saturdays and sometimes he'd go there at night and work. He put himself into the hands of that foreman as an apprentice and together they started to build a model locomotive. They began it in 1949. A year and a half later they'd finished it.

Dad did as much of the work himself as he could. The shop head did the intricate machining of the valves in his spare time, but Dad made things like the headlights and the smokestack. A patternmaker made the patterns for the wheels, but Dad and the foreman cast them, and Dad filed those wheels. He lugged a box of them with him wherever he went. When he took his family to Palm Springs the box of wheels went along, and he sat there in the sun, filing away. Dad loves woodwork too. So he served another apprenticeship in the studio carpenter shop—this time with his head carpenter. Then he went home to his own shop and often spent three or four evening hours there all alone, working on boxcars and flatcars and a caboose to go behind his locomotive.

"If I had a headache," Dad says, "and I'd go down to that shop, it would clear up and I'd feel fine. A man needs a new set of problems to take his mind off his old ones. Figuring angles and how to make a joint dovetail are different and relaxing tasks."

Dad needed all of the artists and technicians with unusual personalities and talents he could get, as well as freedom from physical headaches, because he was facing the most ambitious undertaking he'd ever tackled, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. It was his first full-length feature cartoon and it would mean plenty of financial and production headaches before it was done.

Snow White was far more realistic than anything Dad had ever done before. In 1935, when he began to prepare for it, he felt that it needed an illusion of depth. He was afraid that eighty minutes of flat, one-dimensional animation might be hard for the public to take. The old camera technique had been good enough for The Three Little Pigs because that film ran only eight minutes.

To test the possibility of creating depth, Dad did an experimental film, The Old Mill. For this picture he developed a de-

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vice called the multiplane camera. Instead of photographing a drawing on one sheet of cellophane, Dad's artists began to make them on several planes; then they moved the camera through those planes, photographing them as the camera advanced. In that way they obtained an illusion of depth. Although The Old Mill was designed to test the techniques Dad planned to use in Snow White, it became a classic in its own right. In fact, it won an Academy Award.

"There was nothing but music in it," Dad says. "No dialogue. The story was what happened to that old mill at night; nothing more. The first scene was an old mill at sunset. There were cows wandering home. A spider wove her web. Birds nested. Then a storm came up and the old mill went on a rampage. In the morning, the spider's web was shattered and the feathers of the birds were rumpled. 'Poetic,' the critics said, but the important thing to me was the proof that I had new depth I could use."

Dad felt that he was ready to go ahead with Snow White. When the multiplane camera moved in on a castle in Snow White, he hoped that theater audiences would feel that they were approaching the castle too.

I was about five years old, but I can still remember seeing a preview at the old Disney studio before that film was released. It must have been truly realistic, for when the wicked old witch flashed on the screen, I was so terrified that I hid my face in my hands.

Late in 1935, when Dad began work on Snow White, he was backing away from short subjects. They were merely program fillers, so they couldn't be worth all the money they were costing to produce. Costs kept rising. And it was easy to see that if cartoon rentals rose enough to meet production costs, theaters would use fewer and fewer of them. The trend was already visible. Speaking of this period, Dad told me, "Your Uncle Roy was worrying about our getting our money back with a profit, and I was worrying about maintaining our quality and keeping production going. This caused some head-butting between us. To me, the way to get out of the fix we were in was to start competing in the feature-length field and aim for a big profit on a large production instead of a small profit on a short subject."

Uncle Roy figured Snow White would cost half a million dollars. "We had a little money coming in," Dad says, "but not enough to finance such a big deal. Our assets were pretty impressive, though—we had our studio and a backlog of marketable pictures—so we could get credit backing. Up to this time, we hadn't been able to borrow very much. We were thought kind of risky, and to get the support we wanted, we had to change banks. So we moved over to the Bank of America because the people there seemed to believe in us."

Dad began work on Snow White with a small, hand-picked crew but he kept adding helpers until he had every unit in the studio working on the film. At that time, Dad says, his artists weren't so good as they are now.

"We're working on Sleeping Beauty now, for Christmas, 1957, release," he says. "We've come a long way in the quality of our drawings and the personality we're able to give our characters. When we did Snow White, we weren't really ready."

"You certainly went to town with the Dwarfs," I reminded him.

"We had trouble with the Dwarfs too," Dad said, "but that was a studio secret. I had to use different artists on various scenes involving the same Dwarfs, so it was hard to prevent subtle variations in each Dwarf's personality. I'd established a distinct personality for each of them, and to anchor those personalities down, I picked a name to fit each Dwarf. For instance, I called one dwarf 'Dopey,' because he was—well, just dopey."

Of the seven dwarfs, Dopey turned out to be the public's favorite. He was always trailing aimlessly along behind the others, and he couldn't talk. The dwarf named Happy explained Dopey's speechlessness by saying, "He just never tried." But the real reason he couldn't talk was that Dad couldn't find a voice he thought suitable for Dopey. "So we won't give him a voice," he said. "It'll help him be different."

Dad says that while making Snow White was fun, it was a ding-dong, photo-finish race with their budget. He was running out of money, and he still had a lot to do when his deadline loomed up in December. He wanted to get the film on the screen in winter, the best season at the box office. And Christmas week is the best of the winter.

"Roy and I were spending a lot more than the bank said we could borrow," Dad told me, "and we needed even more. So Roy said, 'I'm afraid you're going to have to show the bankers what you've done on the picture so far, Walt.' I hated to show it. It's dangerous to show anybody anything unfinished. They can't visualize it the way you know it'll look when it's complete. But Roy set a date for me to meet Joseph Rosenberg, a vice-president at the Bank of America, and run off for him the parts of Snow White I had on film."

Dad remembers every moment of that Saturday. He sat with Mr. Rosenberg, whom he didn't know very well, in a big projection room. The picture that was screened for them was a hodgepodge. There were long stretches where Dad had stuck in pencil drawings to represent work still to be done. Dad sat there sweating and making explanations to Mr. Rosenberg when he thought it would help. He'd say, "You remember that place back there where I had those sketches? When we're through, that scene is going to be beautiful."

Mr. Rosenberg said, "Yes," and "Uh-huh," and Dad sat there getting damper and damper. When it was all over they walked outside. Mr. Rosenberg stretched and looked all around, and talked about everything but the picture. Dad thought, *Boy, this is bad.* Finally Mr. Rosenberg got to his car. He said, "Good-by. That thing is going to make a hatful of money," and he drove away.

"I had brought in specialists to help with our composition and our use of color," Dad says, "but we still had a fight on our hands for better animation. The kind of animation we were after was entirely new. Before that, it had been done by stunts: limber legs moving in trick runs like egg beaters. But in Snow White we wanted our action believable. We were after drama and pathos as well as laughter. You can't pull a tear from an audience with legs whirling like windmills."

His next problem was finding Snow White's voice. Dad wanted it to have the sound of a voice from "another world," so he sent one of his men out searching. That voice had to sing, too, because there were songs in Snow White. Dad didn't want his thinking influenced by the appearance of the girl whose voice he was testing. He only wanted her voice; so he had a microphone installed on a sound stage and connected to a loud-speaker in his office. When he got a call from his voice scout, telling him that a voice was ready for auditioning, Dad went into his office, turned on his speaker and listened.

The girl who was auditioning didn't know that Walt Disney was eavesdropping. She was simply told that this was a preliminary test with a microphone. After she'd gone, Dad's voice hunter would pick up the phone and ask, "What do you think?" Two or three voices came through that loud-speaker every day and Dad listened to all of them.

One day his voice scout said, "Today I have a fourteen-year-old girl with a terrific voice." Dad said, "Put her on." Her voice was a beautiful soprano, but she sounded thirty years old. "No," Dad said, "she sounds too mature. I must have a younger quality." The girl he turned down then was Deanna Durbin.

One day a voice came through the loud-speaker that made Dad say, "Perfect!" The girl behind the voice, Adrienne Casillotti, came from an operatic family. She had been trained to do birdlike trills and runs, but she wasn't a skillful enough actress to model motion for Dad's animators as she sang. The search began for a second girl.

The problem of drawing the Girl in Snow White was a knotty one. There's no trick to making one good drawing of a girl, but to give her face the various shadings of human expression, and to make her move, and at the same time keep the drawings so simple that she could be duplicated by one artist after another—that took doing. Dad had decided to use a live model for the Girl, so he began his search—this time for a girl who could contribute Snow White's gestures and movements. At the end, a small-boned seventeen-year-old girl was found. She came to Dad's studio and did what the animators called "the pantomime." Her father owned a dancing school, where she taught. Her name was Margery Belcher. She is better known today as Marge Champion, of the clever dance team of Marge and Gower Champion.

Then, as I've said, the day came when Dad had his agonizing session looking at the rough cut of Snow White with Mr. Rosenberg, the officer in charge of movie loans at the Bank of America. The picture was soaring to a cost of $1,700,000, which was an unheard-of sum in those days. Mr. Rosenberg had to decide whether to lend Dad and Uncle Roy enough money to finish the job.

"I was green in the picture business," he told Dad afterward, "and I wondered if my judgment was sound. So I called some of the people I knew in Hollywood and I asked them, 'What do you think of this feature cartoon Disney's doing?' I got some discouraging replies. One man said, 'I wouldn't put a dime in it if I were you.'"

But there was one man Mr. Rosenberg called who believed—Walter Wanger. Mr. Wanger said, "Joe, millions of people are going to like it. If Disney does as well as I know he'll do, they'll go for it."

At that time New York's Radio City Music Hall was managed by a Mr. Van Schmus. He had never run a theater before, but he had operated a department store, and he had a natural bent for merchandising. He made regular trips to Hollywood to look at pictures he was thinking of booking, and he visited Dad regularly.

After The Three Little Pigs became a hit, Mr. Van Schmus felt that success might make trouble for Dad. "Walter," he asked, "how big a fence have you built around yourself?" Dad thought he meant around the studio, so he said, "Oh, about six foot high." What Mr. Van Schmus meant was that people were going to barge in and give Dad free advice, and perhaps try to make him believe he should ignore the public and seek the acclaim of eggheads.

When Dad told him what he was doing, Mr. Van Schmus said, "Walter, I'll book Snow White for the Music Hall, sight unseen. When can I have it?" His enthusiasm strengthened Dad's morale.

Snow White was two years in the making. It reached the theaters in December, 1937. Dad premièred it in Hollywood at the Carthay Circle Theater. It had a glittering send-off, which meant something special to Dad. A long, long time before, he had promised himself that someday a cartoon of his would have such an opening. That went back to the time when he'd first headed west and met a supercilious stranger on the back platform of the Santa Fe train which was taking him to California. Dad was wearing a pants and coat that didn't match, but he was making conversation happily when this guy asked, "What business you in?"

"Motion pictures," Dad said proudly.

"I know people in pictures," the fellow said. "What do you do?"

"I make animated cartoons," Dad said.

"Oh!" He said it with a downward inflection, as if to say, "Oh, so you sweep out stables." So the *première* of Snow White, with Hollywood's brass turning out, was a triumph for Dad.

Another man who helped Dad with Snow White was Hal Horne, exploitation manager for United Artists. When Snow White was still in the works, it was smart in certain circles to call the film, "Disney's Folly," although nobody knew what Dad's "folly" really looked like. Dad and Uncle Roy had left United Artists and gone with R.K.O., but Hal Horne was still their friend. They met occasionally at luncheon, and the talk got around as to the "Disney's Folly" gossip. How could it be combated?

Mr. Horne told Dad, "Let them call it that if they want to. The picture itself is going to be the pay-off. Your best policy is to keep everybody wondering. If they keep wondering, they'll keep talking. In that way you'll have free promotion based on sheer curiosity."

Before Dad and Uncle Roy switched to R.K.O., Mr. Horne was very helpful when some of the men in the U.A. distribution department said they couldn't sell Snow White "as a fairy tale."

"Why not?" Dad asked. "I'm making a fairy tale. That's what we've put a million and a half dollars into."

Mr. Horne spoke up and said, "We'll sell it for what it is."

I've asked Dad what the objection was.

"They wanted to sell Snow White as a romance," he told me, "because it had a prince and a princess in it. I said, 'I believe in selling a thing for what it is. This has got dwarfs and a girl named Snow White in it, and the title is going to be Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.' So that's the way it was billed and that's the way it was sold."

With straight promotion, Snow White broke all records in New York's Radio City Music Hall. It ran five weeks and could have run longer, but Uncle Roy and Dad were afraid it might milk the greater New York territory, hurting other engagements they'd booked there. So they pulled it. On its first time around the world, the film grossed $8,000,000. At this writing, its gross has been $15,000,000, and Dad thinks that it has played to as many people as any other picture ever made, if not more.

The country not only took the dwarfs to its collective heart but the Snow White music became part of American life, instead of tinkling their way into oblivion. "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go" was on everybody's lips right through the beginning of the last war. The songs,

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Some Day My Prince Will Come, and Whistle While You Work, became classics—the music business calls them "standards" or "evergreens." The music was written by Frank Churchill, who had composed Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? A youngster named Larry Morey wrote the verses, although he wasn't a professional lyricist. He'd come into the studio very young to work in the story department, and he'd grown up there.

Snow White meant that Dad and Uncle Roy were in big business. And it proved to them once more that the way to make headway was to do things they'd never done before. Not everybody knew that. The exhibitors clamored for more Dwarfs, just as they had once wanted more Pigs, after The Three Little Pigs. When Dad went ahead and made Pinocchio, a lot of disappointed people bleated, "What? No Dwarfs?" Time has taken care of their complaints. Pinocchio has become a perennial. It set the Disneys back $2,600,000, but it has been reissued so many times that over the long pull it has made a profit.

Pinocchio was released in 1940, when the world was going into a tailspin. Hitler had gone to war in 1939, and shortly after that movie revenues coming from overseas were cut off. Forty-five per cent of their world gross had been earned outside of the United States and Canada. Now English pounds were locked up in the sterling countries; the world movie market collapsed and the banks cut off Uncle Roy and Dad's credit.

Dad and Uncle Roy released Snow White, after having had a hard time getting enough money to finish it. Six months later they had all of their debts paid and a couple of million dollars in the bank. Then, using Snow White profit, they built a modern studio in Burbank at a cost of $3,000,000. A year after that they owed the bank $4,500,000. That was the way things were going.

The new studio was being built when Grandfather and Grandmother Disney moved to California to live. Dad showed Grandfather excavations and foundations, thinking he'd be interested. Grandfather didn't seem very happy about it. One day he asked, "Walter, what can it be used for?"

"Why, it's a studio," Dad said, with surprise. "It's where I work."

"No, Walter, not that," Grandfather said. "I mean what can it be used for?"

Grandfather was thinking of the possibility that his two sons might fail in business. Then who would buy the studio buildings and what purpose would they serve?

Dad thought fast. "It would make a perfect hospital," he said; "operating rooms could be installed above the wide corridors, and bathrooms put between office cubicles." It was just talk, but later, when the war came and hard times put the squeeze on Dad and Uncle Roy, Dad remembered Grandfather's question: "But Walter, what can it be used for?"

The new studio housed 1500 employees. There were 100 students in the Disney training school alone—a school that had grown from a class of twenty in 1933. In effect, it trained artists for the entire cartoon industry; as nearly as Dad can figure it, 90 per cent of all the cartoon artists now in the business—wherever they work—came out of his training school.

Dad had more than students to think about in the early 1940's. There was that $4,500,000 he and Uncle Roy owed the bank and they had the studio and a lot of pictures in work. "I was loaded with product," Dad says, "but the world market had vanished and left us stranded." Pinocchio was ready for release, Bambi was being completed, and a start had been made on Fantasia.

"I remember Roy calling me in," Dad says, "and his opening was, 'I've got to talk to you, kid. This is serious.' I was as worried as he was, but I didn't think I could accomplish anything by brooding, so I was concentrating on trying to get our product wrapped up and ready to go, whether it was going anywhere or not.

"When I went in to see him, your Uncle Roy wore a long face. He talked about our bank difficulties, but when he mentioned the four and a half million bucks we owed, I began to laugh. 'What are you laughing at?' Roy asked. I said, 'I was thinking about the time when we couldn't borrow a thousand bucks.' Roy laughed, too, and we began to reminisce, but in the end we faced facts. We had to get capital. We'd had no outside stockholders up until then. When venture money was scarce, we had mortgaged our homes and sold our cars. Now Roy said, 'I guess we'll have to let some outsiders in, kid.' So we issued four million dollars' worth of nonvoting, six per cent preferred stock, and because of the reputation we'd won with Snow White, it was gobbled up at twenty-five dollars a share."

For five or six years prior to this time, without previous warning, employees would receive substantial bonus checks representing the distribution out of profits for a good year. An employee wouldn't know that he had anything coming and suddenly he'd get a check for $5000. Dad thinks that the employees got close to $500,000 that way, but neither he nor Uncle Roy shared in these distributions. The only thing they got was some back salary that hadn't been paid to them.

Before selling the new preferred stock to the public, Dad and Uncle Roy set aside about 20 per cent of their own stock for immediate distribution to their employees, according to the length of time they'd been with the Disney studio and the part they had played in Dad and Uncle Roy's enterprises.

Dad says he told Uncle Roy during that period, "I'm always sympathetic with you because you have to sit in with the bankers and the money men, and you have to fight the stockbrokers who come in and harass you and say, 'Do something so I can turn over my Disney stock and make a profit.' I told Roy, 'You've got to get away from those fellows. They'll get you down. Stay as far away from them as you can.'"

Ordinarily Dad doesn't attend directors' meetings. The only time he attends is when Uncle Roy says, "I need a quorum," or "Walt, they're going to try to pull something on us. Better be there."

When Uncle Roy says that, Dad puts in an appearance, and when the others make their move he and Uncle Roy vote shoulder to shoulder, although a few hours later they may be arguing over something.

There are two views of Dad's attitude toward money. The bankers, who should know better, are apt to shake their heads and say, "Walt's a nice fellow, but he spends money too freely. He doesn't know the value of a dollar." The other view is held by people who don't know Dad at all, but who believe that his primary interest is in making money. I'm his daughter, and I know that profit-and loss statements are last on his list of things to worry about.

Dad puts it this way: "The only thing I know about money is that I have to have it to do things. I don't get my fun out of possessing it. I've been the brokest guy in Hollywood several times. There have been many ways in which my brother, Roy, and I could have made more money, if we'd wanted to be sharp, but right now I have exactly three thousand dollars in my personal bank account." He told me that in May, 1956.

"On the other hand," Dad says, "there's no truth in the legend that I have no regard for money. I do, but not the way some people mean. I think of money as a tool. I don't want to bank dividends from my Disney stock; I'd rather keep the money working. As for our stockholders, I regard it as a moral obligation to pay back borrowed money.

"I'll show you what I mean. Remember the story of Jerry, the Greek, who let me eat on the cuff years ago in Kansas City? Well, when I'd been in Hollywood long enough to get the Mouse started, in walked Jerry. 'Walter,' he said, 'I got out of the restaurant business and into the automobile business, but now I'm going back into the restaurant business. I've met a man in Phoenix, we want to start a restaurant and I need a thousand bucks.' So I lent Jerry a thousand dollars and he left.

"Months went by, and I got a telegram from him. The wire said: 'Walter, I need another five hundred dollars. We need air-conditioning in Phoenix.' So I sent him five hundred. More time went by, and word came: 'Walter, I'm having a little trouble with my partner. I want to buy him out.' This time I wrote Jerry and said, 'You'll have to get along with your partner. I can't lend you any more.' But the point is that the sixty dollars' worth of food Jerry let me have on credit cost me fifteen hundred dollars.

"As for our stockholders, I'm paying them back by building assets for them. Their stock is worth far more today than it was when our original issue brought twenty-five dollars per share. Each share of this preferred stock was later converted into two ten-dollar debentures and one share of ten-dollar common stock. The common stock is now worth over forty dollars per share and we've just split it two for one. An original twenty-five-dollar investment in our preferred stock is now worth over sixty dollars."

After Dad and Uncle Roy had put out their first stock issue, Dad happened to be coming through Detroit. A friend arranged a luncheon for him with several automobile executives at the Dearborn Inn. Bill Stout, the man who developed the Ford Trimotor plane, was there, and he told Dad that Henry Ford, Sr., admired his work. Mr. Ford didn't come to the luncheon, but he came after the coffee to talk to Dad. It was the first time he'd been in the Dearborn Inn in a year; they'd begun to serve liquor, and he didn't approve of that.

When Dad told him that the Disney studio had just put its first public stock issue on the market, Mr. Ford said, "If you sell any part of an enterprise, you should sell it all." That left Dad wondering whether he and Uncle Roy had been wise. Mr. Ford was suspicious of bankers and brokers whom he suspected of trying to euchre him out of control of his own company. If you sell some of your stock to outsiders, he felt, you're likely to find outsiders muscling into the management of your business.

There were plenty of sharp operators who would try that "muscling in" on Dad and Uncle Roy right after World War II. The problem confronting the Disney studio of making money with the market in embattled Europe still cut off and the funds owed Dad and Uncle Roy overseas still frozen would be a crucial one then. But that was in the future. What concerned Dad and Uncle Roy in 1939 was bringing out a completely new kind of feature-length cartoon, a movie called Fantasia.

In spite of the unsettling effect of war in Europe, Dad and Uncle Roy brought out Fantasia anyhow. They were confident that it was such an advance in motion-picture presentation that it would pay off.

Editors' Note—The seventh in this series of eight articles will appear next week.

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Modern miracle on Madison Avenue

"Lining midtown Manhattan's Madison Avenue is some of the most valuable real estate in the world," relates Wylie Tuttle of Collins Tuttle Company, building managers. "Every building on this famous street must be modern and up-to-date to attract solid, long-term tenants. That's why we performed our 'miracle' and transformed the Standard Brands Building into a sleek, glass-and-aluminum, air-conditioned luxury office building.

Unique construction methods used

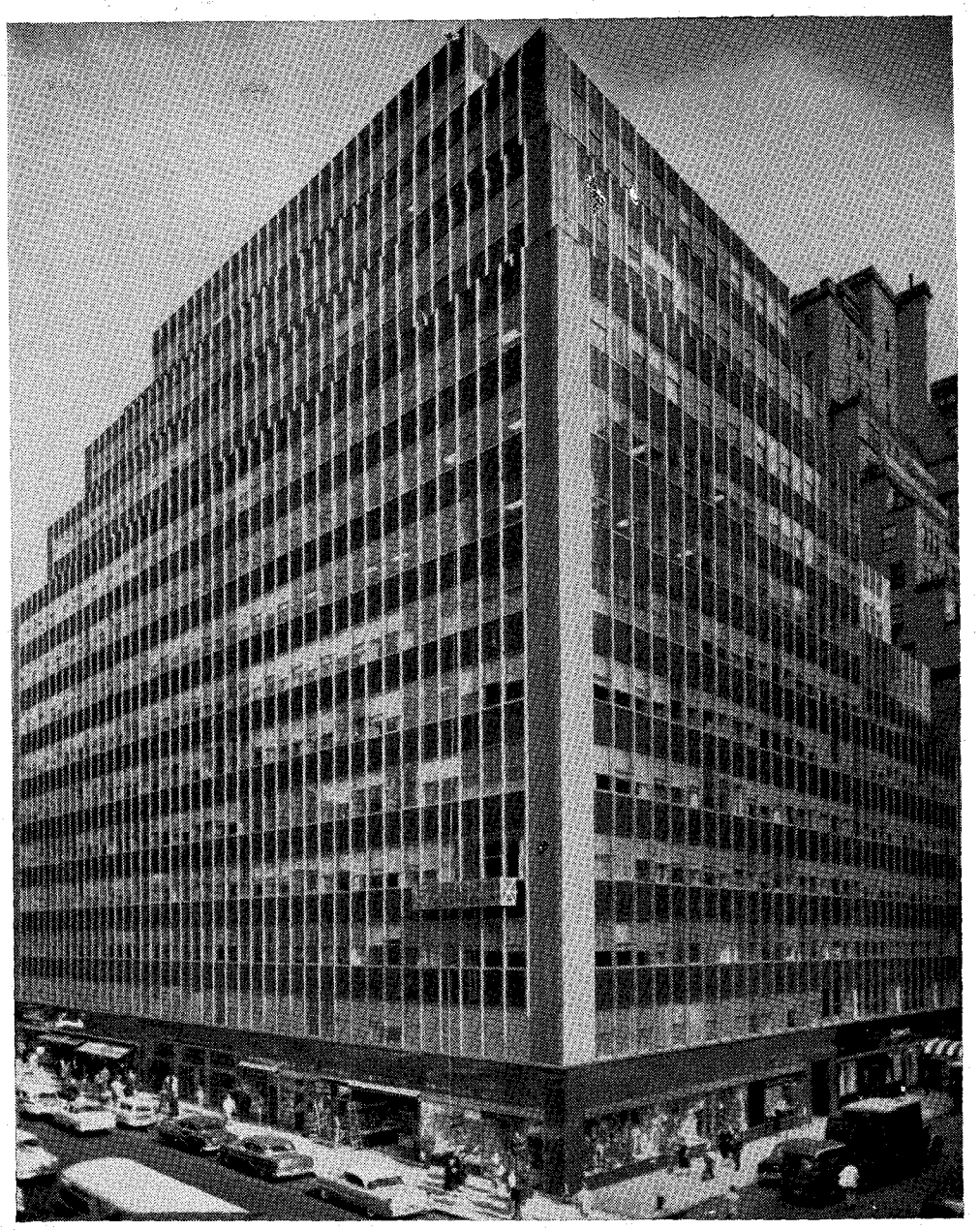
"To accomplish this, we used revolutionary construction methods. As the building was being stripped to nothing but its bare steel framework, the stone facing was replaced with modern, prefabricated aluminum panels; the interior was redesigned; and six more floors were added to increase the rentable area.

Air conditioning was a "must"

"Year-round air conditioning amounts to 90% of our sales presentation when seeking new tenants, so it was important for us to choose the most efficient air conditioning possible for the Standard Brands Building. We chose American Blower equipment on the basis of its durability, realistic cost, ability to meet air-circulation requirements, and its ease of installation. Our judgement proved correct."

Call today for assistance

If your plans include air conditioning – for a large-scale central or zone system, or a system for a smaller store, showroom or factory – call our nearest branch office for friendly assistance. American Blower Division of American-Standard, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products.



After. Modern Standard Brands Building. Without disturbing ground-floor tenants, artificial stone exterior was stripped off, leaving bare steel framework; then replaced with prefabricated aluminum panels. Six new floors were added and a rear court was filled in.

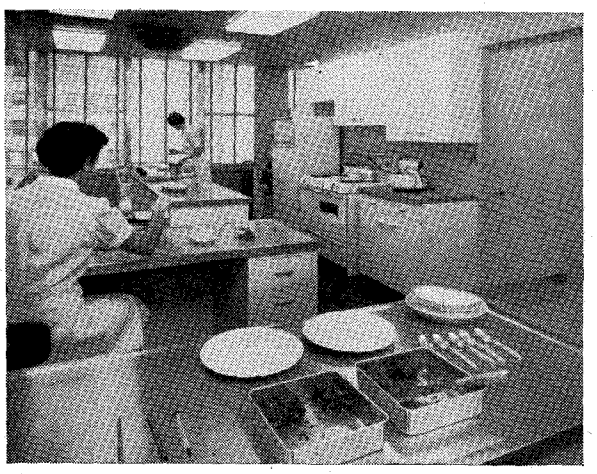
Standard Brands Building, 625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Agents: Collins Tuttle Company. Architects: Sylvan Bien & Robert L. Bien. Consulting Engineers: Sears and Kopf. General Contractor: Diesel Construction Company, Inc. Air-Conditioning Contractor: Raisler Corporation.

AMERICAN BLOWER

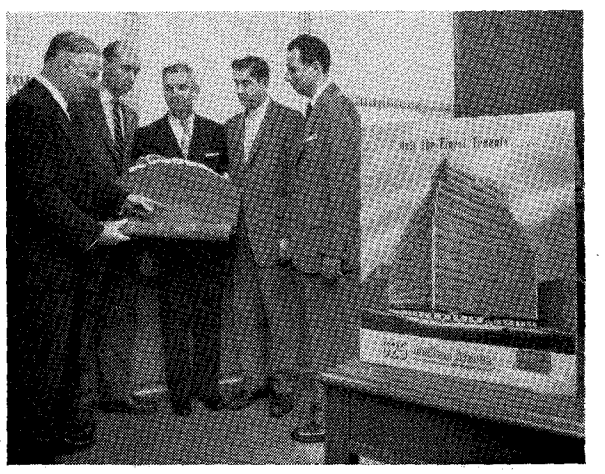
Division of AMERICAN-Standard

Air-conditioning equipment for every business

Before. Standard Brands Building, 625 Madison Ave., New York City, before its transformation. Consulting engineers: Sears and Kopf. Air-conditioning contractor: Raisler Corporation. Structure was built in 1929.



Standard Brands food-testing kitchen where temperature control by air conditioning is a virtual must. Thirty American Blower units – two on each floor – control the climate in all parts of the building.



Arthur Collins and Wylie Tuttle of Collins Tuttle Company; R. R. Ferguson of American Blower; John Anselmo of Sears and Kopf; and Herbert Raisler of Raisler Corporation study building's remodeling plans.

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Insurance Made Easy

By New Package Policy

Yes, the new Phoenix Package Policy leads you out of the insurance wilderness. You can stop wondering — and worrying — about overlapping coverages or loopholes in your protection. Now you can get all your insurance on your home, personal possessions, and liability in a single convenient policy. In addition, this new Package Policy offers definite savings possibilities. Either you save on premiums — some people as much as 25% — or else you receive *more* protection for the *same* money. Package Policies if you rent, also. Consult an agent representing one of the Phoenix of Hartford insurance companies.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

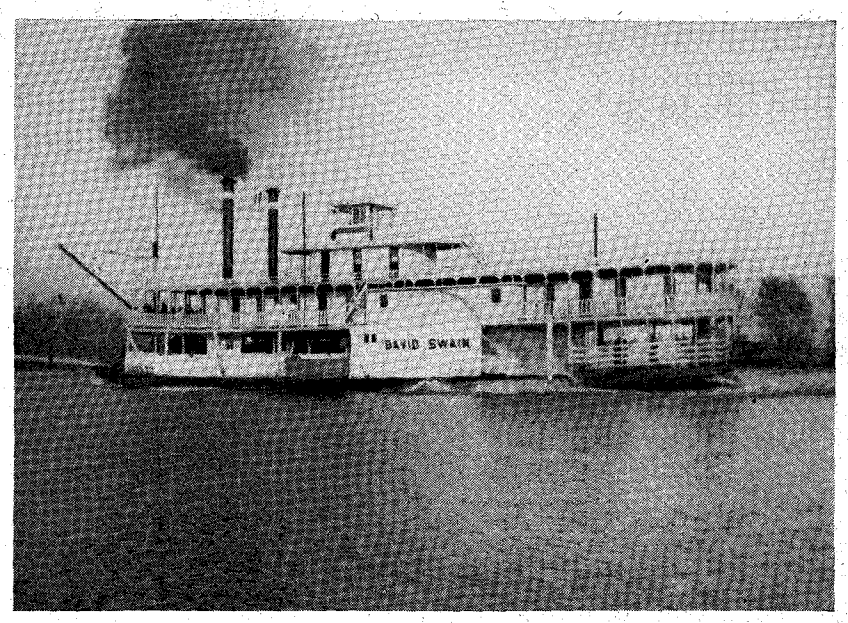
THE Phoenix OF HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANIES

All forms of Insurance except Life

The Phoenix Insurance Company
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Equitable Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Minneapolis Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Reliance Insurance Company of Canada
Executive Office: Hartford 15, Connecticut

Keeping Posted

About an Old Ship and a New Serial



Aboard this plush packet a boy got going on a serial—but he didn't know it.

When Peter Dawson was a boy he made several trips on a magnificent and swift Illinois and Mississippi River packet, the David Swain. This was one of the last of those romantic paddle-wheelers which back in earlier times helped bring civilization to the great river basins of our Middle West. Of that ancient picture Dawson remarks, "The man I borrowed it from says that if it is lost, I may also lose my life." Picture returned.

Dawson (real name: Jon Glidden) reminisces on the boyhood fascination of peeping into the engine room of such a mighty ship, of watching the roustabouts handle the freight, of marveling at the packet's saloon, or lounge—"Oh, it was very plush!" Naturally, the lad vowed he would become a river-boat pilot, but what is considerably more satisfying all around, he wound up a Post fictionist. From his lingering nostalgia for the old river boats eventually evolved a serial, and it's opening on page 14.

Do Lie Detectors Work on Printing Presses?

Maybe Ellsworth Raymond had better research his Post articles more carefully, for the Russians declare he is a big liar. The reference is to "Red Kidnapers are After Me" (July 7 Post), in which young Viktor Solovyev, aided by Ellsworth, told how five escapee friends of his were kidnaped in New York and dragged back to Russia, and how he escaped their grim fate. That piece was blasted recently in the Literaturnaya Gazeta (Literary Gazette), organ of the USSR writers, in an article titled "Falsification of The Saturday Evening Post." The author is one M. Almazov, which Radio Liberation says is the pen name of a Soviet police official.

Raymond fabricated Viktor's story, writes this Almazov. The truth, says he, is that Viktor was tortured in Formosa (his Russian ship was interned there), then he came to America to rejoin his five sailor friends and return with them to Russia. But in New York he was kidnaped by the F.B.I.! Almazov winds up with "a message" from the vanished boys, assuring Viktor that the Fatherland has not forgotten him and hoping he'll soon return.

Radio Liberation, agreeing readily that the Fatherland hasn't forgotten him, has warned the F.B.I. of possible new Red attempts to kidnap him.

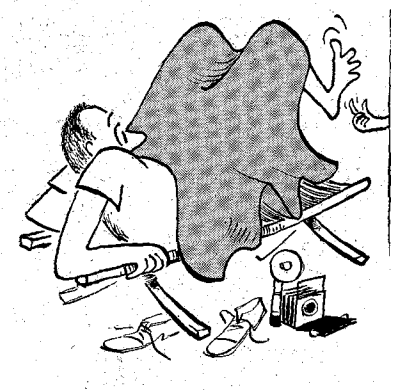
Solovyev: the Reds didn't get him.

Fun With a Photographer

Bob and Corinne Eddy's hilarious (and truly inspiring) tour of Europe with their four superactive children (page 26) was fittingly climaxed by a ten-day association with Eugene Kammerman, a Post European photographer so dedicated to his art that he often doubles the hilarity of any given situation. Eddy especially recalls the day that Kammerman posed the family in front of lovely Notre Dame, then sat down right in the middle of the street with the indescribable Parisian traffic raging all around him, and calmly began making with his camera. When an outraged gendarme, spouting French, rushed up to give him the heave-ho, Gene just spouted faster French than he did, and dedicatedly went on taking pictures. By the time the almost apoplec cop got reinforcements from a near station, the sit-downer was all throu anyway.

Another day as Kammerman was b over his camera, some students, sligh animated by beer, hung a twisted pi of paper on the back of his pants and it afire. The Eddys, who were posi shouted and waved their hands in a v orous fire alarm. "Finally," recalls t author, "Gene looked up, reach around, disengaged the torch, studied absent-mindedly, tossed it aside, and i passively resumed his photography."

The Eddy youngsters took Kamm man to their hearts, evidently assumi the Post had sent him to them as a pl mate. In a hotel in tourist-jammed C logne the Eddy family wangled the selves beds in the manager's apartme and Kammerman talked the man i erecting a bed for him in a bathroo Next morning, the children knocked his door at a characteristically ungo hour, and he moaned, "Please, I do want to come out and play yet." Th

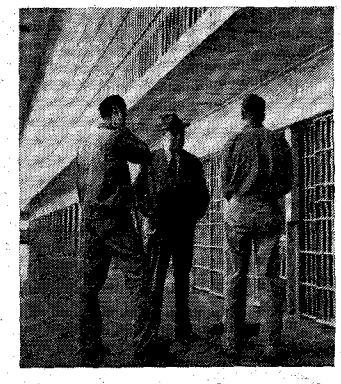


went in and tickled his feet, and fort with he played.

One weekend in 1939, Bob Eddy a Corinne, while students at University Minnesota, eloped. Returning, the h band, then in his junior year, found in mail (1) a check for his first natio magazine article; (2) notice of election Phi Beta Kappa; (3) notice of a splen scholarship; (4) offer of a swell newspa job in St. Paul. He took the job event ally, and later was given a job in t Army. On his recent European to Eddy interviewed hundreds of people politics, economics, and other pro lems—or would you say his children d this, and he went along on a Reid Fello ship to classify their research? Back work as copy-desk editor of the St. Pa Dispatch, he marvels, "Gosh, how peac ful newspapering seems to me now!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Inside Dannemora Prison"



There are few tougher spots for a convict than New York's state prison in the Adirondack Mountains. A word picture of life in that grim penitentiary.

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